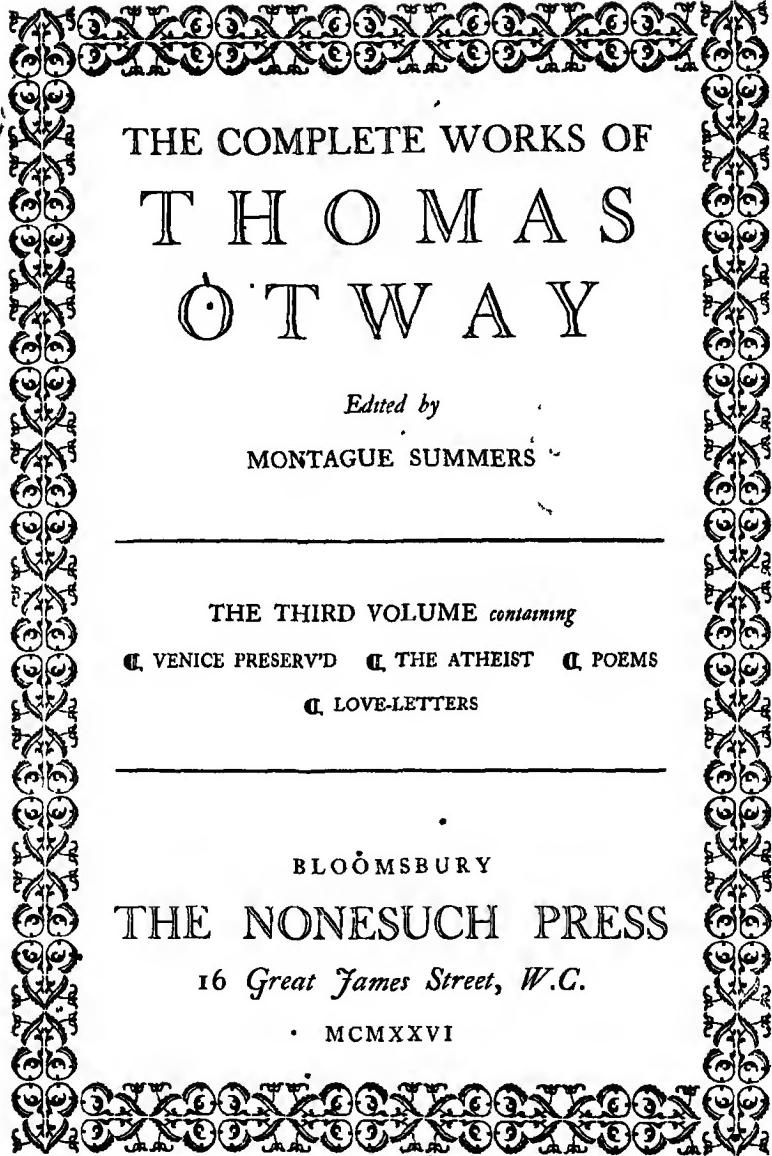


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THE WORKS OF
THOMAS OTWAY



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
THOMAS
OTWAY

Edited by
MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE THIRD VOLUME containing
■ VENICE PRESERV'D ■ THE ATHEIST ■ POEMS
■ LOVE-LETTERS

BLOOMSBURY
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Venice Preserv'd

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVER'D

A

TRAGEDY

As it is Acted at the

D U K E's Theatre

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY*

Source

SAINTE-RÉAL'S *Conjuration des Espagnols contre la République de Venise en l'année MDCLVII*, 12mo, 327 pp., was published with date 1674, "A Paris, chez Claude Barbin." Licensed 21 December, 1673. Otway's tragedy is directly derived hence.

It was translated into English and issued 1675 "A Conspiracie of the Spaniards against the State of Venice Out of French In Octavo Price bound 1s Printed for Richard Chiswell at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard" (*Term Catalogues*, Easter, 10 May, 1675) A second edition appeared in 1679 (*Term Catalogues*, Hilary, 18 February, 1679.)

Considerable extracts from this work will be found, Appendix A, and it has been examined at some length in the Introduction

Theatrical History

VENICE PRESERV'D, originally produced at Dorset Garden on 9 February, 1681-2, from the first proved a triumphant success, it retained its place in the theatrical repertory season after season, and to write in detail the history of this magnificent drama would be in fine to write a history of the stage so long as tragedy there maintained its place and popularity. It should be remarked that originally Leigh and Mrs Currer in the characters of Antonio and Aquilina won as loud applause as Betterton, Smith, and the famous Madam Barry herself.

It is only possible here to record but a few of the most important revivals of Otway's tragedy. On 11 November, 1704, at Drury Lane we find Estcourt, then new to the English stage—his first appearance had been 18 October as Dominic in *The Spanish Fryar*—was seen as Antonio. On 9 May, 1707, for the benefit of Knapp, Mynns, and Newman, Wilks played Jaffier, Verbruggen Pierre, Colley Cibber Renault; Bowman Priuli, his original rôle, Booth Bedamar, Pack Antonio, and Mrs Barry Belvidera.

At the Haymarket, 16 January, 1711, Wilks again acts Jaffier to the Pierre of Mills, with Pinketham as Antonio and Mrs Rogers Belvidera.

13 May, 1713, at Drury Lane Mrs Bradshaw played Belvidera for her benefit, with Booth as Jaffier, and Mills Pierre.

4 October, 1718, at Drury Lane the great tragedienne Mrs Porter acted Belvidera, one of her most famous rôles.

On 2 December, 1721, *Venice Preserv'd* is announced at Lincoln's Inn Fields as "never acted there" with the following cast Ryan Jaffier, Quin Pierre, C Bullock Renault, Boheme Priuli, Walker Bedamar, Spiller Antonio, and Mrs Seymour Belvidera.

7 February, 1729, at the same theatre we have Quin again as Pierre, Chapman Renault, Milward Priuli, Hippisley Antonio, and Mrs Buchanan Belvidera. Following an old—possibly the original tradition—both Mills and Quin always wore a white hat as Pierre, but the exact reason for this particular headgear is not explained.

At Drury Lane, 24 October, 1734, Milward was Jaffier, Mills Pierre, Theophilus Cibber Renault, Mrs Thurmond Belvidera, and Bowman, then a very old man, Priuli.

11 January, 1738, at the same theatre Bowman again played Priuli, Quin was Pierre, and Mrs Cibber Belvidera.

1 April, 1742, at Goodman's Fields, Garrick acted Pierre for the first time, the occasion being Miss Hippisley's benefit. Giffard was the Jaffier, and Mrs Giffard Belvidera. The performance was repeated several times that season.

On 1 October, 1742, at Covent Garden Ryan was Jaffier with Quin as Pierre to the Belvidera of Mrs Cibber. Bridgewater had succeeded Bowman as Priuli, and Hippisley was the Antonio.

14 March, 1743, for Delane's benefit, at Drury Lane, Garrick acted Pierre to the Belvidera of Mrs Pritchard. Delane was the Jaffier.

VENICE PRESERV'D

At Drury Lane, 16 February, 1747, Barry appeared as Pierre for his benefit. Delane was Jaffier; Sparks Renault, Barry Priuli; and Mrs. Giffard Belvidera.

Garrick played Jaffier for the first time at Drury Lane on 8 February, 1748, with Barry as Pierre, and Mrs. Cibber Belvidera.

21 December, 1752, Barry acted Jaffier for the first time at Covent Garden with Sparks as Pierre, Macklin Renault; and Mrs. Cibber Belyidera. The play was given some eight times that season.

At the same theatre 23 November, 1754, Murphy was the Jaffier to the Pierre of Sheridan, who is highly praised by the *Dramatic Censor*, and the Belvidera of Mrs Bellamy.

For Mossop's benefit, on 24 March, 1759, at Drury Lane, Garrick played Jaffier, the first time for four years, to the Pierre of Mossop and the Belvidera of Mrs. Cibber.

17 March, 1760, at the same house, Mrs. Cibber appeared as Belvidera for her benefit, with Holland as Pierre, and Garrick Jaffier, the first time for fifteen years

20 October, 1762, at Drury Lane, Garrick again plays Jaffier, which rôle he repeated three times that season, and this would seem to have been his last appearance in this tragedy

7 April, 1770, at Drury Lane, Aikin for his benefit acted Pierre for the first time, with Barry as Jaffier and Mrs. Barry Belvidera.

28 September, 1775, at the same house Reddish was seen as Jaffier to the Pierre of Bensley.

At Covent Garden, a month later, 28 October of that year, Sheridan played Pierre to the Jaffier of Barry and Belvidera of Mrs. Barry

14 September, 1782, for her benefit, Mrs. Siddons appeared for the first time as Belvidera. Brereton acted Jaffier, Bensley Pierre, Packer Renault, J. Aikin Priuli. Genest says that Belvidera was always considered to be one of Mrs. Siddons' best characters, "her mad scene went beyond what can be conceived by those who have not seen it, she was also particularly happy when she said 'Remember twelve,' and in the Third Act. She seemed to have inspired Brereton and to have made him act better than he ever did before."

At Covent Garden, 19 January, 1785, Mrs. Crawford played Belvidera to the Jaffier of Pope and Pierre of Henderson.

At the same theatre on 25 February of the following year for the benefit of Mrs. Henderson Pope acted Jaffier, Aikin Pierre, Fearon Renault, Hull Priuli, and "Mrs. Siddons from Drury Lane" Belvidera.

On 21 October, 1795, at Drury Lane, a version of *Venice Preserv'd* "revised by J. P. Kemble" was produced with the following cast Duke of Venice, Maddocks, Priuli Aikin, Bedamar Whitfield, Jaffier Kemble, Pierre Bensley, Renault Packer, Elliot Caulfield, Spinosa Benson, Theodore Cooke, Mezzana Roffey, Durand, Boimason, Captain, Phillimore, Officer Trueman, Belvidera Mrs. Siddons, Two Attendants Miss Tidswell and Mrs. Jones

Unfortunately Kemble has altered and terribly mangled the tragedy. Yet by this time even the ordinary prompt-books had slashed Otway's finest scenes to ribbons. Kemble, however, went further and introduced a tableau of Pierre and the other conspirators being led to execution to the sound of tolling bells and muffled drums, a thing wholly alien to Otway's genius. But the excrescence stuck, and stuck fast thereafter. Genest tells us that Kemble's version was only acted three times that season. The

THEATRICAL HISTORY

"play was obliged to be laid aside on account of the improper application of some of the political passages. When Pierre said

Curs'd be your Senate—curs'd your Constitution
he was rapturously applauded."

At Covent Garden 17 November, 1803, George Frederick Cooke played Pierre to the Jaffier of Kemble and Belvidera of Mrs. Siddons.

On 8 November, 1811, Charles Kemble appeared at Covent Garden as Jaffier to the Pierre of his brother and the Belvidera of Mrs. Siddons. As an extra attraction the piece was announced "with the new scenes of the Rialto and S. John's Square"! Mrs. Siddons played Belvidera for the last time on 27 June, 1812, at Covent Garden. Two days later she retired from the stage, taking her farewell in the rôle of Lady Macbeth.

During the Haymarket Summer Season of 1811, on 22 August, Joseph George Holman appeared as Jaffier with Elliston as Pierre.

In the autumn season of 1818 Macready was playing Pierre at Covent Garden to the Belvidera of Miss O'Neill.

At Drury Lane, 29 November, 1822, Kean acted Jaffier with Young as Pierre and Mrs. W. West Belvidera.

In 1824 *Venice Preserv'd* was being acted at Covent Garden with Egerton Priuli, Connor Bedamar; Charles Kemble Jaffier, Macready Pierre, Chapman Renault, and Miss F. H. Kelly Belvidera. In 1827 Charles Kemble was still Jaffier, Young Pierre, and Miss Jarman Belvidera. A contemporary critic says "Mr. Young, in this arduous character [Pierre], is admirable throughout. He exhibits the truth of nature with the refinement of art. Mr. Macready exhibits neither. He has voice, if he would only manage it, talent, if he would not spoil it by affectation, and figure, if he would not distort it by extravagant gestures." Charles Kemble is highly praised.

Mrs. Lichfield and Miss Sloman, of both of whom character portraits exist, were equally famous as Belvidera in the early decades of the nineteenth century.

A few years later Fanny Kemble, who, according to Sir Walter Scott, had "much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons her aunt," was also warmly applauded as Otway's heroine.

On 27 October, 1837, Phelps made his début at Covent Garden as Jaffier to the Pierre of Macready.

At Drury Lane in 1842 Elton acted Priuli, Lynne Bedamar, Anderson Jaffier, Phelps Pierre, G. Bennett Renault, and Helen Faucit Belvidera.

In 1845 Phelps included *Venice Preserv'd* among the famous revivals at Sadler's Wells. Mrs. Warner was the Belvidera.

John Hollingshead put on *Venice Preserv'd* for special matinées at the Court in 1876. Genevieve Ward acted Belvidera, Charles Harcourt Jaffier, and William Creswick Pierre.

In 1904 an "Otway Society," which does not seem to have survived nor to have produced any other of the dramatist's plays, gave *Venice Preserv'd* for three matinées, Monday 13 June, Tuesday 14, and Thursday 16, at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street. Bertram Forsyth was the Jaffier, Yvonne Richardson Belvidera. *The Times* critic speaks with some severity of the acting, which he describes as "sadly incompetent." "Unfortunately it is impossible to take the production seriously," he adds, and "The

VENICE PRESERV'D

Otway Society so far from attempting to procure a pure text of their author appear to have done their best to corrupt it. We can only regret that the experiment was not made by better, or at the least, more respectful hands."

At one time Sir Henry Irving also contemplated an elaborate production of *Venice Preserv'd*, but the plan was not realized.

At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on 28 and 30 November, 1920, The Phoenix, under my direction, gave two performances of *Venice Preserv'd*. The cast was as follows Doge, Malcolm Keen, Priuli, Charles Carson, Antonio, Stanley Lathbury, Bedamar, Eugene Leahy, Jaffier, Ion Swinley, Pierre, Balol Holloway (who wore the traditional white hat), Spinosa, Tristan Rawson, Belvidera, Caphleen Nesbitt, Aquilina, Edith Evans. The tragedy, which was given in its entirety, probably the first time for wellnigh two centuries, proved a veritable triumph. In particular Stanley Lathbury and Edith Evans were immensely admired in the rôles which had been created by Antony Leigh and Betty Curter.

E P I S T L E D E D I C A T O R Y

To Her Grace the

D U T C H E S S

Of

P O R T S M O U T H

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the World know how entirely your Graces Goodnes has devoted a poor man to your service, were there words enough in speech to exprefs the mighty fenfe I have of your great bounty towards me, furely I should write and talk of it for ever. But your Grace has given me so large a Theam, and laid so very vaste a foundation, that Imagination wants flock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperour) I bring this small Tribute, the humble growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude, believe that so long as I have thought to remember how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a heart that shall be gratefull for it too. Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me, That gave me life, but on a hard condition, 'till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogg'd with from me, I mean, hard Fortune. When I had enemies, that with malitious power kept back, and shaded me from those Royal Beams, whose warmth is all I have, or hope to live by, Your noble pity and compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my blessing, down in the rear of Fortune, call'd me up, plac'd me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort. You have in that restor'd me to my native Right, for a steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me. And however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I ne'r pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'r shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when you were born; and as the firſt took care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the World, fo the oþher resolv'd to doe its merit Justice, that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'er posſeſſ it,

VENICE PRESERV'D

and in it he had an Empire. The Young Prince you have given him, by his blooming Virtues, early declares the mighty flock he came from ; and as you have taken all the pious care of a dear Mother and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous education ; may it succeed according to his merits and your wishes : May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects ; with Wisedom and Learning to affist him, whenever call'd to his Councils, to defend his right against the encroachments of Republicans in his Senates ; to cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause ; that good and fit servants to the Crown, may never be lost for want of a Protectour. May he have courage and conduct, fit to fight his Battels Abroad, and terrifie his Rebels at home ; and that all these may be yet more sure, may He never, during the Spring-time of his years, when those growing Virtues ought with care to be cherished in order to their ripening ; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the tongues of fawleſſ, fardid, infidell Flatterers, to blaſt 'em : To conclude ; may He be as great as the hand of Fortune (with his Honour) ſhall be able to make him. And may your Grace, who are ſo good a Miftress, and ſo noble a Patroness, never meet with a leſs gratefull Servant, than,

MADAM,

Your Grace's entirely

Devoted Creature,

THOMAS OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

IN these distractid times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busie heads;
When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
'Till Witnesses begin to die o' th' rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?
Was't that he fancies'd for the very fake
And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take?
For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to reaſon plain and ſenſe,
And that he thinks a plauiſible defence.
Were Truth by Senſe and Reaſon to be tri'd,
Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside.
No, of ſuch Tools our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or maye his Play ſucceed.
He, of black Bills has no prodiuous Tales,
Or Spaniſh Pilgrims caſt aſhore in Wales,
Here's not one murther'd Magiſtrate at leaſt,
Kept rank like Ven'ſor for a City eaſt
Grown four days ſtiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant Lambs to ride in chair:
Yet here's an Army rais'd though under ground,
But no man ſeen, nor one Commission found
Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, fulle, miſchievous, and bold,
Bloody, revengefull, and to crown his part,
Loves jumbling with a Wench, with all his heart,
'Till after having many changes paſt,
In ſpite of Age (shanks Heaven) is hang'd at laſt.
Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore;
In Venice none a higher office bore,
To lewdneſs every night the Letcher ran.
Shew me all London, ſuch another Man,
Match him at Moiſter Crefwold's, if you can.
O Poland, Poland! had it been thy Lot,
I have heard in time of this Venetian Plot,
Thou ſurely choſen hadſt one King from thence,
And honour'd them as thou haſt England ſince

}

}

}

Personæ Dramatis.

Duke of <i>Venice</i> .	Mr D. Williams
<i>Pruh</i> , Father to <i>Belvidera</i> , a Senatour	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Antomo</i> , a fine Speaker in the Senate	Mr. Leigh.
<i>Jaffeir</i> .	Mr Betterton.
<i>Pierre</i> .	Mr. Smith
<i>Renault</i> .	Mr Wiltshire.
<i>Bedamar</i> .	Mr Gillo.
<i>Spinosa</i>	Mr Percival.
<i>Theodore</i>	
<i>Eliot</i>	
<i>Revelhdo</i> .	
<i>Durand</i> .	
<i>Mezzana</i> .	
<i>Brainwest</i> .	
<i>Ternon</i>	
<i>Brabe</i>	
<i>Belvidera</i>	Mrs Barry
<i>Aquilina</i>	Mrs Currer
Two Women, Attendants on <i>Belvidera</i>	
Two Women, Servants to <i>Aquilina</i>	
The Council of Ten	
Officer.	Friar.
Guards	Executioner and Rabble

VENICE PRESERV'D

OR, A PLOT DISCOVER'D

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffier.

Priu. **N**O more! I'l hear no more, be gone and leave
Jaff. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!
My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear mee!

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my Nature e're
Have brook'd Injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent my self,
To gain a Hearing from a Cruel father!
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest point,
The Honour of my House; you have done me wrong.
You may remember, (For I now will speak,
And urge its baseness.) When you first came home
From Travell, with such hopes, as made you look'd on
By all mens Eyes, a Youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you,
Courted, and fought to raise you to your Merits
My House, my Table, nay my Fortune too,
My very self, was yours, you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine,
When in requital of my best Endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me.
Seduc'd the weaknes of my Age's Darling,

VENICE PRESERV'D

My only Child, and stole her from my bosome:
Oh *Belvidera!*

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the Grave
Your name Extinct, nor no more *Priuli* heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your Brigandine you fail'd to see
The *Adrianc* wedded by our Duke,
And I was with you: Your unskilfull Pilot
Dash'd us upon a Rock, when to your Boat
You made for safety, entred first your self,
The affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
As she stood trembling on the Vessel side,
Was by a Wave wafted off into the Deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the los's of mine.
Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the sawcy Waves,
That throng'd and press't to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her your despairing Arms:
Indeed you thankt me, But a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul. For from that hour she lov'd me,
'Till for her Life she paid me with her self

Pri. You stole her from me, like a Thief you stole her
At dead of night, that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine,
A sterl Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both, Continual discord make
Your Days and Night's bitter and grievous. Still
May the hard hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain:
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves
With a young Boy, sweet as his mother's Beauty.
May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandsire,
And happier than his Father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your Ears
With hungry Cries Whilst his unhappy Mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.

Pri. 'Twou'd, by Heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her Duty,
The fountain of my Life was not so pretious:
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Pri. And the too' with thee,
For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of *Belvidera*. You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me,
Oh! could my Soul ever have known satiety,
Were I that Theif, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder!

Pri. You dare not do't. —

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My Heart that awes me, is too much my Master:
Three years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
During which time the World must bear me Witness,
I have treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*,
Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observance,
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded,
Out of my little Fortune I've done this,
Because (tho' hopeless e're to win your Nature)
The World might see, I lov'd her for herself,
Not as the Heirefs of the great *Priuli* —

Pri. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me. For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyfull morning,
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose blossom scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble, study to retrench,
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Those Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little state,
Then to some suburb Cottage both retire,
Drudge to feed loathsome Life, get Brats, and Starve—
Home, home, I say.—

[Exit Priuli.

Jaff. Yes, if my Heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: Home I would go,
But that my Dores are hateful to mine eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors
Watchfull as Fowlers when their Game will spring,
I have now not 50 Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Bekidera!* Oh! she's my Wife—
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne're know Comfort more. .

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. My Friend, good morrow!
How fares the honest Partner of my Heart?
What, melancholy! not a Word to spare me?

Jaff. I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving Quality,
Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World

Pierr. Why, pow'ful Villany first set it up,
For its own ease and safety. Honest men
Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other; Lawyers would want practice,
Cut-throats Rewards Each Man would kill his Brother
Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder
Honesty! 'twas a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
And lord it uncontrol'd above their Betters.

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion?

Pierr. Nothing else:
Like Wit, much talkt of, not to be defin'd
He that pretends to most too, has least share in't,
'Tis a ragged Virtue Honesty! no more on't

Jaff. Sure thou art Honest?

Pierr. So indeed men think me.
But they're mistaken, Jaffeur I am a Rogue
As well as they,

VENICE PRESERV'D

A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou seeft me;
"Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a Throat,
To gain admission to a great man's Purse,
Or a Whores Bed; I'de not betray my Friend,
To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter
A Blown-up Fool above me, or Crush the wretch beneath me:
Yet, *Jaffeur*, for all this, I am a Villain.

Jaff. A Villain—

Pierr. Yes, a most notorious Villain:
To see the suff'ring of my fellow Creatures,
And own my self a Man. To see our Senat'rs
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'r must taste of,
They say, by them our hands are free from Fetter's,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow,
Drive us like Wracks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from Destruction,
All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the growth of these Domestick Spoilers,
That makes us slaves, and tells us 'tis our Charter

Jaff. Oh *Aquilina!* Friend, to lose such Beauty,
The Dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours,
She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

Pierr. Oh *Jaffeur!* I'de so fixt my heart upon her,
That wherefo'e're I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For time to come, she was my only Joy,
With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares;
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one that loves
And doats as I did, can Imagine like 'em.
When in th' Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most charming hour of Expectation,
Then when our Eager Wishes soar'd the highest,
Ready to stoop and grafp the lovely Game,
A haggard Owl, a Worthleſs Kite of Prey,
With his foul wings fayl'd in, and spoyl'd my Quarry

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him

Pierr. Curse on the Common Good that's so protected,
Where every Slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right.
I, who believ'd no ill could e're come near me,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A Wretched, old, but itching Senator;
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title:
A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lambskin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy Cuckoo too
Was in my Absence crept into my Nest,
And spoiling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pierr. I did, and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirco* stinking home:
The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call *priviledge*—
This was the Recompence of my service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward:
A Soldier's Mistress *Jaffeur*'s his Religion,
When that's prophan'd, all other Tyes are broken.
That even dissolves all former bonds of service,
And from that hour I think my self as free
To be the Foe as e're the Friend of *Venice*—
Nay, Dear Revenge, whene're thou call'ft, I am ready

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve my friend as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave man's Labours.

Pierr. We've neither safety, Unity, nor Peace,
For the Foundation's lost of Common Good,
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
The Laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,
That every day starts up t'enslave us deeper:
Now could this glorious Cause but find out Friends
To do it right! oh *Jaffeur!* then might'ft thou
Not wear these seals of Woe upon thy Face.
The proud *Priuli* should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak! but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaff. Curst be the Cause, tho' I thy friend be part on't:
Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten'to thy Spirit.

Pierr. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowldg—

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship
Would make the saddest Tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pierr. Then thou art ruin'd

Jaff. That I long since knew,
I and ill Fortune have been long Acquaintance.

Pierr. I paft this very moment by thy dores,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
The sons of publick Rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the fentence of the Law,
They had Commission to feize all thy Fortune.
Nay more, Pruh's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid Face
Lording it o'er a pile of maffy Plate,
Tumbled into a heap for publick sale.
There was another making villainous Jefts
At thy undoing, he had ta'ne posſeſſion
Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtick Ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold,
The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of Belvidera,
The ſcene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the courfe hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amonſt the common Lumber

Jaff. Now thanks Heav'n———

Pierr. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a Ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of *Venice*,
Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false;
Where there's no truft, no truth, where Innocence
Stoop's under vile Opprefſion, and Vice lords it.
Hadſt thou but ſeen, as I did, how at laſt
Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through Tears, like *April* Sun's in flowers
That labour to o'recome the Cloud that loads 'm;
Whilſt two young Virgins, on whose Arms ſhe lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew ſad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her.
E'en the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To ſee the fight, stood mute when they beheld her;

VENICE PRESERV'D

Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
Ah *Pierre!* I have a Heart, that could have born
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterness her tender Spirit tafts of,
I own my self a Coward: Bear my weaknes,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy bosome.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows!

Pier. Burn!
First burn, and Level *Venice* to thy Ruin
What, starve like Beggars Brats in frosty weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine our selves to Death!
Thou, or thy Cause shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or Fortune fit to serve thee,
Command my Heart. Thou'rt every way its master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret Pride in bravely dying
Pier. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad,
Man knows a braver Remedy for sorrow.
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp't it
With their great Image on our Natures dye!
Consider well the Cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt base enough, dye then. Remember
Thy *Belvidera* suffers: *Belvidera!*
Dye—Damn first—what, be decently Interr'd
In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking Rogues that rot in Winding sheets,
Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o' th' Soyl.

Jaff. Oh!
Pier. Well said, out with't, Swear a little—
Jaff. Swear!
By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heav'n and Hell,
I will revenge my *Belvidera*'s Tears!
Hark thee my Friend—*Priuli*—is—a Senator!

Pier. A Dog!
Jaff. Agreed.
Pier. Shoot him.
Jaff. With all my heart
No more. Where shall we meet at Night?
Pier. I'll tell thee,

VENICE PRESERV'D

On the *Ryalto* every Night at Twelve
I take my Evening's walk of Meditation:
There we two will meet, and talk of pretious
Mischief—

Jaff. Farewell.

Pier. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any hour, my plagues
Will keep me waking
Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant Desires
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
Didſt thou not form me fordin as my Fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I fence to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?—*Belvidera!*

[Ex. *Pierr.*

Enter Belvidera

Poor *Belvidera*!

Bel. Lead me, lead me my Virgins!
To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!
Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful Joys
Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,
And cheer my fainting Soul.

Jaff. As when our Loves
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?
Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where eafe my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Do's this appear like Change, or Love decaying,
When thus I throw my ſelf into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong Truth?
Beat's not my heart as 'twould alarum thine
To a new Charge of bliss? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when ſhe hugg'd thee firſt,
And bleſſ'd the Gods for all her Travel paſt.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be ſuch glorious Faith?
Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are falſe,
Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper Man. We had been Brutes without you

VENICE PRESERV'D

Angels are Painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Bel. If Love be Treasure, wee'l be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with't,
Vow's can not express it, when I wou'd declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;
I swell and sigh, and labour with my longing.
O lead me to some Desart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its vent, Where I may tell aloud
To the high Heaven's and every lift'ning Planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught,
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give loose to Love with kisses, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!* double I am a Begger,
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager Fiend
Is at my Heels, and chaces me in view
Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far Climate where our Names are strangers)
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Madnes's love thee.
Tho my distracted Senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor Heart
Should swage it self, and be let loose to thine
Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
It's Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
And as thou fighting ly'ft, and swell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kis thee to thy Rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the Morning.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Hear this you Heaven's, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Butie Rebellion ner'e will let you know
Tranquility and Happines like mine;
Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you:
I, in my private Bark, already wreck't,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had by chance packt up his choicest Treasure
In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that,
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aqui **B**Y all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms
Than all the Wealth of *Venice* Prithee stay,
And let us love to night

Pierr. No. There's Fool,
There's Fool about thee When a Woman sells
Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me,
They leave a Taint, a sully where the'ave paft,
There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
Even spoyls Complexions with their own Nauseousness,
They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of tafting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

Aqui I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'ft, as much
Or more than thou canft, But the Beast has Gold
That makes him necessary, Power too,
To qualifie my Character, and poife me
Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
My Liberty with Envy. In their Hearts
Are loose as I am, but an ugly Power
Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from 'em.

Pierr. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Aqui. My Senator! why, canst thou think that Wretch
E're fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleasure?
Think'it thou, because I sometimes give him leave
To foyle himself at what he is unfit for;
Because I force my self to endure and suffer him,
Think'it thou I love him? No, by all the Joys,
Thou ever gav'ft me, his Prefence is my Pennance,
The worst thing an old Man can be's a Lover.
A meer *Memento Mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepit side,
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave

Pierr. Would he were well sent thither.

Aqui. That's my wish too.
For then, my *Pierre*, I might have cause with pleasure
To play the Hypocrite Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite, then, when the Time
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
(For he has already made me Heir to Treasures
Wou'd make me out-aft a real Widows whining.)
How could I frame my Face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his Grave,
Fall swooning on his Hearse. Take mad Possession
Even of the dismal Vault where he lay bury'd,
There like th' *Ephesian* Matron dwell, till Thou,
My lovely Soldier, comest to my Deliverance,
Then throwing up my Veil, with open Armes
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy

Pierr. No more! I have Friends to meet me here to night,
And must be private As you prize my Friendship,
Keep up your Coxcomb Let him not pry nor listen,
Nor fisk about the House as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a bell on,
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do

Aqui. What Friends to meet? may I not be of your Council?

Pierr. How! A Woman ask Questions out of Bed?
Go to your Senator, ask him what pases
Amongst his Brethren, hee'll hide nothing from you
But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give order that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive Admittance so good night.

Aqui. Must we ne're meet again! Embrace no more!
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten!

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pierr. As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'le think on't.
Aqus. Curst be all Fools, and doubly curst my self
The worst of Fools——I die if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me. [Exit.]

SCENE The Ryalto

Enter Jaffer.

Jaff. I am here, and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay surely 'tis so with me, —
For every step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet
I've heard, how desperate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk.
Sure I'm so Curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to Tempt me
Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter Pierr.

Pierr. Sure I've staid too long.
The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Profelyte
Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog that comes to howl
At yonder Moon What's he that asks the Question?
Pierr. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,
And ne're betray their Masters; never fawn
On any that they love not. Well met, Friend
Jaffer!

Jaff. The same Oh *Pierr*, thou'rt come in season,
I was just going to Pray.

Pierr. Ah that's Mechanick,
Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by't too
No Praying, it spoils Busines, and time's precious:
Where's *Belvidera*?

Jaff. For a Day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What Fortune will do with me. Prithee Friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good Council,
Speak not of *Belvidera*—

Pierr. Not of her?

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Oh no!

Pierr. Nor name her? May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Whom well?

Pierr. Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*,
I hope a man may wish his Friends Wife well,
And no harm done!

Jaff. Y're merry, *Pierre*!

Pierr. I am so:

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile;
We'll all rejoice, here's something to buy Pins,
Marriage is Chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wisht
To see the Devil, and he's here already
Well!

What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this

Pierr. When last we parted, we'd no qualms like these,
But entertain'd each others thoughts like Men,
Whose Souls were well acquainted, Is the World
Reform'd since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happen'd? Has *Priuli*'s heart relented?
Can he be honest?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age, Cramps, Aches Rack his Bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his Heart,
O let him live 'till Life become his Burden!
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its ease, but late

Pierr. Nay, could'nt thou not
As well, my Friend, have stretcht the Curse to all
The Senate round, as to one single Villain?

Jaff. But Curses stick not: Could I kill with cursing,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blasted, Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own diseases Oh for a Curse
To kill with!

Pierr. Daggers, Daggers, are much better!

Jaff. Ha!

Pierr. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they?

Pierr. Oh, a Thousand

VENICE PRESERV'D

May be dispos'd in honest hands in *Venice*.

Jaff. Thou talk'st in Clouds.

Pierr. But yet a Heart half wrong'd
As thine has bin, would find the Meaning, *Jaffeur*.

Jaff. A thousand Daggers all in honest hands;
And have not I a Friend will stick one here?

Pierr. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherisht
T' a nobler purpose, I be that Friend.
But thou haft better Friends, Friends whom thy Wrongs
Have made thy Friends, Friends worthy to be call'd so;
I'l trust thee with a Secret. There are Spirits
This hour at work. But as thou art a Man,
Whom I have pickt and chosen from the World,
Swear, that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I've told thee, that which only Gods,
And Men like Gods are privy to, then swear
No Chance or Change shall wreathe it from thy Bosom.

Jaff When thou would'st bind me, is there need of Oaths?
(Green-sicknes Girls lose Maiden-heads with such Counters)
For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou mayst fee
Its bottom, sound its strength and firmnes to thee.
Is Coward, Fool, or Villian in my Face?
If I seem none of thefe, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause,
For I am fit for Honour's toughest task,
Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province,
And for a villainous inglorious enterprize,
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pierr. Nay, it's a Cause thou wilt be fond of *Jaffeur*,
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
There's no Religion, no Hypocrisie in't,
Wee'l do the Busines, and ne'r fast and pray for't.
Openly act a deed the World shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff For Liberty!

Pierr For Liberty, my Friend!
Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,
And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from opprobrious Wrongs
That pres' me now, and bend my Spirit downward.
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit

VENICE PRESERV'D

Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdom's Seat, those baleful unclean Birds,
Those Lazy-Owls, who (perch'd near Fortunes Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd Virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pierr. Can't thou not kill a Senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that nest of Fools and Knaves
But all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Pierr. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all thoso glittering Stars
And yond great ruling Planet of the Night!
By all good Powers above, and ill below!
By Love and Friendship, dearer than my Life!
No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

Pierr. Here we embrace, and I'le unlock my Heart
A Council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great Empire's hatching There l'l lead thee!
But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men
Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
And rule it when it's wildest——

Jaff. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning. Yes, I will be a Man,
And charge thee, *Pierre*, whener'e thou see'st my fears
Betray me lefs, to rip this Heart of mine
Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Cowards
Come, let's begone, for from this hour I chafe
All little thoughts, all tender humane Follies
Out of my bosom. Vengeance shall have room
Revenge!

Pierr. And Liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! Revenge!——

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to Aquilina's house, the Greek Curtezan

Enter Renault

Ren. Why was my choice Ambition, the first ground
A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at distance
A good Prospect, tempting to the View,
The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top

VENICE PRESERV'D

Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n;
But we ne're think how fandy's the Foundation,
What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us!
Who's there?

Enter Spinosa.

Spin. Renault, Good-morrow! for by this time
I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the ballance,
And weighs up Morn-ing: Has the Clock struck Twelve?

Ren. Yes; Clocks will go as they are set But Man,
Irregular Man's ne're constант, never certain.
I've spent at least three pretious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance, 'tis the Curse
Of diligent Virtue to be mixt like mine,
With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd

Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.

Ren. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome!
You are an *Englyshman*. When Treafon's hatching
One might have thought you'd not have been behind hand.
In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling?
Give but an *Englyshman* his Whore and ease,
Beef and a Sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.

Eliot. Frenchman, you are fawcy.

Rena. How!

Enter Bedamar the Embassador, Theodore, Brainveil, Durand, Brabe, Revellido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retrosi, Conspirators.

Bedam. At difference, fy
Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
Fall out and brawl. Should Men of your high Calling,
Men separated by the Choice of Providence
From the gross heap of Mankind, and set here
In this great assembly as in one great Jewel,
To adorn the bravest Purpoise it er'e smil'd on,
Should you like Boys wrangle for Trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Beda Renault, thy Hand!

Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart
Long since to every Man that mingles here,

VENICE PRESERV'D

But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,
That can't forgive my froward Age its Weakness.

Beda. *Ehot,* thou once had'st Virtue; I have seen
Thy stubborn Temper bend with godlike Goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends——we'll all embrace——
United thus, we are the mighty Engin
Must twist this rooted Empire from its Basis!
Totters it not already?

Ehot. Would 'twere tumbling

Beda. Nay it shall down This Night we Seal its ruine.

Enter Pierre.

Oh *Pierre* thou art welcome!
Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'ft
Lovely dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
Seems on thy Sword already Oh my *Mars!*
The Poets that first feign'd a God of War
Sure prophesy'd of thee.

Pierr Friends¹ was not *Brutus*,
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the first *Cæsar* that usurp'd the World)
A Gallant Man?

Rena Yes, and *Cateline* too,
Tho Story wrong his Fame: for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
His Cause was good.

Beda And ours as much above it,
As *Renaults* thou art superior to *Cæthegus*,
Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.

Pierr Then to what we aim at,
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Beda No *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth. Fate seems to have set
The Busines up, and given it to our care:
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us
But is firm and ready

All All!
We'll die with *Bedamore*

Beda Oh Men,
Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter,
The Game is for a Matchless Prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful Ruine

VENICE PRESERV'D

Ren. What can lose it?

The publick Stock's a Beggar, one *Venetian*
Trufts not another. Look into their Stores
Of general Safety, Empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harrast Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the strength of *Venice*. Let's deftroy it,
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it,
Let loose the murmuring Army on their Maffers,
To pay themselves with Plunder, Lop their Nobles
To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung,
Enslave the Rowt, whom smarting will make humble,
Turn out their droning Senate, and posfess
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for

Pierr Ten thousand Men are Armed at your Nod,
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
A Battel for the freedom of the World,
This wretched State has starv'd them in its fervice
And by your bounty quicke'n'd, they're resolv'd
To serve your Glory, and revenge their own
They've all their different Quarters in this City,
Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy

Beda I doubt not, Friend, but thy unwear'y'd Diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease,
After this Night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords

Pierr How lovely the *Adriatique* Whore,
Dreft in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her Foundation.

Beda Now if any
Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
Have friends or Interest hee'd wish to save,
Let it be told, the general Doom is Seal'd,
But I'd forgo the Hopes of a Worlds Empire,
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

Pierr I must confess, you there have toucht my Weakness
I have a Friend, hear it, such a Friend!
My Heart was ner'e shut to him Nay, I'll tell you.
He knows the very Busines of this Hour,
But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it:

VENICE PRESERV'D

W'have chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
And He's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd?

Pierr. No—— I've dealt nobly with you,
I've brought my All into the publick Stock;
I had but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you!
Receive and Cherish him: or if, when seen
And searcht, you find him worthles, as my Tongue
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
To ease your fears I wear a Dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest
Come forth thou only Good I er'e could boast of

Enter Jaffeur with a Dagger

Beda. His Presence bears the shew of manly Vertue.

Jaff I know you'l wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this place of fatal Councils,
But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me,
To see so many Vertues thus united,
To restore Justice and dethrown Oppression.
Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this Breast, but if you think it worthy
To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembl'd Senate,
It shrinks not, tho I meet a Father there,
Would you behold this City Flaming? Here's
A Hand shall bear a lighted Torch at noon
To the Arfenal, and set its Gates on Fire

Ren. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff Nay——by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I tread distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated,
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils,
I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice*.
A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me,
To push on Mischief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Beda *Pierre!* I must embrace him,
My Heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

Rena I never lov'd these huggers

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Still I see
The cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me
As I were dang'rous—but I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for
My Belvidera! Hol My Belvidera!

Bed. What Wonder's next?

Jaff. Let me entreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the Ambassador, this
Grave Guide of Councils, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while to spare a Womans Blushes.

[Ex all but Bed Rena Jaff Pierr.

Beda. Pierr, whither will this Ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter Belvidera.

Belvid Who?
Who calls so loud at this late peacefull hour?
That Voice was wont to come in gentler whispers,
And fill my Ears with the soft breath of Love
Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

Jaff Indeed 'tis late

Belv Oh, I have slept and dreamt,
And dreamt again. Where hast thou been thou Loyterer?
Tho my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd,
Stretch every way betwixt my broken slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Reft,
There's no repose without thee Oh the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow,
Come, come to bed, and bid thy Cares good night

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Life were tasted
The poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
Our Labours late, and early every Morning,
'Midst winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
Methinks I read distraction in your face!
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heav'n's guard my Love, and blefs his heart with Patience.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou the divinest Good man e're possest,
And I, the wretched'ft of the Race of Man)
This very Hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part I must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my Love cast me off? have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that hee'l leave me?
Why dragg you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

Jaff. Oh Friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ner'e get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'ft care,
Relieve her Troubles and asswage her sorrows

Ren. Rife, Madam! and command amongst your Servants.

Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this, when I prove unworthy—— [Gives a Dagger.
You know the rest—— Then strike it to her heart,
And tell her, he who three whole happy years
Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
The passionate Vows of still encreasing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings

Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has fold it cheaply,
Or send me to some distant Clime your Slave,
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No Belvidera, I've contriv'd thy honour,
Truſt to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
To me, as I'l preserve, that faith unbroken,
When next we meet, I'l lift thee to a height,
Shall gather all the gazing VWorld about thee,
To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ner'e meet more——

Belv. Oh thou unkind one!
Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me, tell me, speak, thou dear deceiver,
VVhy am I separated from thy Love?
If I am false, accuse me, but if true,
Don't, prithee don't in poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recall me——

[Ex. Ren Bed. and Belv.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Oh my Eyes!

Look not that way, but turn your selves a while
Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.

My Friend, where art thou?

Pierr. Here, my Honour's Brother.

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone?

Pierr. Renault has led her
Back to her own Apartment, but by Heav'n!
Thou must not see her more 'till our Work's over.

Jaff. No:

Pierr. Not for your Life.

Jaff. Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my Eye-strings crackt with Love,
'Till all my Sinews with its fire extended,
Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent longing,
Then swelling, fighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
On thy soft Bosom, hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away,
Own 'twas a Fault, but swear to give it o're,
And never follow false Ambition more

[Ex Ambo.

ACT III.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aquil TELL him I am gone to Bed. Tell him I am not at home,
Tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing; tell him
in short I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool. He's
worse Company than an ignorant Physician—I'll not be disturb'd at these
unseasonable Hours.

Maid But Madam! he's here already, just enter'd the doors.

Aquil Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, uselefs, giddy-brain'd Ass! if he will not be gone, set the house a-fire and burn us both: I'd rather
meet a Toad in my dish, than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber
to Night.

Enter Antonio.

Anto Nacky, Nacky, Nacky,—how dost do Nacky? Hurry hurry. I
am come little Nacky, past eleven a Clock, a late Hour, time in all

VENICE PRESERV'D

Conscience to go to Bed, Nacky—Nacky did I say? Ay, Nacky, Aquilina, lna, lna, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky—come let's to bed—you Fubbs, you Pugg you—you little Puss—Purree Tuzzy—I am a Senator.

Aquil. You are a Fool, I am sure.

Anto. May be so too, sweet-heart. Never the worse Senator for all that. Come Nacky, Nacky, let's have a Game at Rump, Nacky.

Aquil. You would do well Signior to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to my self, be sober and go home, Sir.

Anto. Home, Madona!

Aquil. Ay home, Sir. Who am I?

Anto. Madona, as I take it you are my—you are—thou art my little Nicky Nacky—that's all!

Aquil. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome, and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an Old, silly, Impertinent, impotent, follicitous Coxcomb, Crazy in your head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing

Anto. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty one years Old, and good for nothing, that's brave [To the Maid] Come come come Mistres fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a season, go turn out I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments—out, out when you are bid too—[Puts her out and locks the door] Good for nothing, you say!

Aquil. Why, what are you good for?

Anto. In the first place, Madam, I am Old, and consequently very wise, very wife, Madona, d'e mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches, Madona Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-houfe now and then—would make your Hair stand an end, Madona

Aquil. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-houfe? if you would be silent here, I should thank you

Anto. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely Madona, for Example—My cruel fair one,

[Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every pawſe shakes it. Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove, tho late at Night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my Love—there's for thee, my little Nicky Nacky—take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head—how now rebell!

Aquil. Truly, my Illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed

VENICE PRESERV'D

Anto. Very well: Come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little—
come, sit I say—sit down by me a little, my *Nicky Nacky*, hah—[Sits down] Hurry durry—good for nothing—

Aquil. No Sir, if you please I can know my distance, and stand

Anto. Stand: How, *Nacky*, up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet,

*Shew me a Cafe more pitiful who can,
A standing Woman, and a falling Man.*

Hurry durry—not sit down—see this ye Gods
You won't sit down?

Aquil. No, Sir.

Anto Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Bafan-Bull*, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo You won't sit down will you—I broo,— [Bellows like a Bull and drives her about.]

Aquil. Well, Sir, I must endure this, [She sits down.] Now your honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next?

Anto Now I'll be a Senator agen, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky*! [He sits by her] Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! spit in my Face a little *Nacky*—spit in my Face, prithee, spit in my Face, never so little spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit, spit when you are bid I say, do, prithee spit—now, now, now spit, what you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

Aquil. A Dog, my Lord!

Anto Ay a Dog—and I'll give thee this to'ther purse to let me be a Dog—and use me like a Dog a little Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis— [Gives the Purse]

Aquil. Well, with all my heart But let me beseech your Dogship to play your trick's over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of doores as you deserve

Anto Ay, ay,—no matter for that—that shan't move me—[He gets under the Table] Now bough waugh waugh, bough waugh—

[Barks like a Dog.]

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold Sir I beseech you, what is't you do? If Curs bite they must be kickt, Sir Do you see, kickt thus.

Anto Ay with all my Heart do, kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick agen—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—'odd, I'le have a snap at thy shins—bough waugh waugh, waugh bough—'odd she kicks bravely—

Aquil. Nay then I'll go another way to work with you: and I think here's an Instrument fit for the purpose. [Fetches a Whip and Bell.]

VENICE PRESERV'D

What, bite your Mistress, firrah! out, out of dores you Dog, to kennel and be hang'd—bite your Mistress by the Legs, you Rogue—

[*She Whips him.*]

Anto. Nay, prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aquil. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning, But be gone, or here's the discipline: What, bite your Mistress by the Legs, you mungril? out of Dores—hout, hout, to kennel firral go

Anto. This is very barbarous usage *Nacky* very barbarous: look you, I will not go—I will not stir from the dore, that I resolve—hurry durry, what shut me out?

[*She whips him out.*]

Aquil. Ay, and if you come here any more to night I'll have my Foot-men lug you, you Curr What, bite your poor Mistress *Nacky*, firrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns, Madam! what's the matter?

[*He howls at the dore like a Dog.*]

Aquil. Call my Foot-men hither presently

Enter two Foot-men.

Maid They are here already, Madam, the House is all alarm'd with a strange noise, that no body knows what to make of

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next room out of my house—if I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues—I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd like Rats every Corner of the House shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure So now for my *Pierre*.

*Thus when Godlike Lover was displeas'd,
We Sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE The Second

Enter Belvidera.

Belvid. I'm Sacrific'd! I am sold! betray'd to shame! Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me! No sooner was I to my bed repair'd, To weigh and (weeping) ponder my condition, But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came (Like *Tarquin*) gastly with infernal Lust

VENICE PRESERV'D

Oh thou *Roman Lucrece!* thou couldst find friends to vindicate thy wrong,
I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
Where shall I go! Oh whither whither wander?

Enter Jaffeur.

Jaff. Can *Belvidera* want a resting place,
When these poor Arms are open to receive her?
Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
Strong as my Love to thee, for every moment
I am from thy sight, thy Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love perswade it to its peace.

Belvid. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me,
'Tis grown a Rebel, to be rul'd no longer,
Scorns the Indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it,
And, like a Disobedient Child, disdains
The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

Jaff. There was a Time—

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time
When *Belvidera's* tears, her crys and sorrows,
Were not despis'd, when if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look'd but sad,—there was indeed a time
When *Jaffeur* would have ta'ne her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her 'till he found the Caus'e.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry, 'till she rend the Earth, sigh 'till she burst
Her heart asunder, still he bears it all,
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd,
Againt whose Root, Tears beat, and sighes are fent!
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
Witness against me Heav'ns, have I done this?
Then beat me in a Whirlwind back agen,
And let that angry dear one ne're forgive me!
Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my Love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
Dark and alone, no pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor quiet in my Heart,
Thou wouldst not *Belvidera* sure thou wouldst not

VENICE PRESERV'D

Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my Breast,
And hatch warm Comfort there, e're sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretcht along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me!
I am no longer fit to bear a share
In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue
Must not be trusted, 'Tis too frail and tender

Jaff. Oh *Porcia!* *Porcia!* What a Soul was thine?

Belv. That *Porcia* was a Woman, and when *Brutus*,
Big with the Fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy safety!)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him see her Blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful dower
Thou gav'st last night in parting with me, strike it
Here to my heart, and as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy so much Virtue Teach me how
I may deserve such matchleſs Love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee

Belv. Do not despise me. that's the All I ask

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me——

Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness,
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting heart
Diffolves within my Breast; 'till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? why that sigh,
And I not know the Cause? Why when the World
Is wrapt in Rest, why chooses then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid darkneſs
Loathing his bed, and these desiring Arms?
Why are these Eyes Blood-shot with tedious watching?

VENICE PRESERV'D

Why starts he now? and looks as if he wisht
His Fate were finisht? Tell me, ease my fears,
Least when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the fickness of thy Mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*!

Belv. Why was I last night deliver'd to a Villain?

Jaff Hah, a Villain!

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of Wretches,
That look as Hell had drawn 'em into League?
Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?
“*To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,*
“*And with her this When e're I prove unworthy,*
“*You know the rest, then strike it to her Heart?*
Oh why's that rest conceal'd from me? must I
Be made the Hostage of a hellish Trust?
For such I know I am, that's all my value!
But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves,
Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaff Is this the *Roman Virtue*! this the Blood
That boasts its purity with *Cato's Daughter*?
Would she have e're betray'd her *Brutus*?

Belv. No,
For *Brutus* trusted her. Wer't thou so kind,
What would not *Belvidera* suffer for thee?

Jaff I shall undo my self, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend, who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature,
Thy Constancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily lesson. I have learnt 'em,
Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of Fates for thee, and with thee share them.

Jaff Oh you divinest Powers! look down and hear
My Prayers! instruct me to reward this Virtue!
Yet think a little, e're thou tempt me further,
Think I've a Tale to tell, will shake thy Nature,
Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of

VENICE PRESERV'D

Into vile Tears and despicable sorrows:

Then if thou shouldest betray me!

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast;
I've bound my self by all the strictest Sacraments
Divine and humane——

Belv. Speak;

Jaff. To kill thy Father——

Belv. My Father!

Jaff. Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera*. He amongst us
That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is Damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of Ruin look, when these wide streets run Blood,
I and the glorious Partner's of my Fortune
Shouting, and striding o're the prostrate Dead,
Still to new waste, whilst thou far off in safety
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring,
And when night comes, with Praise and Love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought
For if thou do'st——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me
Do, strike thy Sword into this Bosom. Lay me
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my Father! tho his Cruel Nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing,
Driven me to basest wants, can I behold him,
With smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?
The sacred Fountain of my life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me Being?
Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Country?
Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoes, and Common Stabbers,
Noise-slitters, Ally-lurking Villians, joyn
With such a Crew, and take a Ruffian's Wages,
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera*! I've engag'd
With Men of Souls: Fit to reform the ills
Of all Mankind. There's not a Heart amongst them,
But's stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
Of Man first made, ere Fraud and Vice were fashions.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Bely. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me?
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
Would rowfe thy Lyon Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff. Speak on I charge thee!

Bely. Oh my Lovel if e're
Thy *Belvidera*'s Peace deserve thy Care,
Remove me from this place: Last Night, last night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

Bely. No sooner wer't thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the Power of that old Son of Mischief,
No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approacht me, loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for violation. Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its fears. Oh how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrank and trembled, wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me Thou, alas! wert gone

Jaff. Patience! sweet Heav'n, 'till I make vengeance sure

Bely. He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him,
And with upbraiding smiles he said, *Behold it,*
This is the pledge of a false Husband's Love.
And in my Arms then prest, and would have clasp'd me,
But with my Cries I scar'd his Coward Heart,
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to Hell
These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love all stak't, and all will go to ruine

Jaff. No more I charge thee keep this secret close;
Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no complaint were made No more, retire,
Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Hon'ur,
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy Love.

Bely. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchase the Creation

Bely. When shall we meet again?

Jaff. Anon at Twelve!
I'll steal my self to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a Travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace

Bely. Indeed! *Jaff.* By all our Loves!

Bely. 'Tis hard to part

VENICE PRESERV'D

But sure no Falshood e're look'd so fairly.

Farewel,—Remember Twelve.

[Exit Belvid.

Jaff Let Heav'n forget me

When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curst is my Condition, tos'd and justl'd.
From every Corner, Fortune's Common Fool,
The jest of Rogues, an instrumental Ais
For Villains to lay loads of shame upon,
And drive about just for their eafe and scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. Jaffeur! Jaff. Who calls!

Pierr. A Friend, that could have wisht
T'have found thee otherwise employ'd. what, hunt
A Wife on the dull foil! sure a stanch Husband,
Of all Hounds is the dullest? Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confection's?
What feminine Tale hast thou been hifning to,
Of unayr'd Shirts, Catarrhs and Tooth Ach, got
By thin-sol'd Shoos? Damnation! that a Fellow
Chosen to be a Sharer in the Deft. uction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners
To eafe his fulsom Lusts, and Fool his Mind

Jaff May not a Man then trifle out an hour
With a kind Woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pierr. Not in a Cause like ours.

Jaff. Then Friend our Cause
Is in a damn'd condition For I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd Letchery has toucht it,
'Tis tainted vilely: Wouldst thou think it, Renault,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves simple Fornication like a Priest.
I found him out for watering at my Wife
He visited her last night, like a kind Guardian:
Faith she has some Temptations, that's the Truth on't

Pierr. He durst not wrong his Trust!

Jaff. 'Twas something late tho
To take the freedome of a Ladies Chamber

Pierr. Was she in bed?

Jaff. Yes faith in Virgin sheets
White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him.

Pierr. Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?

Jaff. No, no! out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck, brush't her with his Gray-Beard,
Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd a little,
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence—

Pierr. Damn him . . .
Jaff. Ay, so say I: But hush, no more on't,
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no Monster yet. Tho no Man knows
What Fate he's born to: Sure 'tis near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding Orders
Will the Ambassador be here in Person?

Pierr. No: he has sent Commission to that Villain *Renault*,
To give the Executing Charge,
I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
And keep thy Temper, for a brave Revenge
Ne're comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as Patience
Had he compleated my dishonour, rather
Then hazard the Success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue

Pierr. He's yonder coming this way through the Hall,
His thoughts seem full.

Jaff. Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone, I'll put him to some tryal,
See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching

Pierr. Be careful then

[Ex. *Pierre.*

Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me
What, be a Devil! take a Damning Oath
For shedding native Blood! can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter *Renault*

Renault. Perverse! and peevish! what a slave is Man!
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the Tool her Husband—that were well.

Who's there? *Jaff.* A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally!
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous Charge, is very well

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaff Oh Women have fantastick Constitutions,
Inconfant as their Wishes, always wavering,
And ne're fixt, was it not boldly done
Even at first sight to trust the Thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treasure too) with Youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaff Curst be he that doubts
Thy Virtue; I have try'd it, and declare,
Were I to chuse a Guardian of my Honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping for I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Jaff Ay, know thee There's no falsehood in thee,
Thou look'ft just as thou art: Let us embrace
Now would'st thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine?

Ren. You dare not do't Jaff You lye, Sir.

Ren. How! Jaff No more.
"Tis a base World, and must reform, that's all.

Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, Durand, Brainveil,
and the rest of the Conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa, Theodore! Spin The same.

Ren. You are welcome! Spin. You are trembling, Sir

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night indeed, and I am Aged,
Full of decay and natural infirmities, [Pierre re-enters.
We shall be warm, my Friend, I hope to morrow

Pierr. 'Twas not well done, thou should'st have stroakt him,
and not have gall'd him

Jaff Damn him, let him chew on't
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed Fiends,
That wait to Damn me. What a Devil's man,
When he forgets his nature——hush, my heart

Ren. My Friends, 'tis late Are we assembled all?
Where's Theodore? The At Hand.

Ren. Spinosa. Spin Here.

Ren. Brainveil Brain. I am ready

Ren. Durand and Brabe
Dur Command us,
We are both prepar'd!

VENICE PRESERV'D

*Ren. Mezzana, Revellido,
Ternon, Retrof;* oh you are Men I find,
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons,
To morrow's rising Sun must see you all
Deckt in your honours! are the Souldiers ready?

Omn. All, all

Ren You Durand, with your thousand, must posseſſ
St Marks, You, Captain, know your charge already,
'Tis to ſecure the Ducal Palace. You
Brabe with a hundred more muſt gain the *Secque*
With the like Number *Brainveil* to the *Procuralle*.
Be all this done with the leaſt tumult poſſible,
'Till in each place you poſt ſufficient guards
Then ſheathe your Swords in every breast you meet.

Jaff Oh reverend Cruelty! Damn'd bloody Villain!

Ren During this Execution, *Durand*, you
Muſt in the midſt keep your Battalia faſt,
And *Theodore* be ſure to plant the Canon
That may Command the Streets, whiſt *Revellido*,
Mezzana, *Ternon* and *Retrof*, Guard you.
(This done!) wee'l give the General Alarm,
Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates,
Then Fire the City round in ſeveral places,
Or with our Canon (if it dare refiſt)
Batter't to Ruin But above all I charge you
Shed blood enough, ſpare neither Sex nor Age,
Name nor Condition, if there live a Senator
After to morrow, tho the dulleſt Rogue
That er'e faid nothing, we have loſt our ends,
If poſſible, let's kill the very Name
Of Senator, and bury it in Blood

Jaff. Mercileſs, horrid Slave!—Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old *Renault* How thou charm'ſt me!

Ren But one thing more, and then farewell 'till Fate
Join us again, or ſeparate us ever.
First let's embrace, Heav'n knows who next shall thus
Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Caufe upon our Swords
Let each Man think that on his ſingle Virtue
Depends the Good and Fame of all the reſt;
Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.
Let us remember thro' what dreadful hazards
Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,

VENICE PRESERV'D

How often on the brink of some discovery
Have we stood tottering, and yet still kept our ground
So well, that the busiest searchers ne'r could follow
Those subtle Tracts which puzzled all suspicion.
You droop Sir.

Jaff No. with a most profound attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy vertue

Ren. Though there be yet few hours 'twixt them and Ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full security,
Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always!
Never did so profound repose forerun
Calamity so great: Nay our good Fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind,
Strengthen'd the fearfulllest, charm'd the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle for we live,
We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life
Prove fatal to these Tyrants Let's consider
That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
A People nurst up equally with Vices
And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer

Jaff Oh *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms
And shew me where's my Peace, for I have lost it

[Ex Jaff

Ren. Without the least Remorse then let's resolve
With Fire and Sword t'extirminate these Tyrants,
And when we shall behold those cursit Tribunals,
Stain'd by the Tears and sufferings of the Innocent,
Burning with flames, rather from Heav'n than ours,
The raging, furious, and unpitying Souldier
Pulling his recking Dagger from the bosoms
Of gaiping Wretches, Death in every Quarter,
With all that sad disorder can produce,
To make a Spectacle of horror, Then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest Friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the Earth,
That the most valu'd things have most allays,
And that in change of all those vile Enormities,
Under whose weight this wretched Country labours,
The Means are only in our hands to crown them

Pierr And may those Powers above that are propitious
To gallant Minds, record this Cause, and blefs it

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there my Friends be found amongst us one

VENICE PRESERV'D

False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,
What Vengeance were enough for such a Villain?

Eli. Death here without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lott, if as here I stand,
Lifted by Fate amongst her darling Sons,
Tho I had one only Brother, dear by all
The strictest Ties of Nature, tho one hour
Had given us birth, one Fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our minds: Could I have such a Friend
Joyn'd in this Caus'e, and had but ground to fear
Meant fowl play, may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future Peace,
And stabb him to the heart before you who
Would not do leſs? Wouldſt not thou *Pierre* the ſame?

Pierr You've ſingl'd me, Sir, out for this hard queſtion,
As if 'twere started only for my ſake!

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traytor?

Ren. No but I fear your late commended Friend
Is little leſs. Come, Sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety Where's this *Jaffeur*?

Spino He left the Room juſt now in ſtrange Diſorder

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him I obſerv'd him
During the time I took for Explanati'on,
He was tranſported from moſt deep attention
To a conſuſion which he could not ſmother.
His looks grew full of ſadneſs and ſurprise,
All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctance and forrow.
What's requisite for ſafety, muſt be done.
With ſpeedy Execution, he remains
Yet in our Power. I for my own part wear
A Dagger—

Pierr Well.

Ren. And I could wiſh it!

Pierr Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his Heart

Pierr Away! w're yet all Friends,
No more of this, 'twill Breed ill blood amongſt us
Spin Let us all draw our Swords, and ſearch the houſe,
Pull him from the dark hole where he ſits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his ſhare of him

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pierr. Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the blood
That's dear to me! is't you? or you? or you Sir?

What, not one speak? how you stand gaping all
On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there;
Yet not a word? Then Sir, I'll tell you a secret,
Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtuel

[*To Ren.* *Ren.* A Coward—— *Handles his Sword.*]

Pierr. Put, put up thy Sword, old Man,
Thy Hand shakes at it, come let's heal this breach,
I am too hot we yet may live Friends

Spin. 'Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so

Pierr. Again! who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Revell. And I.

Ehot. And all.

Ren. Who are on my Side?

Spin. Every honest Sword
Let's die like men, and not be sold like Slaves

Pierr. One such word more, by Heav'n I'l to the Senate,
And hang ye all, like Dogs in Clusters
Why peep your Coward Swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us, haste,
Secure thy wretched Life, we fear to die
Lefs than thou darfst be honest

Pierr. That's rank falsehood
Fear'it not thou death? fy, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting
Had Jaffear's Wife prov'd Kind, he had still been true
Foh——how that stinks?
Thou die! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd wretched Face!
Away, disperse all to your severall Charges,
And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you,
I'l bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly——

Hence, hence, I say [*Ex Renault angrily.*]

Spin. I fear we've been to blame,
And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too farr urg'd against the man you lov'd

Rev. Here take our Swords, and crush 'em with your feet.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Spino. Forgive us gallant Friend.

Pierr. Nay, now y'have found

The way to melt and cast me as you will
I'll fetch this Friend, and give him to your mercy.
Nay he shall dye, if you will take him from me.
For your repose, I'll quit my hearts Jewel,
But would not have him torn away by Villains,
And spiteful villany.

Spino. No; may you both
For ever live, and fill the world with fame!

Pierr. Now you are too kind. Whence rose all this discord?
Oh what a dangerous precipice have we 'scaped!
How near a fall was all we had long been building!
What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories!
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fall'n a Sacrifice to rash suspicion!
Butcher'd by those, whose Cause he came to cherish.
Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place, 'till you had seen him,
Humbled your selves before him, kis'd his feet,
And gain'd remission for the worst of follies.

Come but to morrow, all your doubts shall end,
And to your Loves me better recommend,
That I've preserv'd your Name, and fav'd my Friend

[Exeunt omnes.]

The end of the Third Act

ACT IV.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera.

Jaff. **W**Here dost thou lead me? Every step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb
Of a rack'd Friend: O my dear charming ruine!
Where are we wandring?

Bel. To eternal Honour,
To doe a deed shall Chronicle thy name,
Among the glorious Legends of thosse few

VENICE PRESERV'D

That have sav'd sinking Nations. thy Renown
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
Who by their piety have been preserv'd
From horrid violation. Every Street
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy honour,
And at thy feet this great inscription written,
Remember him that prop'd the Fall of Venice

Jaff Rather, Remember him, who after all
The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship
In fond compassio[n] to a Womans tears
Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, truth, and Honour,
To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him
Why wilt thou damn me?

Bel. Oh inconstant man!
How will you promise? how will you deceive?
Do, return back, re-place me in my Bondage,
Tell all thy Friends how dangerously thou lov'st me,
And let thy Dagger doe its bloody office
Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffeur*, how 'twill look,
Struck through my Heart, drench'd in my bloud to th' hilts,
Whilst these poor dying Eyes shall with their tears
No more torment thee, then thou wilt be free
Or if thou think'st it nobler, Let me live
'Till I'm a Victim to the hatefull lust
Of that Infernal Devil, that old Fiend
That's Damn'd himself, and would undo Mankind.
Last night, my Love!

Jaff Name, name it not again,
It shews a beastly Image to my fancy,
Will wake me into madnes[
] Oh the Villain!
That durst approach such purity as thine,
On terms so vile Destruction, swift destruction
Fall on my Coward-head, and make my Name
The common scorn of Fools, if I forgive him,
If I forgive him, if I not revenge
With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
Thy sufferings thou dear darling of my life, Love

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate,
And tell the dismal Story e'r utter'd:
Tell 'em what bloudshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour!
Save thy poor Country, save the Reverend bloud
Of all its Nobles, which to morrow's Dawn

VENICE PRESERV'D

Must else see shed: Save the poor tender lives
Of all those little Infants which the Swords
Of murtherers are whetting for this moment,
Think thou already hearst their dying screams,
Think that thou seest their sad distracted Mothers
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity,
With torn dishevel'd hair, and streaming eyes,
Their naked mangled breasts besmeard with Bloud.
And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes
Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from 'em
Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart

Jaff Oh!

Bel Think too, If thou lose this present minute,
What miseries the next day brings upon thee,
Imagine all the horrors of that night,
Murther and Rapine, Waſte and Defolation,
Confus'dly ranging Think what then may prove
My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe,
And midſt the terror of the publick ruine
Do a damn'd deed, perhaps to lay a Train
May catch thy life, then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge that's due to ſuch a wrong?

Jaff By all Heaven's powers, Prophetick truth dwells in theſe
For every word thou ſpeak'ſt ſtrikes through my heart
Like a new light, and ſhews it how't has wander'd
Just what th'haft made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
And lead me to the place where I'm to ſay
This bitter Leſſon, where I muſt betray
My truth, my vertue, conſtancy and friends,
Muſt I betray my friends! Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that thought's renew'd,
If I relapſe once more, all's lost for ever

Bel Haſt thou a friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

Jaff No, th'art my Soul it ſelf, wealth, friendſhip, honour,
All preſent joys, and earneſt of all future,
Are ſumm'd in thee: methinks when in thy armeſ
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thouſand years of vulgar hours.
Why was ſuch happiness not given me pure?
Why daſh'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
To Sacrifice, thus in his fatal Garlands
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, The wanton ſkips and plays,

VENICE PRESERV'D

*Trots by the enticing flattering Priestess side,
And much transported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the plain,
'Till by Her, bound, Hee's on the Altar layn,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.*

{

Enter Officer and 6 Guards

Offic. Stand, who goes there?

Bel. Friends

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera!* hide me from my Friends
By Heaven, I'd rather see the face of Hell,
Than meet the man I love.

Offic. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate-and the State of *Venice*

Offic. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd
Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me
Now the Lot's cast, and Fate doe what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guarded.*]

SCENE The Senate-house

*Where appear fitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio,
and eight other Senators*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The State of *Venice*, honour, or its safety?

Priu Could words express the story I have to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were usefles, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes, but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple Robes,
And wrap our selves in Sack-cloth, sitting down
On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
E'r *Venice* be no more!

All Sentrs. How!

Priu. Nay, we stand
Upon the Very brink of gaping ruine
Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Kindred and Friends; our Palaces and Temples
To lay in Ashes: nay, the hour too fixt,
The Swords, for ought I know, drawn even this moment,
And the wild Waste begun; from unknown hands
I had this warning: but if we are men
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but doe someting
That may inform the world in after Ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd though we were. [A noise without]
Room, room, make room for some Prisoners
2 Senat. Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guard

Pru. Speak there, what disturbance?
Offic. Two Prisoners have the Guard seiz'd in the Streets,
Who say, they come to inform this Reverend Senate
About the present danger

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera guarded.

All Give 'em Entrance —
Well, who are you?
Jaff. A Villain.
Anto Short and pithy,
The man speaks well
Jaff. Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title
Duke 'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd
Against this State, that you have a share in't too
If you are a Villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with Mercy

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither,
I know its value better, but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd You see me here before you,
The sworn, and Covenanted foe of *Venice*
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke The Slave Capitulates,
Give him the Tortures
Jaff. That you dare not doe,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a story which you dread the Truth of
Truth with the fear of smart shall ne'r get from me
Cowards are scar'd with threatnings Boys are whipt

VENICE PRESERV'D

Into confessions, but a Steady mind
Acts of it self, ne'r asks the body Counsell.
Give him the Tortures Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven I'll shut these lips for ever,
Not all your Racks, your Engines or your Wheels,
Shall force a groan away—that you may gueis at
Anto. A bloody minded fellow I'll warrant.

A damn'd bloody minded fellow

Duke. Name your Conditions

Jaff. For my self full pardon,

Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,
Whose names are here inroll'd. Nay, let their Crimes
Be ne'r so monstrous, I must have the Oaths
And sacred promise of this Reverend Council,
That in a full Assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratifi'd Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger

[Delivers a List.]

All. Wee'l swear

Duke. Propose the Oath

Jaff. By all the hopes

Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter,
Swear

All. We all swear

Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,

Ye Swear

All. We Swear

Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your posterity be blest,
Or curst for ever!

All. Else be curst for ever!

Jaff. Then her's the list, and with't the full disclose of all that threatens
you

[Delivers another Paper]

Now Fate thou haft caught me

Anto. Why, what a dreadfull Catalogue of Cut-throats is here! I'll
warrant you not one of these fellows but has a face like a Lion I dare
not so much as read their names over.

Duke. Give orders that all diligent search be made
To seize these men, their characters are publick
The paper intimates their Rendezvouz
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian Curtezan,
Call'd Aquilna, see that place secur'd.

Anto. What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky Nacky in the Plot
—I'll make a Speech—Most Noble Senators

VENICE PRESERV'D

What headlong apprehensions drives you on,
Right noble, wise and truly solid Senators,
To violate the Laws and right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of renown
'Tis true, she holds a House of fair Reception.
And tho' I say't my self, as many more
Can say, as well as I

2 Senat. My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us.
We all well know your Interest in that Lady,
The world talks loud on't

Anto. Verily I have done,
I say no more

Duke. But since he has declar'd
Himself concern'd, Pray, Captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her Character,
And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with decency
You, *Jaffeur*, must with patience bear 'till morning
To be our Prisoner.

Jaff. Would the Chains of death
Had bound me fast e'r I had known this minute
I've done a deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones
The History of my wickedness shall run
Down thro' the low traditions of the vulgar,
And Boys be taught to tell the tale of *Jaffeur*

Duke. Captain, withdraw your Prisoner

Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me,
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my self and this day's guilt and falsehood
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

Noise without

[*Ex guarded.*

More Traitors, room, room, make room there

Duke. How's this? Guards?
Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates, the Treason's
Already at our Dores

Enter Officer

Offic. My Lords, more Traitors
Seiz'd in the very act of Consultation,
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief
Bring in the Prisoners.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, and other Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.

Pierr. You, the Lords and Fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of *Venice*,
If you sit here to guide the course of Justice,
Why these disgracefull chains upon my limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
On those that bring you Conquests home and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir

Anto. And be hang'd too, I hope

Pierr. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
Your Battels with confederated Powers,
When winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours.
When you, great Duke, shrunk, trembling in your Palace,
And saw your Wife, th' *Adriatick*, plough'd
Like a lew'd Whore by bolder Prows than yours,
Stept not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way to greatness,
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the Terms of su'd for peace,
And this my recompence? If I am a Traitor,
Produce my charge, or shew the wretch that's base enough,
And brave enough to tell me I am a Traitor,

Duke Know you one *Jaffeur*? [All the conspirators murmur.

Pierr Yes, and know his Virtue,

His Justice, Truth, his general Worth, and Sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him

Enter Jaffeur guarded

Duke See him brought forth

Pierr My friend too bound! nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine
They're but one thing, these Reverend Tyrants, *Jaffeur*,
Call us all Traitors, art thou one, my Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the fallest, veryest slave
That e'r betray'd a generous trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruine
All our fair hopes which morning was to have crown'd

VENICE PRESERV'D

Has this curst tongue o'rthrown.

Pierr. So, then all's over.

• *Venice* has lost her freedom; I my life,
No more, farewell.

Duke Say; will you make Confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the Senates mercy?

Pierr. Curst be your Senate. Curst your Constitution.
The Curse of growing factions and division
Still vex your Councils, shake your publick safety,
And make the Robes of Government, you wear
Hatefull to you, as these base Chains to me

Duke Pardon, or death?

Pierr Death, honourable death.

Renauli Death's the best thing we ask or you can give

All Conspir No shamefull bonds, but honourable death

Duke Break up the Council Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffer, y're Free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Ex all the Senators*

Pierr. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my straw.
It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To doe your Senate service

w

Jaff Hold one moment,

Pierr Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate? [*Strikes Jaff*
Prefumptuous Rebel——on——

Jaff By Heaven you stir not
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak
Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile blow.
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the basest injuries,
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me,
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,
But as there dwells a God-like nature in thee,
Listen with mildnes to my supplications

Pierr What whining Monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That wldul'd encroach upon my credulous Ears,
And can't thus viley? hence I know thee not
Dissemble and be nafty leave me Hippocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, *Pierre*?

Pierr. No, I know thee not· what art thou?

Jaff Jaffair, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend!
Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pierr. Thou *Jaffair!* thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
By Heav'ns thou ly'st, the man so call'd, my friend,
Was generous, honest, fathfull, just and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his Person lovely,
Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,
Poor, even in Soul, and loathsome in thy aspect:
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me
Like something banefull, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not:
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant,
My mind still full of thee. therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly. Oh look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,
Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee!
What shall I doe? what say to make thee hear me?

Pierr. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thy self,
Jaffair, that once lov'd, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these chains?
Whence this vile death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. ——All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierr. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierr. Life! ask my life! confess! record my self
A villain, for the privilege to breath,
And carry up and down this cursed City
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to it self, a few years longer,
To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile World and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pierr. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
'Till to thy self at least thou'rt reconcil'd;
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierr. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee:
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em though they spurn me.
'Till wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy armes with dear forgiveness.

Pierr. Art thou not——

Jaff. What?

Pierr. A Traitor?

Jaff. Yes

Pierr. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pierr. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,
Spiritlefs, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting Fame for shamelefs life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more, my faults are Numberlefs.

Pierr. And wouldest thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.

Pierr. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee.
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, fought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
Of wretchednes in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stoln,
So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curs'd Hour to hold communion,
Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it——farewell——for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pierr. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff Oh, *Pierre!*

Pierr. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

Pierr. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee

Jaff. Amen

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the Portion he has left me [Holds the dagger up.
This dagger, well remembred, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance,
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that thought no farther,
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other
So, now for thinking A blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward, fogh!
Oh for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busie Devil—

Enter Belvidera

Bel. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman Constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Not daring now to look to that dear face
Which us'd to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes to earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted,
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injured
Oh *Belvidera!* I'm the wretchedest creature
E'r crawl'd on earth now if thou'lt Vertue, help me,
Take me into thy Armes, and speak the words of peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,

VENICE PRESERV'D

And raises every Sense to my confusion;
By Heav'n I am tottering to the very brink
Of Peace: and thou art all the hold I've left.

Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty,
I know th' hast cause to mourn, to mourn, my *Jaffier*,
With endles's cries, and never ceasing wailing.
Th' hast lost—

Jaff. Oh I've lost what can't be counted.
My friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoyc'd in,
Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosome.

Bel. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee

Bel. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it,
He has us'd me, *Belvidera*; but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodnes,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Not scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Bel. Have I then e'r been false, that now I'm doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my Love's complainings?

Jaff. Oh!

Bel. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they're many
Oh my dear Angel! in that friend I've lost
All my Soul's peace, for every thought of him
Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my brains,
Would'st thou believe it?

Bel. Speak

Jaff. Before we parted,
E'r yet his Guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his suff'rings,
With eyes o'flowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling my self almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness
In which w'have liv'd so many years together,
With a reproachfull hand he dash'd a blow:
He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heaven he struck me,
Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward
Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:
Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation, Coward!

Bel. Oh forgive him, *Jaffeur*.
And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they doe to morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Bel. To morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a shamefull death,
His bleeding bowels and his broken limbs
Insulted o'r by a vile butchering villain,
What will thy heart doe then? Oh sure 'twill stream
Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadfull story?
Death, and to morrow? broken limbs and bowels?
Insulted o'r by a vile butchering Villain?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing if ~~the~~ truth's hid longer

Bel. The faithless Senators, 'tis they've decreed it
They say, according to our friends request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage
Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are pafs'd for publick death to morrow

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!

Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing,
To force confessions from their dying pangs
Oh do not look so terribly upon me,
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
What means my Love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me——strong temptations
Wake in my heart.

Bel. For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Bel. Why?

Jaff. Oh! By Heav'n I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Near these curst hands: are they not cold upon thee?

[*Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*

Bel. No: everlasting comfort's in thy arms,
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis fill'd with
Fly, e'r they gall thee: there's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy heart.
Art thou not terrify'd?

Bel. No.

Jaff. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Bel. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief?
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou should'st have fled
When thy Guilt first had cause, for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already, see, th'have fix'd him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—Murther! perjur'd Senate!
Murther—Oh!—hark thee, Traitors, thou hast done this,
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.
How her Eyes speak! O thou bewitching creature!

Fumbling for his Dagger.

Madness cannot hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe,
'Tis thy own Citadel—hah—yet stand off,
Heav'n must have Justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy,
I'll wink and then 'tis done—

Bel. What means the Lord
Of me, my life and love? what's in thy bosom,
Thou graspst at so? nay, why am I thus treated?

Draws the dagger, offers to stab her
What wilt thou doe? Ah do not kill me, Jaffier
Pity these panting breasts and trembling limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were milder.
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul.
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy portion; if I e'er prov'd false,
On such condition was my truth believ'd.

VENICE PRESERV'D

But now 'tis forfeited and must be paid for. *Offers to stab her again.*

Bel. Oh, mercy!

Kneeling.

Jaff. Nay, no strugling

Bel. Now then kill me *Leaps upon his neck, and kisstes him.*

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,

Kisst thy revengefull lips, and die in joys

Greater than any I can guesst hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward, witnesst Heaven,

Witnesst it, Earth, and every being witnesst,

'Tis but one blow yet. by immortal Love,

I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

He throws away the dager and embraces her.

The Seal of providence is sure upon thee,

And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders.

Oh thou wert either born to save or damn me!

By all the power that's given thee o'r my soul,

By thy resifteles tears and conquering smiles,

By the victorious love that still waits on thee,

Fly to thy cruel Father, save my friend,

Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:

Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,

Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy tears

Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,

Crush him in th' Arms, and torture him with thy softness!

Nor, 'till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,

But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me.

[*Ex ambo.*

ACT V.

Enter Priuli solus.

Priu **W**HY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathleſs infamy is fall'n upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitour? No
But then, my onely child, my daughter, wedded,
There my beſt bloud runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has feiz'd upon my memory,
To make it rot and ſtink to after ages

VENICE PRESERV'D

Curs'd be the fatal minute when I got her,
Or woud that I'd been any thing but man,
And rais'd an issue which would ne'r have wrong'd me.
The miserablest Creatures (man excepted)
Are not the leſt esteem'd, tho' their posterity
Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers;
The vileſt Beasts are happy in their off-springs,
While onely man gets traitours, whores, and villains.
Curſt be the names, and ſome ſwift blow from Fate
Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgoten.

Enter Belvidera in a long mourning Veil.

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhumane father,
That, for three years, has left an onely child
Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruine——oh!

Pru. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?
Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again
Pru. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadſt tasted ſorrows,
Would I could help thee

Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power
The world too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'r ask'd almes before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, Sir.

Pru. For what?
Bel. Oh, well regard me, is this voice a ſtrange one?
Conſider, too, when beggars once pretend
A cafe like mine, no little will content 'em.

Pru. What wouldſt thou Beg for?
Bel. Pity and forgiuenefs [Throws up her Veil.
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.

Pru. My daughter?
Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wiſhes,
Dear to your armeſ: by all the joys ſhe gave you,
When in her blooming years ſhe was your treasure,
Look kindly on me, in my face behold

VENICE PRESERV'D

The lineaments of hers y'have kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast off Child.

Priu. Thou art my daughter.

Bel. Yes—and y'have oft told me,
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Priu. Oh!

Hast thou inherited her matchless virtues
I'd been too blefs'd

Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface th' impression;
For could you think how mine's perplext, what sadness,
Fears and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear dear Armes,
Hover with strong compassion o'r your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting Wing
From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just breaking.

Priu. Don't talk thus

Bel. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.
I have a husband

Priu. Damn him.

Bel. Oh! do not curse him,
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, oh! e'r he deal with me

Priu. Hah! what means my child?

Bel. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and Fate: Yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave, afford me one kind blessing
Before we part. just take me in your armes,
And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,
That I may dye in peace, and when I'm dead——

Priu. How my Soul's catcht?

Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.

She would have pitied me, had fate yet spar'd her.

Priu. By Heaven my aking heart forebodes much mischief.
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Bel. No, I'm contented.

Priu. Speak

Bel. No matter.

Priu. Tell me.

By yon blefs'd Heaven, my heart runs o'r with fondness.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Bel. Oh!

Pru. Utter't.

Bel. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosome,
To peirce the heart of your poor *Belvidera*

Pru. Kill thee!

Bel. Yes, kill me, when he pass'd his faith
And covenant against your State and Senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
When e'er he fail'd to plunge it through this bosome.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T'attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and blest me with success,
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends,
For promis'd mercy, now they're doom'd to suffer,
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods
With this poor life, and make my bloud th' attonement.

Pru. Heav'n's!

Bel. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting,
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury, think you saw his one hand
Fix't on my throat, while the extended other
Grap'd a keen threatening dagger; Oh! 'twas thus
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosome
Presented horrid death; cried out, my friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd,
For yet he lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me,
To this last tryal of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, e'er mine be made the sacrifice.

Pru. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?

Weep not but answer me

Pru. By Heaven, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Can't thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my Life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'r thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewel.

Bel. Go, and remember
'Tis *Belvidera's* life her father pleads for.

[*Ex severally.*]

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, hah.

Seignior *Pruh*, my Lord *Pruh*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord. how we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord——Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let him fiddle ——I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-House, and I'll be there too, soon enough for some body. Odd——here's a tickling speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance——Would I had it without book; let me see——

Most Reverend Senatours,
That there is a Plot, surely by this time, no man that hath eyes or understanding in his head will presume to doubt; 'tis plain as the light in the Cowcumber——no——hold there——Cowcumber does not come in yet——'tis plain as the light in the Sun, or as the man in the Moon, even at noon day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dres'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled Cowcumber out at the window? no: that it is not onely a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot; but it is, as I may so say, a fawcy Plot· and we all know, most Reverend Fathers, that which is fawce for a Goose is fawce for a Gander; Therefore, I say, as those bloud-thirsty Ganders of the conspiracy would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them; so I humbly move for hanging——hah, hurry hurry——I think this will doe, thô I was something out at first, about the Sun and the Cowcumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aquil. Good-morrow, Senatour.

Anto. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow Nacky, odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial——ha a a a a——kiss me, Nacky, how dost thou doe my little Tory rory Strumpet? kiss me, I say huffy kiss me.

Aquil. Kiss me, Nacky! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

Anto. Hayty, tayty, is it so indeed? with all my heart faith——Hey, then up go we, faith——Hey, then up go we, dum dum derum dump [Sings.

Aquil. Seignior.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Anto. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your bed?—

Anto. About threescore years hence, much may be done, my dear.

Aquil. You'll be hang'd, Seignior.

Anto. Hang'd, sweet heart, prithee be quiet; hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry conceit with all my heart, why, thou jok'it, Nacky, thou art given to joking, I'll swear, well, I'll protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest, that I love joking dearly, man And I love thee for joking, and I'll kis thee for joking, and towfe thee for joking, and, odd, I have a devilish Mind to take thee aside about that businels for joking too, odd I have, and *Hey, when up go we*, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.]

Aquil. See you this, Sir? [Draws a dagger]

Anto. O Laud, a dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my aversion, I cannot endure the fight on't; hide it, for Heaven's sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone—hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes in your heart I'll hide it

Anto. My heart, what, hide a dagger in my heart's blood!

Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou pamper'd Devil, Thou hast help'd to spoil my peace, and I'll have vengeance On thy curst life, for all the bloody Senate, The perjur'd faithleſs Senate. Where's my Lord, My happiness, my love, my God, my Hero? Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst the rest, T' a shamefull wrack? By all the rage that's in me, I'll be whole years in murthering thee

Anto. Why, Nacky, Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the matter, my dear Nacky? am not I thy Love, thy Happiness, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senatour, and every thing in the World, Nacky?

Aquil. Thou! Think'it thou, thou art fit to meet my Joys, To bear the eager clasps of my embraces?

Give me my *Pierre*, or—

Anto. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky, Trus'd up for Treason, and so forth, Child

Aquil. Thou ly'ſt, stop down thy Throat that hellish sentence, Or 'tis thy last. swear that my Love shall live, Or thou art dead

Anto. Ah, h h h h

Aquil. Swear to recall his doom, Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Anto. I do. now if she would but kick a little bit, one kick now, Ah, h h h.

Aquil. Swear or—

VENICE PRESERV'D

Anto. I doe; by these dear fragrant foots,
And little toes, sweet as, e e e e, my Nacky, Nacky, Nacky.

Aquil. How!

Anto. Nothing but unty thy shoe-string a little faith and troth,
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

Aquil. Nay, then—

Anto. Hold, hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this Poniard
Rust in thy Heart.

Anto. With all my Soul

Aquil. Farewell—

Anto. Adieu. Why what a bloudy-minded inveterate, termagant
Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh h h! yet morel nay, then I die,
I die—I am dead already. [Stretches himself out

Enter Jaffeur.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world:
Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round this earth,
Crush the Vile Globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it, with Elemental flames to one curs'd Cindar,
And all us little creepers in't call'd men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell,
Ne'r to extinguish; and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine feels now

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. My Life—

Jaff. My Plague—

Bel. Nay then I see my ruine,
If I must die!

Jaff. No, Death's this day too busie,
Thy Father's ill timed Mercy came too late
I thank thee for thy labours thô and him too,
But all my poor betray'd unhappy friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black hour,
And yet I live.

Bel. Then be the next my doom:
I see thou haft pafs'd my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience
Meet thy dear hands, and kis' em when they wound me.

[Meeting him
[Turning from her

VENICE PRESERV'D

Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee doe it
With some remorse; and when thou giv'st the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to theel

Bely. Yes, and when thy hands
Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast done a thousand thousand dear times
To this poor breast, when kinder rage has brought thee,
When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting kisses seal'd our lips together,
When joyes have left me gasping in thy armes,
So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy,
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bely. I will, when I've done weeping.—

Jaff. Fie, no more on't—
How long is't since the miserable Day
We wedded first?

Bely. Oh h

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy Tears,
Left they un man me too.

Bely. Heaven knows, I cannot,
The words you utter found so very sadly,
These streams will follow—

Jaff. Come, I'll kifs 'em dry then.

Bely. But was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curs'd one.

Bely. I thought it otherwise, and you've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you blefs'd it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath

Bely. Then why am I not curs'd too?

Jaff. No Belvidera, by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Bely. Still so kind!

Still then do you, you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to Creation,
Than I doe now towards thee: man ne'r was blefs'd,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three Years we have liv'd together.

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,

Till reverend grown, for age and love, we go

Down to one Grave, as our last bed, together,

There sleep in peace till an eternal morning

Jaff. When will that be?

Belv. I hope long Ages hence.

[*Sighing*]

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me

Thy very fears) us'd thee with tender'st love?

Did e'r my Soul rise up in wrath against thee?

Did I e'r frown when *Belvidera* smil'd,

Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray

A bating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee?

Bel. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e're wandred
To any other woman?

Bel. Never, never—I were the worst of false ones, should I
accuse thee

I own I've been too happy, bless'd above
My Sexes Charter

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Bel. Yes

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heav'n;
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her,
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'r see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning.
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts, and prop her vertue,
'Lo bear the losf of one that too much lov'd,
And comfort her with patience in our parting

Bel. How, parting, parting!

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting,
I have sworn, *Belvidera*, by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee
We part this hour for ever

Bel. Oh call back
Your cruel blessings, stay with me and curse me!

VENICE PRESERV'D

Jaff. No, tis resolv'd

Bel. Then hear me too, just Heaven,

Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing Vengeance, let despair,
Danger, or infamy, nay all surround me;
Starve me with wantings, let my eyes ne'r see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace;
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horroors,
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him, If I must, I will not.
Oh turn and hear me

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never

Bel. By all the tender days we've liv'd together,
By all our charming nights, and joyes that crown'd 'em,
Pity my sad Condition, speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh h h

Bel. By these armes that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes—

Jaff. Murther! un hold me

By th' immortal destiny that doom'd me [Draws his Dagger.
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer,
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall -----

Bel. Hold, Sir, be patient

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell [Puffing-bell Towles.
Towles out for death! I must attend its call too,
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre expects me.
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he dy'd, and take his last forgiveneſſ
Farewell for ever

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me

Bequeath me ſomething—Not one kiss at parting?
Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break? [Going out looks back at her

Jaff. Yet stay

We have a Child, as yet, a tender Infant,
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in vertue and the paths of Honour,
But let him never know his father's Story,
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my Fate
May do his future fortune, or his name.

Now—nearer yet—

Oh that my armes were rivetted

[Approaching each other.

VENICE PRESERV'D

Thus round thee ever! but my friends, my oath!
This, and no more.

[Kisses her.]

Bel Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of,
I'll give't him truly.

Jaff So, now farewell

Bel For ever?

Jaff Heaven knows for ever, all good Angels guard thee

Bel All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment

Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
Which I must now mourn out in widdow'd tears,
Blasted be every herb and fruit and tree,
Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general Curse reach man and beast,
Oh give me daggers, fire or water,
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peacefull bottome!
Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury,
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain,
I long for thick substantial sleep Hell! Hell!
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am

Enter Priuli and Servants

Who's there?

[They seize her.]

Pri Run, seize, and bring her safely home,
Guard her as you would life Alas poor creature!

Bel What? to my husband then conduct me quickly,
Are all things ready? shall we dye most gloriously?
Say not a word of this to me old father,
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
Lutes, Laurells, Seas of Milk, and ships of Amber.

[Ex.]

Scene opening discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing of Pierre, then enter Officers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, executioner, and a great Rabble

Offic. Room, room there!—stand all by, make room for the Prisoner.

Pier. My Friend not come yet?

Father Why are you so obstinate?

Pier Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch cannot dye in peace?
But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him—

Fath Yet, Heaven—

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends,
I ne'r broke Peace with't yet by cruel murthers,
Rapine or perjury, or vile deceiving:
But liv'd in moral Justice towards all men;
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers:
How e'er my own short-fighted Faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge—

Pier. You say my conscience
Must be mine accuser. I have search'd that Conscience,
And find no records there of crimes that scare me

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want faith.

Pier. You want to lead
My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its nobler vigour then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of Faith
So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get money.
Away, no more Captain, I would hereafter
This fellow wrote no Lyes of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffir

Jaff. Hold Eyes, be dry,
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, take
The last forgiveneſs of a dying friend,
Betray'd by my vile falsehood to his ruine
Oh *Pierre!*

Pier. Yet nearer

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the Earth let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injur'd face,
That always us'd to smile, with friendship, on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces

Pier. Dear to my Armes, though thou hast undone my fame,
I cannot forget to love thee: prithee *Jaffir*,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee,
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fair would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bleſs my journey.

Jaff. Good! I am the vileſt creature, worse than e'r

VENICE PRESERV'D

Suffer'd the shamefull Fate thou art going to taste of
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am, describe
The foul complexion of my hatefull deeds,
Lead me to the Rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
And doe it credit Thou wilt but spoil the use on't,
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About 'em, as a Charn from treach'rous friendship

Offic. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, *Jaffeur*, they've all dy'd like men too,
Worthy their Character

Jaff. And what must I doe?

Pier. Oh! *Jaffeur*.

Jaff. Speak, aloud thy burthen'd Soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend

Pier. Friend! Could'it thou yet be a Friend, a generous Friend,
I might hope Comfort from thy noble sorrows
Heav'n knows I want a friend

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That wou'd not thus scorn my repenting Virtue,
Or think when he's to dye, my thoughts are idle

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, *Jaffeur*

Jaff. Yes, I will Live
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate, as *Venice* long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heav'n

Pier. Then still thou'r't noble,
And I forgive thee Oh——yet——shall I trust thee?

Jaff. No, I've been false already

Pier. Do'it thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my Heart, and satisfie thy doubttings

Pier. Curse on this weakness

[*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before,
And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom
That must have vent Though I am a Villain, tell me

Pier. See'it thou that Engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*]

Jaff. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a Souldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been Crown'd with Conquest,

VENICE PRESERV'D

Be expos'd a common carcas on a Wheel?

Jaff Hah!

Pier Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff Fitting?

Pier Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been Crown'd with Conquest,
Be expos'd a common Carcas on a Wheel?

Jaff Hah!

Pier Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff Fitting?

Pier Yes, Is't fitting?

Jaff What's to be done?

Pier I'd have thee undertake

Something that's Noble, to preserve my Memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it

Offic. The day grows late, Sir

Pier I'll make haste! oh Jaffeur,

Though thou'st Betray'd me, doe me some way Justice

Jaff. No more of that Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd,
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed, my Child too
Yield up his little Throat, and all t' appease thee——

[Going away, Pier holds him.

[He whispers Jaffeur.

Pier No——this——no more!

Jaff Hah! Is't then so?

Pier Most certainly

Jaff I'll do't

Pier Remember

Offic. Sir

Pier Come, now I'm ready [He and Jaffeur ascend the Scaffold.
Captain, you should be a Gentleman of honour,
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my Fate, and dye with Decency
Come!] [Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.

Fath. Son!

Pier. Hence Tempter

Offic. Stand off, Priest

Pier I thank you, Sir,

You'll think on't?

[To Jaffeur

Jaff 'Twon't grow stale before to morrow

Pier. Now, Jaffeur! now I am going Now,——

[Executioners having bound him

Jaff Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then—here——

[Stabs him.

VENICE PRESERV'D

And this is well too.

[Then stabs himself.

Fath. Damnable Deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done Nobly—We have deceiv'd the Senate

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha ha ha—oh oh—

[Dies.

Jaff. Now ye curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the blood y' have shed I make Libation,

And sprinkl't mingling: May it rest upon you,

And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a stranger

Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste

Your Generations—O poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in safety to her.

A Token, that with my dying Breath I blesst her,

And the dear little Infant left behind me

I am sick—I am quiet—

[Jaff. dies.

Offic. Bear this news to the Senate,

And guard their Bodies 'till there's farther Order.

Heav'n grant I dye so well—

[Scene shuts upon them.

Soft Musick. Enter Belvidera distracted, led by two of her
Women, Priuli and Servants

Priu Strengthen her heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

Bel. Come, come, come, come, come, Nay come to bed,

Prithee my Love The Winds hark how they whittle?

And the Rain beats: oh how the weather shrinks me!

You are angry now, who cares? pish, no indeed

Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not,

Whip your ill nature, get you gone then, oh!

[Jaffier's Ghost rises.

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come agen

Am I to blame to love him? Oh thou dear one

[Ghost sinks.

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?

Jaffier! where art thou? Father, why do you doe thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere

Stand off I say what, gone? remember't Tyrant!

I may revenge my self for this trick one day

I'll do't—I'll do't Renault's a nasty Fellow,

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

[Enter Officer and others.

Priu. News, what News?

[Offic whispers Priu.

Offic Most sad, Sir

Jaffier, upon the Scaffold, to prevent

A shamefull death, stab'd Pierre, and next, himself,

Both fell together

VENICE PRESERV'D

Pru. Daughter.

Bel. Ha, look there!

[*The Ghosts of Jaff and Pier. rise togesher both bloody*
My Husband bloody, and his friend too! Murther!
Who has done this? speak to me, thou sad Vision; [Ghosts sink.
On these poor trembling Knees I beg it, Vanisht—
Here they went down, Oh! I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You shan't delude me thus Hoa, *Jasseur, Jafferr*
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, Father: Oh! how I'll smuggle him!
My Lovel my Dear! my Blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay——now they pull so hard——farewel——]

[*She dyes.*

Maid She's dead,
Breathleis and dead

Pru Then guard me from the sight on't.
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning,
Where the free Air, Light, and the chearfull Sun
May never enter. Hang it round with Black,
Set up one Taper that may last a day,
As long as I've to live And there all leave me

Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,
But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate

Curtain falls
[*Ex omnes*

F I N I S .

EPILOGUE

THE Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's ended pass your Approbation.
Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there,
And there's a certain Faction fain would sway,
If they had strength enough, and damn this Play.
But this the Author bad me boldly say,
If any take his plainness in ill Part
He's glad on't from the bottome of his heart,
Poets in honour of the Truth shou'd write,
With the same Spirit brave men for it fight
And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
And daily where he goes of late, he spies
The scowles of fullen and revengefull eyes,
'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
And serves a cause too good to let him fear
He fears no poison from an incens'd Drab,
No Ruffian's five-foot Sword, nor Rascal's stab,
Nor any other snares of mischiefs laid,
Nor a Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade,
From any private cause where malice reigns,
Or general Pique all Block-heads have to brains.
Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call,
No not the * Picture-mangler at Guild-Hall
The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their course begun,
And while that Prince's figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his Name,
Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame.
A face in which such lineaments they reade
Of that great Martyr's, whose rich bloud they shed,
That their rebellious hate they still retain,
And in his Son would murther Him again.
With indignation then, let each brave heart
Rouse, and unite, to take his injur'd part,
'Till Royal Love and Goodnes call him home,
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come,
'Till Heav'n his Honour, and our Peace restore,
And Villains never wrong his Vertue more

* The Rascal that cut the Duke of York's Picture

THE
ATHEIST
OR,
THE SECOND PART
OF THE
SOULDIER'S FORTUNE.

Acted at the
D U K E ' s Theatre

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY*

—*Hic nosfer Authores habet;*
• *Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam*
Potius, quam iflorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porrò moneo, & definant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua. Terence.

Source

THE intrigue of Beaugard and Porcia in *The Atheist* is very closely borrowed from *Histoire de l'Amante Invincible*, being Chapter IX of Scarron's *Le Roman Comique*. This novella, which is related by Ragotin, has been particularly dealt with in the Introduction, where various analogies are suggested.

Theatrical History

THE *Atheist Or, the Second Part of the Souldiers Fortune*, Otway's last play, which continues the adventures of Beaugard and introduces us to the married Courtine, was produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn (possibly late September) of 1683. The comedy seems to have met with considerable success, although it shared the fate of most sequels, not being so well liked as the ever-popular First Part.

On 16 November, 1682, the joint Companies commenced acting at Drury Lane, and Betterton naturally seized the opportunity to appear in important parts which hitherto had not been available for him, as Downes tells us, "The mixt Company then Reviv'd the several old and Modern Plays that were the Propriety of Mr. Killigrew." Since the repertory was thus increased many pieces were only seen at rare intervals, and among these was *The Atheist*, for there is no record of any important revival.

TO THE
LORD ELANDE,
Eldest Son to the Right Honourable the
Marquis of Halifax.

My LORD,

I T was not without a great deal of debate with my self, that I could resolve to make this Prefent to Your Lordship For though Epistles Dedicatory be lately grown so Epidemical, that, either sooner or later, no man of Quality (whom the least Author has the least Pretence to be troublesome to) can escape them, yet methought Your Lordship should be as much above the common Perplexities that attend your Quality, as You are above the common Level of it, as well in the most Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehension, good Understanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all sweetned by an obliging Affability and Condescension, of which I have often, in the Honour of Your Conversation, had particular caufe to be proud, and for which, therefore, a more than ordinary Reafon, now, to be Grateful

And it is upon that pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under Your Protection, for indeed, it has great need of such Protection. having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and very industrious ones too, but this way I was sure it must live *Would He but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity will overthrow the ignobleſt Envy, whose good Nature cannot but confound the moſt inveterate Malice, and whose Wit muſt baffle the ſaucieſt Ignorance*

My Lord, It would but argue me of the meanest Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an Harangue of those Praifes You deserve For he who tells the World whose Son You are, has said enough to thoſe who do not know You, and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and chosen for your Conversation, cannot but every hour You are pleased to bestow upon them, be ſenſible of more than I could tell them in a Volume Your Lordship being the beſt Panegyrick upon your ſelf, the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confusion, Ruin, and Destruction, was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, stood up, and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtilties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from

THE ATHEIST

our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderness. Certainly His Name must be for ever Honourable, Precious his Memory, and Happy His Generation, who durst exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almost a Reproach to have any, and stem a Torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and fermenting Rebellion, to the preserving of the best of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has made in our Defence, still by the strength of his Judgment, to foresee those Evils that may yet threaten us, and by the Power of his Wisdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the King's open (nay, and bosome) Enemies. As a watchful, bold, and sincere Counsellor to his Master, to be a Driver of Treacherous, Grinning, Self-ended Knaves, Insinuating Spies, and useleſs unprofitable Fools from his Service A Patron and Promoter of Honesty, Merit, and Ability, which else too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent Father to Your Lordship, so much every way his Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as, in the strong and shining Virtues of Your Mind, the fixt and steady disposition of Your Loyalty, the Goodness and obliging Temper of Your Nature, is apparent, by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I desire to be thought

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant to be Commanded,

THO. ORWAY

PROLOGUE

Though Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.
To me the Cause seems eas'ly understood
For there are Poets prove not very good,
Who, like base Sign-Post Dawbers, wanting Skill,
Steal from great Master's Hands, and Copy ill
Thus, if by Chance, before a Noble Feast
Of Gen'rrous Wit, to whet and fit your Taste,
Some poignant Satyr in a Prologue rise,
And growing Vices handsomly chafise,
Each Poetafter thence presumes on Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools

These Marks describe him.—

Writing by rose, small Wit, or none to spare,
Jangle and Chime's his Study, Toil and Care
He always in One Line upbraids the Age,
And a good Reason why, is Rymes to Stage
With Wit and Pit he keeps a hideous Pother,
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other
But if, by Chance, he get the French Word Raillery,
Lord, how he segues the Vizor-Masques with Gallery!

'Tis said, Astrologers strange Wonders find
To come, in two great Planets lately join'd
From our two Houses joining, most will hold
Vast Deluges of Dulnells were foretold
Poor Holborn Ballads now being born away
By Tides of duller Madrigals than they,
Jockeys and Jenneys set to Northern Airs,
While Lowfie Thepis chaunts at Country Fairs
Politick Ditties, full of Stage Debate,
And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State
Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Translators,
• And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's write Satyrs,
Though none can guess to which most Praife belongs,
To the Learn'd Verisions, Scandals, or the Songs
For all things now by Contraries succeed,
Of Wit or Virtue there's no longer need
Beauty submits to him who loudliest rails,
She fears the fawcie Fop, and he prevails.

THE ATHEIST

*Who for his best Preferment would devise,
Let him renounce all Honesty, and rise
Villains and Parasites Success's will gain,
But in the Court of Wit, shall Dulness reign?
No. Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambicks o're,
Twirl Crevat-strings, but write Lampoons no more,
Rhymersters get Wit, ere they pretend to shew it,
Nor think a Game at Cramboe makes a Poet
Else is our Author hopeles's of Success;
But then his Study shall be next time less
He'll find out Ways to your Applause more easie,
That is, write worse and worse, 'till he can please ye*

The Actors Names.

Father to Beaugard	Mr. Leigh
Beaugard	Mr. Betterton
Courtine	Mr Smith
Daredevil	Mr Underhill
Theodoret	Mr Wiltshire
Gratian	Mr Perin
Porcia	Mrs Barry
Lucretia	Mrs Butler
Sylvia, Courtine's Wife	Mrs. Currer
Mrs Furush, An Exchange-Woman	Mrs. Osborn.
Phillis, Porcia's Woman	Mrs Percival
Chloris, Lucretia's Woman	Mrs Norris
Rosard, Gratian's Man	Mr Saunders
Plunder, Beaugard's Man	Mr Richards

Six Ruffians Footmen Dwarf. A Page.

THE
A T H E I S T,
Or, The Second Part of the
Souldiers Fortune.

THE FIRST ACT.

Baugard and his Father

Baugard.

Sir, I say, and say again, No Matrimony, I'll not be noos'd Why, I beseech you Sir, tell me Plainly and fairly, what have I done, that I deserve to be married!

Fath Why Sauce-box, I, your old Father, was married before you were born

Beau Ay, Sir, and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me, the Consequence of which was as follows As soon as I was born, you sent me to Nurse, where I fuck'd two Years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch't Sty upon the neighb'ring Common, as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a Place call'd a School, to be flash't and box't by a thick-fisted Block-head, that could not read himself, where I learn'd no Letters, nor got no Meat, but such as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a stinking Price, so over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her,

Fath Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young, idle Whoresons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve Years old had a broad, shining, pufft, Bacon Face, like a Cherubim, and now he won't marry.

Beau My next Renoval was home again, and then you did not know what to do with me farther, 'till after a Twelvemonth's Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Posterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

Fath The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much

THE ATHEIST

Plenty, and took up Arms against my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

Beau Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir

Fath Had I not reason, Master Hector?

Beau As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to dispute the Pleasure of a Father

Fath Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't, the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perswade him to marry

Beau Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling, my Industry and my Vertue was all I had to trust to.

Fath Blefs us all! Industry and Vertue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very vertuous Son and Heir of him, that's the Truth on't.

Beau 'Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of two hundred Pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune

Fath. That is to say, you went to the Wars, to learn the liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where Heav'n be prais'd none of thosse Vertues need grow rusty

Beau. Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour Home with me

Fath Nay, the Scanderbeg-Monkey has not behav'd himself unhandsomely, that's the Truth of the Bus'nes, But the Varlet won't marry the Dog has got two thousand Pound a Year left him by an old curmudgeonly moldy Uncle, and I can't perswade him to marry

Beau Sir, that curmudgeonly moldy Uncle you speak of, was your Elder Brother, and never married in all his Life He dying, bequeath'd me Two thousand Pound a Year. You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honour'd Father, have been married, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, Long life, and merry as it has been hitherto, but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolv'd to have nothing to do with it

Fath Here's a Rogue! here's a Villain! why, Sirrah, you have lost all Grace, you have no Duty left, you are a Rebel. I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't What Religion are you of?—hah?—

Beau Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd *Fath.* Oh Lord! Christen'd! here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!

Beau. Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

Fath No, Sirrah but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though.

THE ATHEIST

Beau. What fort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir, what fort, Sir.

Beau Why, of the honestest fort.

Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

Beau. Why then, Sir, if that will satisfie you, I am of your fort

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no fort at all

Beau But, Sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Persecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough, resolute to make this transitory Life as pleasant and delightful as I can, and for some sober Reasons best known to my self, resolute never to marry

Fath Look me in the Face, stand still, and look me in the Face So, you won't marry?—

Beau No, Sir

Fath Oh Lord!

Beau But I'll do something that shall be more for your good, and perhaps may please you as well Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natur'd as she might have been, and that your Revenues are something anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well satisfy'd as you can, and my Servant shall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a hundred smiling Smock-fac't Guineas within this half hour Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath No Body that has half an ounce of Brains in his Nodole The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't, damnable, damnable in the right on't

Beau So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, two thousand Pound a Year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou dost not marry, though I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, spritely Friends about thee, and so forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexatious, uneasie sort of Life, it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be sure to remember the hundred Pound, *Jackie-boy*, hah?

Beau. Most punctually, Sir

Fath Thou shalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a Hundred Pound, or so, upon a good occasion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way You must make much of your old Daddy, *Jack* But if thou hadst no mind to 't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beau. Not marry, Sir?

Fath No

Beau No?

Fath No. A Hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum

THE ATHEIST

Beau. I'll not fail of sending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back-Street, behind my Lodgings. There's a Cup of smart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-rogue, it glorifies through the Glasf, and the Nits dance about in't like Atoms in the Sun-shine, you young Dog

Beau Do you intend to dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tisbury* Roysterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have oblig'd me to meet 'em there, they help'd me to spend my Estate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and don't forsake me now I am grown poorish and old—Almost Twelve a Clock, *Jack*

Beau. I'll be sure to remember, Sir

Fath. And thou wilt never marry!

Beau Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse, though, I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight A hundred *Guinea's*! eeeeel Db'uy *Jack*, You'll remember? See thee agen to-morrow, *Jack*,—poor *Jack*! Dainty Canary—and a delicate Black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*

Beau Adieu, Father —Fourbine

Four. Did your Honour call?

Beau Take a hundred Guineas out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heavn' be thank'd) is a very ungodly Father. He was in his Youth just such another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here, but he had no Estate, there I have the better of him. For out of meer Opinion of my good Husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to disinherit the extravagant Old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was married, there I have the better of him again, yet he married, a Fortune of Ten thousand Pound, and before I was Seven Years old, had broke my Mother's Heart, and spent three parts of her Portion. Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domestick, call'd a House-keeper, which I one Day, to shew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage i th Execution. I must e'en get him a Governour, and send him with a Pension into the Country. Ay, it must be so, For, Wedlock, I deny thee, Father, I'll supply thee, and Pleasure, I will have thee Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv Oh, Sir, the most fortunate Tidings!

THE ATHEIST

Beau What's the Matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is just arriv'd out of the Country, and desires to see you, Sir

Beau. *Courtine!* Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine

Cour. Dear *Beaugard!*

Beau Ah, Friend! — from the very tenderest part of my Heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou look'st as like a Married Man already, with as grave a Fatherly Famelick Countenance, as ever I saw.

Cour. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am married, that's my Comfort. But you, I hear, have had worse Luck of late, an old Uncle drop'd into the Grave, and Two thousand Pound a Year into your Pocket, *Beaugard*.

Beau A small Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Cour. Sincere, honest Friends! have a Care there, *Beaugard!* — I am, since I saw thee, in a few Words, grown an errant Raskal, and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have solemnly forsworn: No, I am married, *Jack*, in the Devil's Name, I am married

Beau Married! That is, thou call'st a Woman thou likest by the Name of Wife. Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou liest with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepest the Children thou begettest of her Body, allowest her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune, and when she grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a Pox 'tis but a Separate-maintenance, kiss and part, and there is an End of the Busines.

Cour. Alas *Beaugard*, thou art utterly mistaken, Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forc'd to call a Woman I do not like, by the name of Wife, and lie with her, for the most part, with no Appetite at all, must keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body else may beget of her Body, and for Food and Rayment, by her Good-will she would have them both Fresh three times a Day. Then for kiss and part, I may kiss and kiss my Heart out, but the Devil a bit shall I ever get rid of her.

Beau Alas, poor Husband! but art thou really in this miserable Condition?

Cour. Ten times worse, if possible: by the virtue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown so really One Flesh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladiship is so Jealous, that she does me the Honour to make me Stalion general to the whole Parish, from the Parson's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's scolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and smoaks loathsom Tobacco. In

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short Jack, she has so order'd the Bus'ness, that I am half weary of the World, wish all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd these Six Months

Beau Ha, ha, ha.

Cour Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

Beau Ay, Ned, I have Two thousand Pound *per Annum*, Ned, old Rents, and well Tenanted, have no Wife, nor never will have any, Ned, resolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleasurable, with some dear, lovesom, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night shall bring me all the Joys of a new Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesom, jealous Wife, Wife, Ned

Cour But where lies this Treasure? Where is there such a Jewel to be found?

Beau Ah, Rogue! Do you despise your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconscionable Hobnail, thou Country Cowlstaff, thou absolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldst thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and grisly Countenance, to make thy Appearance before the Footstool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For shame get off that *Smithfield* Horse-courser's Equipage, appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back, and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away those foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the Sins of thy Youth again Blefs us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the Blazing Star

Cour Beard, Beaugard! Whv, I wear it on purpose, Man, I have wish'd it a Furze-bush a thousand times, when I have been kissing my——

Beau Whom?

Cour. Wife ——Let me never live to bury her, if the word Wife does not stick in my Throat

Beau Then this Peruke! Why, it makes thee shew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barber's Window

Cour No more, no more, all shall be rectified bor, to deal with thee as honestly, as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, ere I resolv'd absolutely to hang my self, I thought there might be some Remedy left, and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendship So that, in short, I am very fairly run away, pretended a short Journey to visit a Friend, but came to *London*, and if it be possible, will not see Country, Wife, nor Children agen these seven Years. Therefore, prethee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are stirring in this noble Metropolis, that I may know my Bus'nes the better, and fall to it as fast as I can

Beau. Why, 'faith, Ned, considering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and some other Obstructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not lost much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocrisie still

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in the City, Riot and Murder in the Suburbs, Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and False-promising at Court; Assignations at *Covent-Garden* Church, Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diseases, all over the Town.

Cour But what Choice Spirits, what extraordinary Rascals may a Man oblige his Curiosity withal?

Beau I'll tell thee In the first place, we are over-run with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Labels, Songs, Tunes, Soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and Crevatstrings, French Conquests, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Granitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fourber's* Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the World think they did.

Cour And are all these Wits?

Beau Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits

Cour I never knew one of these Wits in my Life, that did not deserve to be Pillory'd, twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vancan*. One of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and what is worst of all, make Jefts, the dull Rogues will Jeft, though they do it as awkerdly as a Tarpawlin would ride the great Horse I hate a pert, dull, Jefting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart

Beau But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty, who having newly been discharged from the Discretion of a Governour and come to keep his own Moncy, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the Third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a fine Person, that he may think all them so

Cour Oh, your Asses know one another's Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

Beau By this good Light, thou hast prevented me. I have one for thee of that Kind, the most unimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living one that has Doubts enough to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none In short, a Cheat, that would have you of Opinion that he believes neither Heaven nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd

Cour That must be a very Noble Champion, and certainly an Original

Beau The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Phanatique, talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour, and swears the King deserves to

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be Chain'd out of the City, for suffering Zealous Fools to build *Paul's* again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel

Cour. A very worthy Member of a Christian Common-Wealth, that is the Truth on't.

Beau. I am intimately acquainted with him

Cour. I honour you for't with all my Heart, Sir

Beau. After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful

Cour. Very probable.

Beau. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum-rancum*, or so, that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled, will take Care to see there's good Attendance paid, and when we have a Mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon

Cour. A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly

Beau. Besides, to give the Devil his Due, he is seldom Impertinent, but, barring his Darling-Topick, Blasphemy, a Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of Five hundred Pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for

Cour. And that is no small Temptation, I assure you

Enter Boy with a Letter

Boy. Sir!

Beau. My Child!

Cour. A Pimp, for a *Guiney*, he speaks so gently to him

Beau. Tell her she has undone me, she has chosen the only Way to enslave me utterly, tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happiness, and present Fortune, are only what she'll make 'em.

Boy. At Seven, Sir

Beau. Most infallibly

Cour. Ay, ay, 'tis so Now what a damn'd Country-Itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard, Beaugard*, are all things in readiness? the Husband out of the Way, the Family dispos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling, be free-hearted and friendly.

Beau. You are married, *Ned*, you are married, that's all I have to say. you are married

Cour. Let a Man do a foolish thing once in his Life-time, and he shall always hear of it—Married, quoth 'a! Prethee be patient I was married about a Twelve-month ago, but that's past and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate

Beau. Not a Tittle I have Conscience, *Ned*, Conscience, tho' I must confess 'tis not altogether so Gentleman-like a Companion. But what a

THE ATHEIST

Scandal would it be upon a Man of my sober Demeanor and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouse roaring against me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Cour It has been otherwife, Sir

Beau Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtnie*, when thou wert in possession of thy Natural Freedom, and mightest be trifled with a Secret of this dear Nature, when I might have open'd this Billet, and shew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom But wo and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honest Fellow's Scutcheon!

Cour No more to be said, I'll into the Country again, like any discontented Statesman, get drunk every Night with an adjacent Scholmaster, beat my Wife to a downright Housekeeper, get all my Maid-Servants every Year with Bastards, 'till I command a *Seraglio* five miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of two thousand Pound a Year for a Whore, when I want one

Beau Good Words, *Ned*, good Words, let me advise you, none of your Marriage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element Come hither, come, but first let us capitulate Will you promise me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Cour As any made Spaniel or hang me up for a Cur

Beau Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was strolling very pensively last Sunday to Church, watch't her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan

Cour Is she very handsom, *Beaugard*?

Beau These Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got loose from Kennel, is after Crusts Very handsom, said you? Let me see No, not very handsom neither, but she'll pafs, *Ned*, she'll pafs.

Cour Young'

Beau About Eighteen

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Blush always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to seize and run away with her

Cour Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intolerable.

Beau Her Eyes black, sparkling, spriteful, hot, and piercing

Cour The very Description of her shoots me through my Liver

Beau Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity

Cour So.

Beau Her Forehead large, Majestick, and generous.

Cour Very well

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Beau. Her Nose neat, and well-fashion'd.

Cour Good

Beau. With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling Mouth

Cour. Oh!

Beau Plump, red, blub Lips

Cour Ah h —

Beau. Teeth whiter than so many little Pearls, a bewitching Neck, and tempting, rising, swelling Breasts.

Cour Ah h h h —

Beau Then such a Proportion, such a Shape, such a Waste —

Cour Hold Go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

Beau But by your leave, Friend, I hope to go someting lower, if she loves me

Cour But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, she is all this thou hast told me? So fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

Beau No, for, you must know, I never saw her Face in my Life. But I love my own Pleasure so well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be possible

Cour Where lives she?

Beau That I know not neither, but my Orders are to meet her fairly and squarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain civil Person's Shop in the upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where she promises to be very good-natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind

Cour I'll e'en go home, like a miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and sleep

Beau No, *Ned* Thou knowest my good Chances have always been luckie to thee Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has feiz'd upon my Person, may have a straggling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend?

Cour 'Tis impossible

Beau Not at all, for, to deal heartily with thee in this Busines, tho I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satifys'd, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of noble Quality, and damably Rich Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-sinners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably

Cour. Why then I'll be a Man again Wife, avaunt, vnd come not near my Memory, Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say, this Evening?

Beau Precisely

Cour And shall I go along with thee, for a small Venture in this Love-Voyage?

THE ATHEIST

Beau With all my Heart.

Cour But how shall we dispose of the burdensom Time, 'till the happy Minute smile upon us?

Beau With Love's best Friend, and our own honest old Acquaintance, edifying *Champagn*, *Ned*, and for good Company, tho it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Converse, 'till we forget the World, and think of nothing but immortal Beauties, and Eternal Loving.

Cour Then here I strike the League with thee And now Methinks w' are both upon the Wing together, Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure Where Men were never yet enslav'd by Wiving, But all their Cares are handfomly contriving T'improve the noble Arts of perfect Living

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End of the First Act

THE SECOND ACT.

Courtine and Beaugard

Cour **B**UT was that thy Father?

Beau Yes, that civil, sober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father And, to tell thee the Truth, as Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was I sent him a Cordial of a hundred Guineas this Morning, which he will be sure to lose all before to-morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himself

Cour Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully

Beau Pr'ythee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent Theme, and next to Atheism, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father

Cour. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard*?

Beau 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at, the Mistreis of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o're my Adventure

Cour Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving The Lights on each hand of the Walk look stately, and then the Rusling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to th'other, puts every Sense upon its proper Office, and sets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

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Beau. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haste, and be punctual, the Wheels of my Nature move so fast else, that the Weight will be down before she comes

Woman Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences. Captain *Beaugard*, shall I sell you nothing to-day?

Beau. Truly, Mistreis *Furnish*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here

Wom What, she that spoil'd your Devotion o' Sunday last, Captain?

Beau Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish*?

Wom There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop sometimes

Enter Porcia masqu'd, and stands behind Beaugard

Beau And is she the very lovely?

Wom What think you, Sir?

Beau. Faith, charitably enough

Wom I'll swear she is oblig'd to you

Beau. And I wou'd very fain be oblig'd to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to-night?

Porcia Yes marry will she, Captain

Beau. Are you there indeed, my little Picaroon? What, attaque a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

Por. Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to expres your self now? I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this Occasion, as, plying your Chase-guns, laying your self athwart my Harfer, boarding me upon the Forecastle, clapping all under Hatchies, carrying off the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her Alas, poor Captain!

Cour. Poor, Madam! He has Two thousand a Year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for

Por. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

Beau. The Truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomly, come to Preferment

Cour. This I have got by my Beard already. If she should but know me now.

Beau. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handsome, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting, or frightful Face which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have deserved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary proceeding of yours.

Por. In the first place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if

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you behave your self as you should do, shall never put you out of Countenance.

. *Beau* In troth, and that's said kindly

Por For I am young, Captain.

Beau I am glad on't with all my Heart

Por And if the World speaks truth, not very ugly

Beau So much the better still

Por Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beau Hah!

Por But love my Pleasures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beau Noble

Por I am rich too.

Beau Better and better

Por But what's worst of all——

Beau Out with't

Por I doubt I am sillily in Love

Cour With whom, dear Miracle?

Por Not with a marry'd Man, sweet Monsieur *Courtene*

Cour Confound her, but she knows me—— Why good Madam——

Beau Nay, Friend, no ruffling, keep your Articles and keep your Distance

Por Have you then made your Escape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Castle in the Country, to run a wandring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about *London*, beware!

Cour Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam ——In the Devil's Name, what will become of me!

Por. For the *Qyox* of the Country is abroad, Murder by his Side, Enterprises in his Head, and Horror in his Face.

Cour Oh Lord!

Beau Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Por I have heard of such a Hero, that was very famous about two Years since for selling himself to a Plantation, the Country, for Five thousand Pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

Cour Your Ladiship is pleas'd to be very free, Madam, that's all

.*Por* So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on such reasonable Terms surely Blefs us! Had you but look'd about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising Person of your's! that——

Cour Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Por. That Face, which now, o're-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had stole it from the Retinue of a *Russian Embassie*! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are marry'd smell of Train-oyl and Garlick.

THE ATHEIST

Beau And yet twenty to one, that is a stinking Condition you'll have a Design to seduce some poor doating Monster or another into, one Day.

Por Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there

Beau. How that dear Protestation has charm'd me!

Cour. O' my Conscience I my self could be half reconcil'd to her again too

Por In short, to give you one infallible Argument, that I never will marry, I have been married already, that is told For being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the only Heires of an immense Fortune, it was my ill Luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to speak properly, were Raskals, for in a short time they conspir'd amongst themselves, and for base Bribes, betray'd, sold, and marry'd me to a— Husband, that's all

Beau In troth, and that's enough of conscience But where is this Husband?

Por Heav'n be thanked, dead and bury'd, Captain

Beau. Amen, with all my Heart

Cour A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow

Por What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

Cour Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive again to revenge my Quarrel on thee

Beau And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Por Look upon me as a Lady in distres, Captain, and by the Honour of a Soldier consider on some way for my Deliverance

Beau From what? Where is the Danger?

Por Every way it threatens me For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

Beau Hah!

Por The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous

Beau Hell confound him for it

Por My Fortune lying most in his Hands, oblig'd me upon my Widow-hood to give up my self again there too, where he has secur'd and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder, guards me Day and Night with ill-lookt Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and stand Centinel up and down the House with Musquetoons and Blunderbusses

Cour So, here's like to be some Mischief going forward, that's one Comfort

Por. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatened with Now gues what Pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me

Beau. By the gallant Spirits that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibbeted first.

THE ATHEIST

Por No need of that, Captain, neither. For, to shew you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Gaol, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me, and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beau And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

Cour Why the Devil did I marry¹ Madam, one Word with you Have you never a marry'd Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too?

Por Why do you ask, Sir?

Cour Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper Use.

Por I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question, next time I see her, if you please

Cour Why dost thou know her then?

Por Yes

Cour Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't I have made a pretty Evenings Work of this, Heav'n's be prais'd

Enter two Men disgus'd

1 *Man* Run away lewdly¹ Damnation!

2 *Man* Look!

1 *Man* By Heav'n, it must be she

2 *Man* The Men are well arm'd

1 *Man* No matter, we must carry her, or all's lost else

2 *Man*, I'll not shrink from you

1 *Man* That's well said ——Sir, if you please, a Word with you

Beau With me, Sir?

1 *Man*. Yes

Beau Courting, be civil a little

1 *Man* Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it her self as she ought to have been

Beau I am sorry for't, Sir

1 *Man* You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantagious Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your self in any thing that may give me Occasion to be your Enemy

Beau Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the Loss of yours.

1 *Man*. That Lady, Sir, you talk'd withal's——

Beau My Mistress, Sir

THE ATHEIST

1 Man. Mistres!

Beau. Yes, Mistress Sir I love her, doat on her, am damnably in Love with her, she is under my Protection too, and whenever there's Occasion, as far as this sinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her

1 Man. Do you know her?

Beau. Not so well as I would do, Sir.

1 Man. What's her Name?

Beau. A Secret.

1 Man. She must along with me, Sir.

Beau. No, that must not be, Sir.

2 Man. This Lady, Sir—

Cour. You lie, Sir—Hah!—Beaugard!

[Draw and fight Porcia runs away squeaking Courtine disarms his Adverjary, and comes up to Beaugard

Beau. Stand fast, Ned.

Cour. Hold thy dead-doing Hand,
Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 Man. Sir, there may come a time—

Beau. When you'l learn Manners

1 Man. And teach 'em you too

Cour. We are well known

1 Man. And shall not be forgotten

Come, Friend

[Exeunt two Men

Beau. Confound 'em! This must be a Brother, a Kinsman, or a Rival, he ply'd me so warmly

Cour. 'Tis a hard Case, that a Man cannot hold civil Correspondence with a good-natur'd Female, but presently some hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealousie, and fancies his Blood (marts as often as the Woman's itches.

Beau. This Heroick Person's Sister, Kinswoman, his Mistres, or what-e'er she be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her, and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her

Cour. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-sliding Wife or Sister, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtless. As for example, I am a Cuckold now.

Beau. All in good time, Ned, do not be too hasty.

Cour. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of respect I make my Address —as thus—*Most Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to be with my Wife.*

Beau. Very well

Cour. All I beg of you, is that you would do your best endeavour to run me

THE ATHEIST

through the Guts to morrow Morning, and it will be the greatest Satisfaction in the World

• *Beau.* Which the good-natur'd Whore-master does very decently: so down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-Elms*, and rises again next Day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned*?

Cour. Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the Ears, she very fairly ran for't.

Beau. A very noble Account of our first Evening's Enterprize. But a Pox on't, take Courage, and since we have lost this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other Game we can meet with

Enter Lucrece Mafqu'd.

Luc. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Cour. With you again, *Beaugard* Agare ho!

Beau. With me, my Mistreis?

Luc. Yes, with you, my Master

Cour. I wonder when, o' the Devil's Name, it will come to my turn

Luc. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very scandalously of you, Captain

Beau. Look thee, Sweet-heart, the World's an As, and common Fame a common Strumpet so long as such pretty good-natur'd Creatures, as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will

Luc. I must let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intreagues are not so closely manag'd, but that they will shortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town. Your holding Conversation with a draggic-tail'd Masque, in the Church-Cloysters, on Sunday, your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening, suffering your self to be impos'd upon, and Jilted by her, and at last running the hazard of a damnable beating by a couple of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for

Beau. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheep's Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine, but what Use must I make of it, Child?

Luc. Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out, my setting upon you in a Masque my self, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine

Cour. Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance

Luc. Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's Name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

THE ATHEIST

Beau His Name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*, a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all conscience.

Luc *Courtine!* Blefs us for ever! What, the Man that's married!

Cour. The Man that's married! yes, the Man that's married 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not afham'd of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my Name? I shall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's marry'd! 'Zounds, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd

Luc But you'll never be thought so handsom To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserves

Beau Then why dost thou conceal thy self? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces. Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'ft to make use of me only to create some Jealousie in another Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd, no, I am constant, I——but if thou lov'it me——

Luc Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beau None, by this sweet Body of thine

Luc Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months, being, to my eternal Torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain Nay, since I have confess my Weaknes, know from this Hour I'll defeat all her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your Heart, 'till I obtain the Victory of it my self, much more my Due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her Years, Captain, therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the best use of this present Advice, and so farewell, till you hear from me further

[Exit Lucrece

Beau Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em——Hah! Let me never see Day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist, now will I shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant World for a fine Person, and a Philosopher

Enter Daredevil

What *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee. Why, where hast thou been, old Blasphemy, these forty Hours? I shall never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not mind thy Bus'nes better

Dared Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half lost my honest Senses, Man. Would any body that knows me, believe it? Let me be bury'd alive if the Rogues of the Parish I live in have not indicted me for a Papist.

THE ATHEIST

Beau. The Devil! a Papist!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papist! when the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all

Cour. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

Dared. Is he an honest Fellow, *Beaugard*?

Beau. Oh, a very honest Fellow, thou mayst trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee. Answer him, answer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir

Cour. But what Religion are you of?

Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion, I believe in the Law, trust in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law. For if such a Religious Gentleman as you are get fifty Pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray 'till my Heart akes; but the Law must make you pay me at laft.

Cour. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happiness, that makes People live in Honesty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

Dared. Fear of Hell! Hark thee, *Beaugard*, this Companion of thine, as I apprehend, is but a sort of a shallow Monster. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not steal, or do murder, every time his Fingers itch'd at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, swear almost as often as you speak, break and prophan the Sabbath? lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Estates, if they be better than your own? Yet those things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had four King's Evidences to-day swear impudently I was a Papist, when I was never at Mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other Worship these twenty Years

Cour. Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

Dared. May be I am, Sir may be I am not, Sir. When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfied.

Cour. Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

Dared. I never saw him, Sir

Cour. Have you a Mind to see him?

Dared. I'd go fifty Miles barefoot, to see but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beau. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge. For I saw the Rogue so scar'd, that his Hair stood upright, but at the sight of a poor Black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Cour. What think you of Conscience?

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir, it never troubles me.

Cour. Did you ever do a Murder?

THE ATHEIST

Dared I won't tell you.

Cour Thou art the honestest Fellow for it, I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep such a Secret, at my Heart.

Dared Do you?

Cour. Ay

Beau So, that's well said, now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honest Friend of mine is something troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of the Ghostly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

Dared Well, and what is't? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beau In few words, he's marry'd, plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

Dared A Wife! that ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a Wife, so long as there is Arsenick in the World!

Beau Nay, it is a meer shame, a scandalous shame, when it is so cheap too

Cour Would you have me poison her?

Dared Poison her! ay, what would you do with her else, if you are weary of her?

Cour But if I should be call'd to a terrible Account for such a thing hereafter!

Dared Hereafter!—Cross my Hand with a piece of Silver—that is to say,—give me Three Pence—Three Pence, my Dearest—

Cour Well, and what then?

Dared Why, for that considerable Sum I'll be Security for thee, and bear thee harmless for Hereafter, that's all

Beau Faith, and cheap enough of all Conscience

Cour. This is the honestest Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard*.

Beau Oh, a very honest Fellow, very honest

Cour Prethee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, since we have so happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together

Dared Faith and troth, with all my Heart Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily, and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfy'd in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk! Drunkenness is a great Quieter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit

Beau. And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

Dared Much may be done, I seldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way

THE ATHEIST

Beau To tell thee a Secret then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's* Theatre, after the Play's done, upon their Stage, we are to have the Musick too, and the Ladies, 'tis hop'd, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company Now my dear Iniquity, shall we not, thinkest thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

Dared Rot me, with all my Heart. I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows, they are most 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

Beau Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have resolved to storm a certain Enchanted Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady, newly enter'd into League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd my self, is kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil*?

Dared Dam'me, we'll burn the House.

Cour Dam'me Sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing

Dared Words of course, Child, meer Words of course We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and signify nothing as, *Dam'me, Sir, Rot me, Sir, Confound me, Sir*, which purport no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir, or Then, Sir*, at the worst For my part, I always speak what I think, no Man can help thinking what he does think So if I speak not well, the Fault's not mine

Beau Distinguish't like a Learned School-Divine

Cour When meet we at the Play-House then?

Dared Before the Clock strike Nine.

Beau Where we'll have Musick, Women, Mirth

Dared And very much good Wine.

End of the Second Act

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Daredevil

Beau Is not this living now? Who that knew the Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights the Free-man tastes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own Pleasures, just as Nature meant him first,

THE ATHEIST

Courted each Minute by all his Appetites,
Which he indulges, like a bounteous Master,
That's still supply'd with various full Enjoyments,
And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter

Dared Very well this, this is all but very well

Cour. Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Course
Of a long rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of it is like a Laune
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Measure long,
Beauteous its Prospect, and at the End
A shady peaceful Glade, where, when the pleasant Race is over,
We glide away, and are at rest for ever

Beau Who, that knew this, would let himself be a Slave
To the vile Customs that the World's debaucht in?
Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Rest, to rise and yawn in a Shop
upon Cornhill? Or, what's as bad, make a sneaking Figure in a great
Man's Chamber, at his rising in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue,
Cheat, Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raise an Estate for a Block-head
of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waite it as scandalously as his
Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget such a Blockhead?

Cour. No Body but such a Blockhead as my self, *Beaugard*, that's cer-
tain, but I will, if possible, atone for that Sin of mine in the future Course
of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldest wish thy
Friend to be

Dared These are Rogues that pretend to be of a Religion now! Well,
all that I say is, Honest Atheism for my Mony

Beau No, grant me while I live the easie Being I am at present possesst
of, a kind, fair Shee, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination
withal, an honest Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare trust my
Thoughts to, generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Dishonour, and
when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me What
sayst thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as
a young Sinner can conveniently?

Dared Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort

Cour. But why did we part with the Women so soon?

Beau O, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and
must stand upon my Credit, Friend, the Rogues that cheat all the Week,
and go to Church in clean Bands o' Sunday, will advance no necessary Sums
upon my Revenues else, when there may be an Occasion Besides, I have
a Father in Town, a grave, sober, serious old Gentleman, call'd a Father

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of
Religion as his Worshipful Son here

Beau. Hah!

THE ATHEIST

Enter Father

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly, Son! This is the Care you are pleased to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, spend your Estate, and give your Soul to the Devil! a very fine—Hickup—This *Aquamrabibus* and the Old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

Beau *Daredevil*, stick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am lost for ever —Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your swill in Plenty and Voluptuousness—Hickup—while your poor Father, Sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, must you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I ha' lost all my Mony

Beau. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Fath Sorry for it, Sir!—Hickup—Is that all?

Dared If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a swinging Dose of Opium and sleep upon't, 'tis the best thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou sit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath Heh! crack a Bottle!

Dared Ay, crack a Bottle. What sayst thou to that comfortable Proposition?

Cour Come, Sir, here's your good health, and to your better Fortune

Fath A very honest Fellow, Jack. These are very honest Fellows. What is your Name, Friend?

Dared My Name is *Daredevil*, Friend, of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Parish, Chaplain in their Houle, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, since the Conquest

Fath Sir, I have heard much of your Family, it is a very ancient Honourable Family and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such Noble Acquaintance —Sir, my Service to you —I protcl, a Cup of pretty Clarret, very pretty Clarret

Cour And he has top't it off as prettily, I'll say that for him

Fath Jack, I ha' lost all my Mony, Jack

Beau Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr Saucy-face, I ha' not been robb'd, Sir, but I ha' been nick't, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Person, and I'll make you my Judge

Dared Come along then

Fath The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four, I had just thirty

THE ATHEIST

Pound upon it, and my last Stake The Caster threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice, he threw again, to as little purpose as before

Dared Very strange, truly

Fath I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again. So he threw, and I chang'd, and I chang'd, and he threw, for at least half an Hour, 'till at last—Do you mark me?—the Dice powd'ring out of the Box——

Dared. That's plain.

Fath One of 'em trips against the Foot of a Candlestick, and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear? And so I lost my Mony No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir, but I lost it upon two Deuces and that was so hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, fifty pound to ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again

Dared Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown

Beau. I am glad to hear you are so rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'al Prethee be quiet I am not worth a Shilling, Man But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, fit up all Night in the fulnes of Iniquity, with worthy Esquire Daredevil of the North here, with a Pox to you, whilst I must be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket —But, Sir,—

Beau Sir, I sent you a Hundred Pound yesterday Morning

Fath Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and lost it all What then?

Beau Sir, to avoid Dispute, shall I make one Proposition to you?

Fath Heh! With all my Heart Look you, Jackie-boy, I am not against thy taking thy moderate Diversions, so long as I fee thou keepest good Company, neither But—sneak what Ready-money thou hast into my Hand, and send me the rest of t'other Hundred to my Lodging

Beau Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a hundred Pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath Sirrah, you are a Rebel, and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat Sir, have you e'er a Father?

Dared No, Sir

Fath No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir, I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Discretion I hate all Fathers, and always did.

Fath Oh Lord! Hark you, Sir, what's that Fellow's Profession?

Cour Oh, an Atheist, Sir, he believes neither God nor the Devil

Fath 'Sbud, I'll brustle up to him Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

Dared Yes, Sir, I am an Atheist

Fath And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

Dared I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten

THE ATHEIST

Fath Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of Barber-Chirurgeons, may be, beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall I don't take much care of my self while I am living, and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me

Fath No more to be said, my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort Impudent Rogue! You keep Company with the Devil's Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Money! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beau This is very hard, Sir But if Ten *Guineas* will do you any Service——

Fath Ten *Guineas*? Let me see, ten *Guineas* are a pretty little pidling Sum, that's the truth on't: but what will it do, *Jackie-boy*? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so, but when will that recover my Hundred agen' Ten *Guinea's*! Pox o' thy Ten *Guinea's* — Well let me see thec Ten *Guinea's* though, — let me fee 'em a little — *Jackie-Boy, Jackie Jack*, — You ha' drunk damnable hard to-night, you Rogue, you are a drunken Dog, I believe — Han't you had a Whorc too, *Jackie*? — e e e — You'll get the Pox, Sirrah and then — But if thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine — Ten *Guinea's, Jackie!*

Beau There they are, Sir, and long may they last you.

Fath Make 'em Twenty, *Jackie rogue*, —you Plump-cheek't, Merryey'd Rogue, make 'em twenty — make 'em fifteen then — *Jackie-boy, Jackie, Jackie, Do faith*

Beau Upon my Duty, you have strip't me, Sir

Fath Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your Soul? let us see if you dare venture a little of your Money now — Come [Draws out a Box and Dice] Sevn's the Main I'll hold you ten Pounds to two, two Deuces does not come before Seven

Beau At him, *Daredevil*, Beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him

Dared Done, Sir, done, down with your Money

Fath Here, you blasphemous Dog — Dost thou love Hazard?

Dared Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath I love thee the better for't. Come along — Seven —

Dared Right

Fath Seven

[Throws two Deuces

Dared Two Deuces! — You ha' lost, Sir.

Fath Dam'me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

Dared Dam'me, Sir, 'tis my Money, I won it fairly.

Beau Now, *Courtine*, now —

Cour Now look to't, Atheist!

THE ATHEIST

Fath Son of a Whore, you lie Thus to my Hat, I sweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witness th' are my own.

Dared Nay then I'll——

Cour Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

Beau. Good Sir——

Fath Stand off——Dogs, Atheists win my Mony!——Rascal——Good morrow

Beau. 'Till next time two Deuces come before Seven, and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly

Cour How doft thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard*?

Beau. I hope to find him run so far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country· that's all my hopes of him

Cour Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old London again, for t'other Game at Hazard

Beau No, like a wife a Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him Why how now, *Daredevil*? What, in the Dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religion in him, *Daredevil*

Dared Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir

Cour Why?

Dared Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would have saw'd his old Windpipe asunder upon the Spot Rob me of my Right!

Cour Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that impertinent Exercise

Dared 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one another's Throats, to spoil good Company. But when my Honour's injur'd——

Beau Then, I know, thou art implacable But for a foolish trifling Sum of Money——

Dared. Trash, Trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants, we part with it to every Body, upon all Occasions He that values Money, deserves never to have the Benefit of it

Beau A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But, *Courtine*, the Morning is new risen again, and I have received Intelligence this Night, by a certain Minister I keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held in Durance If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee

THE ATHEIST

upon the Coast I am bound for, let us embarque together, and good Luck attend us.

Cour. No, I have other Projects o' foot Marriage has crackt my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to dwell with me Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for new Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

Beau What, this Morning!

Cour This very Morning Fortified with *Burdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth, and let all straggling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's

Beau Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee Thou *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part, something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dared With all my Heart, let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cinder-women, and kill a Beadle.

Beau. Shall we do all this?

Dared Do't I'll do't my self.

Beau. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter Footman.

Footm Sir, Captain *Beaugard*

Beau With me, Friend?

Footm. Sir, there is a Masqu'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly

Beau. Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment
Courtine, good morrow

Cour Gone already?

Beau Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all *Allons, Daredevil*.

Dared Friend, farewell to thee, if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us

Cour You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir

Dared. Farewel.

Cour. The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by my self, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

SCENE changes to the Street *Enter Beaugard and Daredevil.*

Beau This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

THE ATHEIST

Dared. Then let us fall to Mischief.

Beau. Prethee a little Patience, tho' it be a Virtue, dear Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, is your Name Captain Beaugard?

Beau. Yes, my dear Mercury, I am the happy Man.

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beau. Stay 'till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Answer.

Beau. What Jilt's Trick now! — *Sir,* — *to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning behind the Corner House of* — By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil,* thou canst fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occasion?

Beau. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all See, there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou haft any Stomach to't

Dared. Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind 'em, hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want Dinners, let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 Ruf. These are our Quarry, be sure we seise 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 Ruf. At the next Corner

1 Ruf. Fall on then. *Sir,* you are our Prisoner

Beau. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 Ruf. Nay, *Sir*, no noise, no strugling, as you tender your Safety

Beau. *Daredevil,* Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and rescue me

Dared. I am terrify'd, amaz'd, some Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't slay me, Gentlemen

Beau. Damnation! Blinded! Rascals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

Dared. Oh *Daredevil, Daredevil*, what will become of thee! [Exeunt.]

Enter Theodore and Gratian.

Theod. This Generosity makes good thy Character,
Thou that art the bravest Man, and truest Friend.
How shall I deserve this from thee?

Grat. I should be unjust, both to my self, and the dear Memory of thy Noble Brother, whose Friendship was so dear to me, should my true Sword

THE ATHEIST

be idle in thy Cause. Besides, the Love which I profess to *Porcia*, tells me a Rival must not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy Right, my dying Brother, her soon-forgotten Husband,

But thy remember'd Friend, with his last Breath thus told me;

I have a Friend, *Graean*, the Man my Heart

Has cherisht most, we from our Youth were Rivals

For my dear *Porcia*: Tell him, if I die,

I left her to him, as the dearest Legacy

I could bequeath Bid him be tender of her,

For she'll deserve it from him.—Would she did.

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curse, spite of her Scorn, to love her even to Madness, nor shall this Man of War, this French-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather I wonder he's not come yet

Theod. I have heard the Man is Gallant, but in honesty, As thou art my Friend, I wish thou wouldest hear good Counsel

Grat. Thine must be Noble

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman

Grat. I wish 'twere possible.

Theod. Their Sex is one gross Cheat, their only Study How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man: They have it by Tradition from their Mothers, Which they improve each Day, and grow more exquisite Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts, And publick Affectionations, are but Tricks To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love

Grat. Would this could cure mine

Theod. When w're caught fast, 'tis then they shew their Natures, Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch th'ave conquer'd: Tho the same Hour they glance abroad for new Ones.

Let but a Woman know you're once her Slave, Give her once Testimony that you love her, She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, design, And practise Ends upon thy honest Nature, So strong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool—

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool, A senseless, noisie, gay, bold bristling Blockhead, A Rascal with a Feather, and Cravat-string, No Brains in's Head, a vain, pert, empty Rogue, That can prune, dance, lisp, or lie very much, Th'are lost for ever They'll give all they have To Fools, or for 'em ——

THE ATHEIST

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Portia* this, and more, as she's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,
The Injury she brings upon thy Honour
Must not be slighted; and that's my Cause now.

Theod. There thou o'ercom'st me: Still our Men of Mettle
Delay their Time, the Day grows late, let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have mist the Place
Besides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may be prevented.
Methinks I would not lose so fine a Morning, and do nothing.

Grat Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sylvia and Lucretia

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealousie, curst Jealousie, that brought me hither.

Luc. Where lodg'd you then last Night?

Sylv. Here, in this House, my Cousin *Portia*'s House I met her late last Night, just as I alighted, harast with my Journey, and the Cause of it Had she not took pity of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have disposed me!

Luc. What, in this House?

Sylv. Here, in this very House

Luc. I'm glad I know it, I'll take such care, it shall not be long a Secret

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here, for Sleep's a Guest that stays but little with me. Why sighest thou, *Lucrece*?

Luc. I'm thinking why my Cousin *Portia* should chuse this Residence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*, *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my false Husband's

Luc. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, dost thou love him?

Luc. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him

Sylv. By Heav'ns, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage, 'twill be thy Bane, and ruine thee for ever. Marriage spoils Faces, How I look with Marriage!

Luc. I see no Change

Sylv. No Change! I have not slept six Nights in peace since the curst Day I wedded

Luc. Will then a Husband spoil ones Sleep so sadly?

Sylv. A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes;
Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off,
And with 'em too the Lover Then his Days

THE ATHEIST

Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home:
He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side
Heavy and useless, comes faint and loth to Bed,
Turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a Husband.

Luc. Is *Courtine* such a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him.
He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire, but let him loose amongst my
Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was seen so termagant a Towzer:
He loves a nasty, foul-fed, fulsom Drab, and scorns the tender Joys my
Arms invite him to. To be despis'd at that rate, so dishonour'd, makes me
even curse the Chance that made me Woman. Would I had been any
Creature else—See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Masque, thy
Masque, dear *Lucrece*

Luc. Farewel, I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [*Exit. Lucr.*

Enter Courtine

Cour. What, fly thy Ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then
'twas nobly done, two to one had been odds else Had it not, pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir?

Cour. Ev'n a wandring Knight that have forsaken my Castle in the
Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly

Sylv. And one would think so proper, lusty, a well-made Fellow as you
are should not be long out of Employment

Cour. Dost thou know me, my Dearest?

Sylv. No

Cour. Then I am sure thou canst have no Exception against me.

Sylv. But suppose I had a Mind to a little farther Acquaintance with
you, what then, Sir?

Cour. Why, then thou may't reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil
Use of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens here-
abouts, let us commit a Tresspass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll
a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Cour. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I should let you make advantage of my Weaknes now, you
would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my Heart

Cour. Pretty Fool! What innocent Scruples she makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Mistres already? have you no Engagements
that will return hereafter upon your Heart to my Prejudice?

Cour. Shall I swear!

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Cour. If I have, may that blew Mountain over our Heads there, fall
down and crush me like a pelet Toad.

THE ATHEIST

Sylv. To shew you then that I deserve your Faith——

Cour. What wilt thou shew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not ashame'd of, though you'l perhaps be scandaliz'd when you see it.

Cour. The Devil take me if I am though, so it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it such a one as you look'd for?

Cour. My own Wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,

Thou false, deceitful, perjur'd, shameless Wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

Cour. Pox confound her.—— [Takes out a Book and falls to reading.

Sylv. Is this the recompence of all my Love?

Did I bestow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my self to be thy *Dove-like* Wife?
And this is all I'm worth?——

Cour. Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat,

[Reads.]

For what is worth in any thing,

But so much Money as 'twill bring?

Hudibras, Part the 2d, *Canto* the First.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmost Sufferance, and most low Contentment,

Set my poor Heart to cares! have I been blest

With Children by thee: to be left with Scorn,

Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?

Speak, is not this hard Usage?——

Cour. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Cour. Umph, that's I, Child, Umph is I, I, I, my Dear

Sylv. Death! Death and Torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't
treat me thus. By Heav'n I'll bear't no longer

Cour. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Cour. What do you at *London*?

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of?

Cour. Can't I enjoy my Pleasures, take my Freedoms, but you must
come, and spoil the high-seas'on'd Dish, with your insipid whining sense-
lefs Jealousie?

Sylv. Prethee forgive me.——

Cour. Where did you lodge last Night?

Sylv. Here with a Kinswoman,
May be you know her not, her Name is *Porcia*.

THE ATHEIST

Cour. Death! Beaugard's Widow! now I am finely fitted.
What, at this House?

Sylv. This very House, that Door
Opens into the Garden, let us walk there,
Won't you go with me, *Courtine*?

Cour. No.

Sylv. Prethee do, Love
Don't be thus cruel to me

Cour. Then promise one thing,
And may be my good Nature shall be wrought upon

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing, speak, try m' Obedience.

Cour. Then promise me, that during our Abode
In this sweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, steer what course I will,
Keep what late Hours, and as I please employ 'em,
That you'll be still an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no Secret to disturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted

Cour. On then, I'll be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you first.

Cour. No—

Sylv. Oh, then you'll forsake me,
You seek but opportunity again to leave me.

Cour. Well, since I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beast that wanted better Pasture,
There is no Replevin, and I must to Pound.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Theodoret, Gratian and Lucr.

Theod. What, in this House?

Luc. Here, in this very House,
My Cousin *Sylvia*, *Courtine's* jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, lodg'd with her here last Night
Theod. No more I guess the cause we're disappointed
Do thou go, *Gratian*, muster what Friends 'tis possible,
I'll try my Interest too, we'll storm your Fortress,
Enchanted Lady, though your Gyant guard it

*Scene changes to the inside of a very fair House, adorn'd
with rich Furniture and Lights.*

Enter Ruff. with Beaugard and Daredevil.

Beau. Dogs! Rascals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?
Ruff. Much better than your Language has deserv'd, Sir

[*They unblind 'em.*]

THE ATHEIST

Beau. Sirs, for this noble usage, had I a Sword or Pistol about me, I would reward ye most amply [They all bow and withdraw.
A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?]

Dared. Where are we, quothal why, we are in a Palace, Man. Prithee look about thee a little.

Beau. By Heav'n here's a Paradise, hark *Darederv!* Musick too!

Dared. I'le be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School, some better Whores than ordinary designing a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitcht upon our two proper Persons for the bus'ness, we are like to have a swinging time on't, *Beaugard*

Beau. A Plague o'your Cowardise! you were whining and praying just now, and be hang'd to you

Dared. I praying! Prithee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my Life, nor ever will pray: Praying quothal that's a merry Jest with all my Heart.

Beau. Impudent *Poltroon!* he said two dozen of *Paternofters* within this half Hour, and every jolt the Coach gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

Dared. Odd, I like this Contrivance very well. Look, *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts shrink together!

Enter two Black Women.

Beau. Heyday! Lady *Blackamores!* nay then we are certainly enchanted What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey*? and is this one of her Palaces? Not a Word!—

Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darknes.

Enter a Dwarf.

Beau. What, another too of the same Complexion? this must be her Majesties Page

Dared. A Pimp, I'le warrant him, he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if could insinuate himself through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome, thou best-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beau. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repose in a rich Bed prepared for Rest and Love.

Dared. I said it was a Pimp; what a smooth-tongu'd little Rascal 'tis!

Beau. A very pretty sort of an Amusement this. But pr'ythee young Domine, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly risen, for I

THE ATHEIST

have not been a-bed all Night, my little Monster; I know how the time goes, Child

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I serve.
For you are come a long unmeasurable Journey.

Dared Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horses through the untract Air.

Beau. A Pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-instructed Rascal, but since it is the Custom of the Place, and my last Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the Offer, and dispense with an Hour or two of Sleep, to fit me for better Exercise when I wake again

[*Sits down in the Chair to be undrest.*

Dared Drawn by wing'd Horses through the Air, said he! if this should be true now, what would become of us Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faster than ordinary

[*While Beaugard is undressing the two Black Women dance.*

Beau A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Ladyships have tript it most feately — [*The Wo advance towards him* What, and must you take Charge of me now! — With all my Heart Daredevil, farewell to thee, but that I am in hopes of a better, I'de invite thee for a Bedfellow [*Women lead in Beaugard.*

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha' would I were a-bed with any Bedfellow that I was sure had but Flesh and Bones about him.

Dwarf Come, Sir, you are my Charge

Dared I hope your little Impship will be civil to me. Pray, Sir, what Place is this?

Dwarf A Chrystal Castle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the Fair One that commands it, The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms

Dared Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

Dwarf That's a Secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then Now in the lower World, whence I come lately, were this known,

*How would the fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil the Atheist, that's Enchanted.*

• *End of the Third Act.*

THE ATHEIST

ACT IV.

Enter Gratian and Theodoret.

Grat. THESE are your Men of Honour now: I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a shew of more Courage than ordinary, as your beggarly half-Gentlemen always wear tawdry and finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the Houfe with her!

Theod. Dam' her, she's a Prostitute, has given her self already to his Arms

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an Excuse for that too, if it be so, as, Alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Vessel.

Theod. A Pox o'the weaknes of her Vessel! Dam' her! would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

Grat. Most punctually It was an odd old Fellow, that which we met with. Was he certainly Beaugard's Father?

Theod. No body can swear that, for his Mother was a Woman, but that merry-conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it He has the Title, but whose was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his Word with us

Theod. It will not be amis if it prove so See, here he comes too

Enter Fath. and Fourbine

Fath. You lie, you Dog, you Scanderbeg Varlet, you lie Do not I know that he sate up all Night with a Confort of Whore-masters and Harlots, and have you the Impudence to tell me he is not at Home? Do not I know, you Villain, that after a Debauch, he will out-snore a Fleet-street-Constable and all his Watch, for six Hours, and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

Four. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you

Fath. No more to be said But, Sirrah, do you take Notice in his Behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this pay for it, do you hear you Mongrel? Fob me off with ten stinking Guinnes, when I had lost a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it Good Morrow my little Thunder-bolts! What say you, my tiny brace of Blunderbuffes? can I be serviceable? shall we about the Busines while it is practicable? hah?—

Theod. Have you consider'd of it thoroughly, Sir?

Fath. Trouble thy head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

THE ATHEIST

Theod. Have you considered, Sir, that she is your Son's Mistress?

Fath. So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stoutlier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

Grat. But suppose you should meet him too there in her Defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reason; for I would swinge him too with much fatherly Discipline, and teach him the Duty which a Son, with a great deal of Money, owes an honest old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piously resolv'd, this, that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you satisfy'd into the Bargain, that this will be no trifling matter No Boys Play, old *Tisbury*.

Fath. Boys Play, Sir? Sir, I can fight, Sir. Though I am an old Fellow, I have a Fox by my fide here, that will snarl upon Occasion Boys Play! I don't understand your Boys Play, Sir—

Theod. I would not have you take my planness ill, Sir. I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of Sincerity, which I profess, Sir. I hope you are not offended at it

Fath. Then, to rectifie all Mistakes, let us fairly have a Breakfast, *hoc Momento*. I have a sort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomack to a favoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think, for we have more Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our Enterprise well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath. Very well said, that This is a pretty Fellow, I'll warrant him Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this Busyness, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thousand Pounds a Year is my own, *declaro* Come along my little Spit-fires

Nous allons.

Brave strippons.

Sans fçavoir ou Nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a Hand to him that drills the first Whore-Master through the small Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir

Fath. You are both my honest Boys, my best Children, march along then bravely and boldly —— I must borrow Money of these Fellows before I part with 'em, *Nous allons, Brave strippons.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Oh the unconscionable Importunity of an unsavoury, phlegmatick, cold, insipid Wife! By this good Day, she has kis'd me 'till I am downright sick, I have had so much of her, that I shall have no Stomach to the Sex again this Fortnight.

THE ATHEIST

Enter Sylvia

Sylv. My Dearest, pray my Dearest, don't thus leave me By this kind
Kiss I beg it.

Cour. Oh, the Devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me, speak to me.—

Cour. Plague intollerable!—

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with such Fondnes! Pray speak.

Cour. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Cour. Oh, there's a sudden Faintness comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm
very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand off, and give me Air, I die
else. Oh h!—

Sylv. I'll kiss thee then to Life again.

Cour. Stand off, I say, I'll not be stifted! Murder! Help! Murder!
Help!

Sylv. Ill-natur'd Tyrant!

Cour. Good-natur'd Devil! Kiss, i'th' Devil's Name!

Sylv. Come near me, Husband

Cour. Come not near me, Wife. How am I tortur'd!—

Sylv. You must be kind, indeed, my dear, you must

Cour. Indeed, my dear, by your good Leave, I sha'not,—Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again

Cour. That I do most mightily, but how to bring it about, if I know,
I am a Rascal —Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearce?

Cour. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the Chair there.
Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y're very sick indeed! if my poor Lovee should die,
what would become of me!

Cour. A Plague o'your whining! Would I were well out of the House
once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak
to me, shall I?—

Cour. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel Jewel quotha!—what a plague's
this. Hush, is she gone?—Now for a convenient Balcone to venture
the breaking of a Neck at —

Enter Page

Page Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Cour. With me, Sweetheart? thy busines?

Page A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning—

Cour. A Lady!—

THE ATHEIST

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir

Cour. Hift. Get you in, you little Monkey, skip, sculk, or you'll spoil all else.—Here's the blessed Comfort of a Wife again now ——Oh, oh!—

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is't, my Blessing? Here, take this: Heav'n guard thee.

Cour. From thy confounded troublesome Company, if it be possible [Drunks]

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Cour. If I had a little more on't, Dearee

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my Joy

Cour. Do, Prithee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's Name.

[Ex Sylv.

Hift, Srrah Page, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour. Yes. But what News of the other Lady, my trusty Mercury?

Page. She's now below, Sir, and desires to see you.

Cour. Is she young? handsom?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir, but she's rare and fine.

Cour. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver, with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders And then she smells as sweet as my Lady's Dressing-Box

Cour. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a Moment Tell her—

Page. But Sir—

Cour. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught else. Oh!

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart

Cour. I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable [Drunks.] Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Cour. Oh, I have a horrid Tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd again. Oh, if I were but—

Sylv. Where, Love?

Cour. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this extremity

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my self, and go to him.

Cour. The Devil take me if I know.—Oh! 'tis a vast way off—
Oh! now it kills me again

THE ATHEIST

Sylv. I shall not think it so, when it is my Duty.

Cour. That's but too kind, my Sweetest, though, if I had but one
Bottle of his *Elixir* —

Sylv How is it call'd?

Cour. *Specimen Vita.*

Sylv. *Specimen Vita?*

Cour Ay, *Specimen Vita* — 'tis a damn'd hard Name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Prithee let me go thither.

Cour. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Besides, it would trouble me now, in
this condition, to be so long without thee.

Sylv Prithee let me go.

Cour. Why, 'tis as far as *Grubb-street Child*, as *Grubb-street*.

Sylv I'll be back again instantly.

Cour I had rather, indeed, thou shouldst go thy self, than send a Mes-
senger, because the businels will be done more carefully.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Cour. In *Grub-street Child*, at the Sign of the *Sun and Phoenix*. I think
it is, there lives a Chymist; ask for him, and in my Name desire a Bottle
of his *Specimen Vita*. Oh!

Sylv. *Specimen Vita?*

Cour. Ay, *Specimen Vita* — I'll try in the mean time if I can walk
about the Room, and divert the terror of my Fits

Sylv Heavens blefs my Dearee

Cour Thank you, my only Joy. — Would in the Devil's Name she
were gone once, and had her Guts full of that *Quack's Specimen Vita*.

Sylv You'll be careful of your self, Child?

Cour As careful as I can, Child

Sylv Gud b'w'y *Courtee*

Cour. B'w'y my *Sylvee* — Oh, oh!

[Exit Sylvia Enter Page.

Is she gone?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Cour Where's the Lady?

Page. Here, just entring up the Back-Stairs.

Lady appears at the Door.

Cour. Madam, this Honour done your worthleſſ Servant —

Enter Sylvia

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages Pray *Courtee*, kifſ
me before I go.

Cour. Confound her, come again! Oh, my Lovel I have made hard
ſhift to crawl to the Door here.

THE ATHEIST

Sylv Who's that behind you?

Cour Nothing but a Page, come to know if wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawk's Eyes!—

Sylv Gud b'w'y my dearest Love.

Cour Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtlee*.

Cour B'w'y *Sylvee*.—So, is she gone again?—The Devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more. [Locks the Door after her.]

Enter *Lady*

Lady Is that your Lady, Sir?

Cour Yes, but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

Lady Can you be so kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, Captain?

Cour Remember thee, Child! Is it possible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!—Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my Knowledge.

Lady Where is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour To Grubb-street, Jewel, for some *Specimen Vita*

Lady *Specimen Vita*, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Cour Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will shew thee what *Specimen Vita* is presently

Lady You may, perhaps, think strange of this Freedom I take with you, Sir

Cour Not in the least, Child, it shews thy Generosity —I love her now for understanding her Busines, and coming close to the matter quickly.

Lady But, Sir, presuming on your *Qyondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at present involv'd in, and if you please—

Cour To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou couldst not have pick'd out such another Man for thy purpose. I am, may be, the best Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cause as soon as—

Lady Really, you are so good-natur'd.—

Cour Grubb-street and *Specimen Vita*, quothal! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dunghill, and be bury'd in a Ditch, I say —This is the rarest Adventure. [Exeunt Courtine and the Lady]

The SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber

Enter Beaugard *in*, as Dressing himself.

THE ATHEIST

Beau. Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your Pleasure? What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Beau. What is't o'Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I guess it may be Afternoon.

Beau. A very pretty little Rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of sound Rest came near my Senses all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and sprawling from one side to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Castle might have been so good-natur'd to have given a Stranger a Visit This can be no less than some Romantick Design of the little Fairy, that threatned she would cheat the Widow of me. Now will I, for once, if she does attempt me, put on that monstrous Virtue, call'd Self-denial, and be damnable constant — What, Musick again! This a merry Region, I'll say that for it, where ever it be Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beau. My Cloaths, Monster, my Vestments I hate a *Dis-habillee* mortally I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occasion should present it self

[*Dwarf dresses him.*

A SONG

I

*Welcome Mortal to this place,
Where smiling Fate did send thee
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they pass,
Who knows how few attend thee!*

2.

*Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endless Measure
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleasure*

3.

*Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauties Charms
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then stifle it in thy Arms*

THE ATHEIST

4.

*For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose flight can't be prevented,
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
And then 'twill go contented.*

*Come you that attend on our Goddes's Will,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around,
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill*

*Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same Measurē
of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets*

*Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid ne'er wrought by the Power of his Dart*

They dance round him

*Fill all his Veins with a tender Desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a-fire,
'Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die*

[*The Dance ends.*

Beau Faith, and with all my Heart, for I am weary of the lingring
Diseafe, and long to taste my Mortality most mighty! Hah! a Banquet
too, usher'd in by a couple of *Cupids!* [Two Cupids run in a Table furnyf'd]
Pretty innocent Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of starving, that's one
Comfort. Now my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word,
and shew me the Beauty you have so prepar'd me for!—But then, my
Widow! my Dear, Generous, Noble-hearted Widow! She that loves
Liberty as I do She that defies Matrimony as I do too Shall I turn
Recreant, and be false to her? Ah *Daredevil, Daredevil!* How I want
thee to help me out in this Cafe of Conscience a little!

Enter Daredevil

Dared. Beaugard, where art thou?

Beau Ah dear Damnation! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

Dared Such News! such Tidings! such a Discovery!

Beau Hah! What's the matter, Man?—

THE ATHEIST

Dared. Only six and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all, pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon them yet — What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay, then I am satisfied. Never were Heroes so enchanted as we are

Beau. But where are the Virgins, *Dareddevil?* the Virgins!

Dared. There's only one of 'em, Child, only one, — but such a one, my Souldier —

Beau. Is there but one, then?

Dared. That's no matter, Man; I'll be contented, 'till thou hast done with her I hate a new Conveniency that was never practised upon, 'tis like a new Shooe that was never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scurvily. I love my ease, I.

Beau. But is she very Lovely?

Dared. Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball at the Sight of her with a majestic stately Shape and Motion.

Beau. Well

Dared. A Lovely, Anglical, Commanding Face.

Beau. By Heav'n's!

Dared. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her

Beau. Stand off, stand off, I say, she's mine this Minute But then again, my Widow! —

Hah! — Mask'd too! when the Devil shall I see a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam —

Lady. Be pleas'd Sir, to repose your self a little, there is a small Account, Sir, to be adjust'd betwixt you and I Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Doors.

Beau. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation?

Dared. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name! Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly

Lady. Come Sir, sit down Sir

Beau. Madam, I'll obey you

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but since your coming hither, You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment

Dared. So now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is in it

Beau. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous —

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Complements to pay me for it But, Sir, such Coin's adulterate and base. I must have honest Dealing from your Heart

Dared. Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man, pour out a Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly Swear, swear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

THE ATHEIST

Lady. I know my Rival.

Beau. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought; my poor Widow will run a damnable Hazard of losing this sweet Person of mine, if I do not take abundance of Care in the Busines. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Bunderbusses too. I shall be ravish'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts,
And the good Fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's posse'st already of your Heart
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refusal,
Scornful Refusal.—

Dared Swear to her, I tell thee That ever a Fellow should lose all this time for an insignificant Oath or two.

Lady Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not despicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deserve you,
Yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd my self,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather chose
To run the Risque of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by base Artifice and Practices
What think you, Sir?—

Beau Hah!—
That, Madam, I'm most miserable,
Unless—

Lady Your Widow Porcia, Sir, your Widow
Beau Madam, I must confess—

Lady Well
Beau That I love her, and will for ever —

Lady Death! Do you confess it too?
See you not here your self within my Power,
And dare you still confess you love that Creature?
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've cross'd her Stratagems.
You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is past,
You ought to think me capable of more

Dared If this Fellow would but swear a little, all this might be rectify'd.
Madam, to my own Knowledge—

Beau Fool, stand off.
I'm sensible that you are the loveliest Creature

My Eyes e'er gaz'd on, but—

Lady But what?

Beau. I'm sure
You'd your self scorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant
Pity me, fair One, yet, methinks this Hand—

THE ATHEIST

Lady. Should send a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it——

Beau. Madam!

Dared. Madam,

Could you but throw some favour on your Servant.

Lady By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be revenged on his Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——

Dared. Madam——

Beau. Look you, Madam, your Ladyship may do your pleasure; you may command half a dozen of Bullets through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your Beauty spoke well of by the Critics of *Holbourn*, that once a Month swarm at their Windows to spy handom Faces Upon that consideration you may murder a poor constant Monster if you please, Madam.

Lady. Still am I scorn'd then!

Beau. Would you kill me barbarously?

Sure those sweet Eyes could not see such a Sight

Lady No, take your Life, and with't this satisfaction,
Porcia scorns you, as much as you do me
And, 'till thou sueft upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* shall despise thee

Beau Madam, I swear!

Lady. No more

Beau By all those Beauties

Lady. Be gone, for ever fly this Ah h!——

[*Squeaks.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither? *Beaugard!*

Beau Friend *Courtine!* speak Man What's the matter?

Cour Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betray'd——

Enter Woman

Wom A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for some good Woman

—Oh Madam, an Accident.

Beau A Midwife!

Lady Heav'n! a Midwife!

[*Exit* *Lady*

Cour. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am sweetly manag'd, I——I thought I had been in private here, in this House, with a civil Person of a good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet Just in the middle of all our good Understanding together, she fetches a great Shreik, and roars out for a Midwife The Drab is full gone with Baftard, and swards I am the Father of it

THE ATHEIST

Beau A very great happiness, take my Word for't, Friend Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtnie* It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

Dared. Oh, your Olive Branches are unspeakable Blessings, the Gift of Heav'n. I love to see Posterity go forward, and Families increase, with all my heart

Cour Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I set Eyes on the Harlot in my Life before My sweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither

Beau Why, is thy Wife in London?

Cour Yes, Hell confound her¹ she has hunted me full Cry up to Town; seiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it seems she lay all the last Night

Dared Why then, for ought I know, we may be still enchanted.

Beau I am glad to hear that with all my heart Is she in the House?

Cour No, I was forced to counterfeit Sicknes, 'till I was e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Physitian, in the Devil's name, that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Bastard, and I might console together for half an hour, and I am sweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the truth on't

Beau This comes of your Whoring, *Courtnie*, if you had kept me Company, and liv'd virtuously, none of this had happened to you now But you must be wandring No reasonable Iniquity will serve your turn

Enter Lady

Lady. Ha, ha, ha² Well, I'll swear, Captain *Courtnie*, you are the happiest Gentleman! Yonder's the finest chopping Boy for you Why, it will be able to carry a Musquet in your Company within this Fortnight And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in at my House, that if your Wife will do me the Honour, I'll take it for a Favour to stand for Godmother with her

Cour And, Madam, to return your Complement, I wish with all my Heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine such chopping Boys, upon Condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel — Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you [Aside]

Beau That's something course though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 Maid See Jenny, Yon's the Man, that, that's the Father.

2 Maid I'll swear it is a proper Person

3 Maid Oh Sir, Heav'n's blefs you, you're the happiest Man! Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore it your self

THE ATHEIST

1 *Maid.* What a pretty little Nose it has!

2 *Maid.* And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1 *Maid* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such a handsom Gentleman.

Cour Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulsom, stinking Whores! Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity ye:—Confound ye, leave me.

Beau. Fye upon it, *Courtine*, fye for Shame: give something to the Nurse, Man, that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia

Sylv A Bastard! Death, a Bastard! Under my Nose too! Where's the vile hateful Monster?

Beau. Have Patience, Lady.—

Sylv. False, loathsome Traytor

Cour Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv Let me come at him, let me go —

Cour Hold her fast, Friend, if thou lovest me

Sylv Thou Devil! — Thou treach'rous, faithless, perjur'd Wretch!
Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Cour Well —

Sylv Did I ever deserve this?

Degenerate Brutel thou, only in Falshood, Man!
Thou rampant Goat, Abroad, and Drone at Home.

Cour Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c

[Sings.]

Sylv Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! thou heavy Ox,
Thou wantit a Goad to make thee know thy Strength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I cou'd dig those Eyes out!
I'll bear it no longer! Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!

[Courtine Sings, and Dances a Jigg]

Sylv No more! I'll stay no more to be his Triumph
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are blest
With your first Native Freedom let no Oaths
Of Perjur'd Mankind wooe you to your Ruin
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your Feet, remember them my Fall
And when for Pity most his Tears implore,
Like me, your Vertue to your Hearts recal,
Reslove to scorn, and never see him more.

[Exit Sylvia.]

Cour With all my Heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague

Beau Methinks a very pitiful Case this, Madam

Lady If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, she might fairly see what
she is like to trust to

[Here the Sham Scene.]

THE ATHEIST

Enter a Woman and Daredevil

Wom. Oh Madam! Madam! What will become of us all?

Lady. Become of us, Woman! Prithee, what's the matter? are we in any Danger?

Dared. Only your Brother in Law, Madam, and his Friend, with above a dozen arm'd Men more, Madam, that's all the matter, Madam

Lady. My Brother in Law!

Dared. Yes, your Brother in Law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia* Such a one they ask for

Beau. *Porcia!*

Cour. Yes, *Porcia* I could have told you she was *Porcia* before.

Porcia. 'Tis but too true, Sir, my unhappy Name is *Porcia*

Beau. *Porcia*, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow! What an ill-natur'd Trick was this Concealment!

Por. Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your least Regard,
Protect me, for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worse than Matrimony Here, Sir, I yield my self
Up yours for ever

Beau. And shall I claim thee?

Por. From this Hour, for ever

Beau. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then
Secure thy self in the next private Closet,
Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow.

[*Exit Porcia.*

Give us but Arms!—

Dared. Those I've provided for you.
I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities to the Lady Governefs of the Family, juft as the Blusterers entred

Beau. Are they in the Houfe, then?

Dared. Yes, and have bound the Servants too, the hungry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner, you'll hear more of them preſently, I'll warrant you

Cour. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*, the Enemy's upon us

Dared. We have had a Succession of very pretty Adventures here, firſt we are enþanted, then we are fiddled to ſleep, then we are fiddled up again then here's a Discovery of a very fair Lady, follow'd by another of a bouncing brown Bastard; and when we might have thought all Fortune's Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at laſt of having our Throats cut But I'll ſecure one Life, that ſhall be my Care—

[*Is stealing off*

Beau. Dog, ſtay and fight, or, by Heav'n, I'll rip your Heart out

THE ATHEIST

Dared. Well then, if I must fight I must. What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o' my side, and that has sav'd many a Coward's Credit before now [Noise within].

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Passage, down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian, and Father

Beau Well, Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see who we are.

Fath We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir, one *Porcia*

Beau How's that, my Father!

Fath Father me no Fathers. I am none of thy Father, Fellow, but I am thesee Gentlemens Friend here —— Now, Atheist, will I murder thee
Dared. O Law'd!

Fath *Jack, Jack, Jack!* Come hither *Jack!* a Word with thee, *Jack* Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o'thy side *Jack*, and help thee to beat off thesee impudent Fellows Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son ——

Beau. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a single Shilling, Sir

Fath Though, if he were my Son ten thousand times, in such a Causē as yours, I'd draw my Sword against him [Draws.]

Beau You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge

Grat Which you forgot, Sir

Cour Hah! a Challenge, Beaugard?

Beau I'll tell thee more hereafter To shew you I ha'not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her so [Draws]

Cour. If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin

Theod Come on then, Sir

Beau For the Lady

Grat For my Honour

Cour And for my Friend, Sir

Dared Old Brimstone-Beard, have at thee

[Fight The rest of Theodoret's Party fall in]

Cour. Base Traytors! Odds!

Beau Confound 'em! thrust [Beaugard and Courtine driven off.]

Dared Oh, I am slain! my Maw runs out What will become of me! Oh! [Gratian and Daredevil fall.]

Enter Theodoret

Theod Secure that Passage now —— How fares my Friend?

Grat. I'm wounded Send for a Chyrurgeon quickly, for I bleed much.

THE ATHEIST

Theod. Look to your Master, Sirrah, and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beast here

Dared Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity

Enter Father with Porcia

Fath Here, here she is, I ha' got her for you, let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out

Theod I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's Mischief done, Sir

Fath The more Mischief the better, thou shalt find me no Flincher, Boy here, here, make sure of her

Por Inhumane Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

Theod None of your Tricks, no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour. By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever,

Thou Woman thou young, itching, wanton Devil!

Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Virtue,

Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy,

On what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands,

That trusts the Treasure in such lavish Hands!

End of the Fourth ACT

ACT V.

Enter Lucrece in Man's Cloaths, and Chloris

Luc FROM this gay Minute farewell Love and Doating I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home again Let me see, I have a hundred and a hundred times wish'd my self a Man, and now, in outward Appearance, I am a very Fellow, nay, a very pretty Fellow For, methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other masculine Qualities grow upon me strangely.—Oh, Mischief, Mischief, Mischief! thou art a very sweet Employment—But Opportunity! Bewitching, Lovely, Omnipotent Opportunity! How shall I come at thee?—*Chloris!*

Chlo Madam

Luc Give me my Sword.

Chlo Here, Madam Blefs us, What will your Ladyship do with your self in this Equipage!

THE ATHEIST

Luc. Ladyship, Huzzy! take notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Mistres, but that imperial Creature, your Master And therefore know too, I will have my Fœminine Habiliments burnt instantly, and an Operator sent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pyes. Nay, if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into *Germany* against the *Turk*

Chlo. But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

Luc. Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the Privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battles and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my Story to. If I stay at home, with the Privilege of good Cloaths, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-Hall*, and impudent with some great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in Eating-Houses, and noisy all over the Town

Chlo. A very hopeful Resolution

Luc. As thus. When I and another Spark meet, Dam me, *Jack*, says I, What Times are there stirring? What Ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle

Chlo. Well Madam, But what will all this Gibberish signify?

Luc. Signifie, you Fool! why what it signifies already, Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pretence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable Knowledge, that I am not worth a Groat, and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid?

Chlo. And must your Honour have a Mistres too?

Luc. Yes Huzzy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the Matter. I'll have a Doxy this very Night, I have singled her out already, *Courtine's* Wife, that jealous, raging, infatiable Help-meet of the Captain's shall be my *Dulanea del Tobojo*. She's in Love with me already, that's my Confort As I passed through the Hall just now, she coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Porcia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as my self, and my great Counsellor in this noble Project) we met I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully, she taking me for a Stranger, Curtsy'd as low, and viewing me strictly, leer'd at me, as if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and design'd me for her Quarry.

Chlo. But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you

Luc. Thou art a Fool. She never saw me 'till yesterday in her Lifetime, then too disguised. So that if I do not practise on her Frailty, and by that means find a Way to revenge my self on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemned to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present Use I make of them.

Chlo. Hift Madam, she's returning.

THE ATHEIST

Enter Sylvia.

Luc Hush then. Now my Cause is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Portia*, and am inform'd she's gone there for the Air ——A very handsom Youth—— [Aside.]

Chlo Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits 'till her Return

Luc But, Madam, the good Fortune of seeing you is a Happiness would recompence the being disappointed of all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Sylv Indeed, Sir!

Luc Yes, indeed, Madam.

Sylv Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

Luc Madam, the grcatest Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kisling your fair Hands here It is an Opportunity I should make no Ungentlemanly use of

Sylv Opportunity, Sir?

Luc Yes, Opportunity, Madam I am not ashamed to mention so honest a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity

Sylv Do you know me, Sir?

Luc Why, Madam, do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you! By this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dream'd of any thing else. Are not you the Wife of a certain swaggering 'Squire about this Town, who calls himself Captain *Courtine*?

Sylv Yes, Sir, such a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir, and what have you to say to him, Sir?——I'll swear, a very handsom Youth still ——

Luc What, Madam! what I have to say to you, rather than lose you, I would say to him which is, that I like you, love you, languish for you, and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and flesh, I——

Sylv I'll swear, Sir, I am nughtly oblig'd to you, and so is Mr *Courtine*, ha, ha, ha!——

Luc Mr *Courtine*! Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expression as kindly as if you had call'd him what I wish him For, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyship as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman——

Sylv Sir!

Luc. Madam!

Sylv Oh Gaud, he's very handsome

Luc Shall we walk in these Gardens anon, for I have the Privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields. The Moon shines too.

THE ATHEIST

Syl Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon shune?
Luc. As bright as any thing but your self
Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman
Luc Only you how I love you
Sylv. Eleven's a late Hour
Luc Not too late
Sylv Indeed!
Luc Take this, and my Word for it [Kisses her]
Sylv Fie, how you use me, when you mean to forget me
Luc. Hush, no more, Company's coming. Eleven
Sylv Ten, if you are kind enough
Luc Well said, my chaste Sex

Enter Porcia

Por Oh Cousin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomest Creature on the Earth, I have expected thee almost to despair for these three Hours Oh, Sir! your Servant.

Luc I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands

Sylv Her Commands'

Por Oh, Cousin, the prettiest best-natur'd Youth! He is something related to us a great way off, and by that means has the Privilege of visiting, without Offence to my jealous Brother-in-Law, and tyrannical Guardian Have you contriv'd that Busines?

Luc Madam, it is done

Sylv Bus'ncfs! What Bus'ness, Cousin?

Lord, Cousin, you seem concern'd at it

Por I'll tell thee Seeing my self here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Prison, I am resolv'd to put as good a Face upon the Matter as it will bear, and make my Misfortune as easie as I can Wherefore, for a little present Diversion, I have contriv'd a Letter in an unknown Name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*, and sent for thee, my Dear, to share in the Pleasure of the Consequence

Sylv Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this Consequence, Cousin?

Por Twenty to one but it occasions some new Alarm, and Divertissement to my Jaylours, who are so very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings for a conceal'd Lover It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky Opportunity once more to make my Escape out of their merciless Power Nay, they are already half dispos'd to run away themselves, for by my Woman's Interest in the Chirurgeon, who has Care of the swearing Atheistical Fellow, Yesterday hurt in the Scuffle, and afterwards convey'd hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wound, may be

THE ATHEIST

mortal Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* sighs, and turns up his Eyes like a Godly Brother at Exercise My Brother *Theodore* puffs, swells, grinds his Teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against the next Wall, while poor *Beaugard's* ne'er-be-good Father has, with pure Fear, lost a red Nose that has been his fast Friend for these 40 Years, and every time he sees his Face in a Glass, fancies every Wrinkle there has the shape of a Gibbet

Enter Phillis

Phil Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the most unhappy Accident!

Por Hah!

Phil Indeed Madam, I could not possibly help it, I ha' lost it
Por Lost it! lost what? What haft thou lost? Would thou hadst lost thy self, lost a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this Fright Speak, what is the matter?

Phil Oh, Madam, the Billet, Madam, the Billet.

Sylv }
Luc. } How's this?

Por What, the Note I sent to *Beaugard*?

Phil As I hope to see you happy, Madam, I put it as fast here betwecn these two poor naked Breasts here, as ever it could stick, so I did, when, just as I was going forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth since, and there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me, I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my Life, Gad he knows So in the struggle, I gues the Note was lost truly, though in my Heart, I wish I had been ravish'd six times over, rather than such a Misfortune had happen'd Nevertheless, I ha' done your Bus'ness for you, so I have

Por Bus'ness! what Bus'ness? Ugliness and ill Reputation light on thee Thou haft undone and ruin'd me for ever

Phil Why, I have met with the Captain and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you for all this

Por What then did he say? Fool, Beast and Blockhead, tell me

Phil Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did, and that he will not eat, drink or sleep 'till he has fet you at Liberty, so he wo' not, and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

Luc What's in this Case to be done, Madam?

Por. O dearest Cousin, retire if you love me, for, should the Lords of

THE ATHEIST

my Liberty get any Notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithstanding your Relation, who knows what ill Usage it may aggravate!—
To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us. [Aside.]

Luc. I am all Obedience. Sweet Creature, you'll remember.

[To *Sylvia*.]

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Luc. Blessings on you for this Goodness

[Kisses her Hand, and Exit.

Enter Theodore in a Rage

Theod. Double bar up all the Doors and Windows Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your self over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

Por. What means the great He Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, ere I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother that let thee learn to write Scent thou this, thou irreclaimable profligate Wretch! fogh! send you the draple-tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full Cry about the Town upon the rank Scent of a brawny back'd Hector! By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagin'd in it

Por. Thou barbarous, ill-manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus, why made a Prisoner too, at you saxy Will? fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converse?

Theod. For the same Reason other too hot-blooded Females are, because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd

Por. What a Load of Dirt is thy Thick-Skull cram'd withal, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, fulsom, filthy! What, be a *Doll-Common*, follow the Camp! how lovely would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

Sylv. If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very strong Fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, Sir

Theod. Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Soldier's Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam Ha, ha, ha

Por. He in a Camp! he has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylour, nor good Humour enough to make a Spaniel of, nor Sense enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no Locks, Lady

Por. But there are Instruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your Chamber

THE ATHEIST

Por No, I'll not stir, Sir.

Theod Nay, by Heav'n, but you shall, Madam.

Sylv Nay, by Heav'n, but she shall not, Sir. [Father at the Door.

Theod. How!

Fath By Jove, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little and see what's the matter

Theod. Do not drive me to use Violence

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! that's not so well, neither

Por. Hark you, Sir, my Jaylor or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your Proceedings, I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the least Violence to compel me to a closer Confinement, by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the House about your Asses Ears. I'll sooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure such Insolence and Torment any longer

Theod. Very well.

Fath I'gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! how my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Month's mind to espouse her Quarrel and make Friends with poor Jacky again Honest Jacky! 'tis the best-natur'd Boy in the World, though I was such a Beast to fall out with him

Por Inhumane, cruel *Theodore!* why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?— [Weeps.

Theod. For your Soul's Health, Lady, and the Welfare of your wasting Reputation A Pox o' your whining! come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance. Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you To your Chamber.

Por To my Grave first

Theod Nay then—Wha, hoa! [Offers to lay hold of her.

Por Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palfies, wither thy unmanly Hands

Theod By Heav'n!

Por You dare not do't

Theod Hah!

Sylv No, Sir, you dare not do't, you dare not

Theod Avaunt Pafs! Confound me but I shall be scratch'd here presently for my Patience

Sylv What an ill-bred Camel 'tis!

Fath Nay, and what's more, you shall not do't, you shall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Issue of your honourable Pretensions?

Theod Et tu Brute!

Fath Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes, Friend Ounds I am Man, Fellow, Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

THE ATHEIST

Sylv Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian leaning on a Staff

Grat. Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor Gratian!

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare and look about us. I have made hard Shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troublefom——We are all lost.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's so near me

Sylv. Now Cousin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly

Fath Jacky, I hope, Jacky at the Head of Mirmidons, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen, I must confess I have a Remorse of Conscience, and am sensible I have been a Rebel Wherefore if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and natural Affection, Friends, will work, I must pronounce for Prince Jacky; and here I resolve to defend his Territories

[Draws a broad Sword.

Grat. If Prince Jacky have Interest enough to get your Pardon for Murder Sir, it will be your best Way to close with him, for, in short, the Atheist Daredevil, your Antagonist, is dead, Sir

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath Dead!

Grat. Yes dead, Sir

Sylv. So much the better, Porcia, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment

Fath. Then I find, that I am but a short-liv'd Sinner, farewell for ever Old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar, Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebelling against one's natural born Children. I shall be hang'd one of these Sun-shiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father Dead said you Sir?

Grat. Or, at least, cannot survive half an Hour, therefore it is my Opinion, that we instantly quite the House, and provide all for our Safety

Theod. Confusion, Devils!

Por. Nay, Sir stand fast! dare but to open a Door, Sir, by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town You shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, shed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling

Por. No Sir, no fooling but now, Sir, go you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance, Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

Theod. Damnation! Unhand me!

THE ATHEIST

Por. I'll dye e'er I'll unhold you Think you so barb'rously to leave me here in the House with a dead Wretch, and have the Punishment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head?

Theod. What do you resolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I resolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to escape, Sir: for, in the first place, I have no Money: and a Man that kills another without Money in his Pockets, is in a very hopeful Condition In the next place, for a Disguise, I have no Cloaths but these you see on my Back, with this Tripe Buff Belt here, which there is not a Constable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Custody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service, if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like Friends together, so: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Discover the Plot, the old Boy must impeach.

Enter Rosard

Rof. Oh, Sir! where are you?

Rat. Well, *Rofard*, what's the News now?

Rof. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thank'd, is reviv'd again, Sir, though the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly carry him off The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is still—I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old Rust, you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this Occasion, in order to your Escape, there's Money for you. In the next place, as you want change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it. Equip your self, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion shall direct you

Fath. Look you, Friend, the sooner the better, for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at *Tyburn Crofs*; with a whining, sniveling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick and save a Member of the Common-wealth — There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money

[*Afide, and Exit*]

Por. And now my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and therefore hopes still, though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler Satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of;

THE ATHEIST

so Good Night, it is almost Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come *Gratian*. I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my Post of Guard.

Por. Ten! That was the Hour, *Phyllis, Beaugard* mentioned, was it not?

Phil. It was, Madam

Por. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile on faithful Love, wait, like kind Angels, on him, establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart Oh, *Sylvia*!

Sylv. You are transported, Cousin!

Por. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed It is an *English* Woman's natural Right Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Sovereign? And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly [A Whistle without

Por. The Sign! Hark, the Sign! *Phyllis*, heard you nothing?

[Whistle again

'Tis there again, he's true, and I am happy *Sylvia*, let us retire our selves you know your old Apartment, for precious Mischief will be soon on foot and Action worthy Love's great Cause Thy Husband too may chance to have his share in the bus'ness, and, as I have order'd Matters, meet something in the Adventure, to mortifie his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance —— Hark!

[Whistle again

There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to surrend'r This shall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard*'s besieging of the Widow.

Which, as 'tis laid sure, with Succes must end,

Since Justice does his Enterprize attend

Without, and powerful Love within's his Friend,

}

SCENE change to Fields on the Back-side of a Garden

Enter *Beaugard*, with a Party.

Beau Hold, stand fast, I have just now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our Design has taken air, and there will be no easie Entrance

1 Man Ah Captain, the time has been, when, under your Command, we should have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking such a Fortification as this is.

Beau. Peace *Plunder*, Peace, you Rogue, no Moroding now, we'll burn, rob, demolish and murder another time together: This is a Bus'ness must be done with decency —— Hark.

2 Man. Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street-Ward

Beau. Hold then, *Plunder* Do you, with your flying Party, hover at

THE ATHEIST

a distance about the Fields, while I, with the rest of the Body, post my self as advantageously as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions —————

[Exit.

Enter Theodoret and his Party.

Theod. This way the Noise was. Be sure keep safe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully.

[Exit Theod

Enter Courtine

Cour. So, here I am; and now for my Instructions. Let me see, [Reads the Billet] *Pray come disguised, that if the Design should miscarry your Retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing Servant* —— Humph! *Blushing Servant!* Passingly modest, I'll warrant you! *Pray come disguised!* So I am, or the Devil's in't, for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing else. Let me see, Upon this very Spot, the last time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife Avert the Omen, sweet Heav'n, I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at present too? With a Whore There's that Question answer'd Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign, would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could fo shuckle, and run, and Bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah! [Turns about

Enter Theodoret

Theod Stand. Who goes there?

Cour What's the matter now?

1 Ser Stand, Sir. What are you, Sir?

Cour What am I, Sir! A Man, Sir

Theod A Man, Sir, we see you are. But what Man are you, Friend?

Cour A Gentleman, Friend, and you had best use me so —— By Heaven, *Theodore!* and if I am but discover'd!

Theod Hands off, unloose him. You are not him we look for, Sir

Cour I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured I have reason to believe, my House is now beset by Villains, who have base designs upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cause Justice.

Cour. Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you shall command it —— Ay, 'tis so, *Beaugard* upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry stirring this Moon.

Theod Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can discover.

[Exit Theod

Cour. You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew my self a true *Renegado*, take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother Turk,

THE ATHEIST

upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may e'en stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodore.

Theod. They are here, stand fast, be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucrece

Luc. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a Mischief: *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistres punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but order the Affair so, as to flur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of my self; and her upon him, instead of *Portia*, my Conscience would be satisfied, and he, Mr *Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife, serv'd all in their kind.

Theod. Hold, Sir! What are you? [To *Beaugard* at the entrance.

Cour. Ay, Now, now.

Beau. No, matter, Sir, this is not a time of Night to answser Questions.

Theod. Nay, then.—

Beau. Nay, now Sir, and when else you think fitting, Sir. I am the Man you look for, and you are him I wisht to meet here.

Cour. Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty, Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beau. Come on there

Theod. You pafs upon your Death

Beau. I have learnt to scorn Death more since first you threatned it, I see your Numbers too, and come prepar'd, *Portia's* my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due, and dye like a midnight Thief. Fall on

[*Beau.* and *Theod* engage, and their Partnes. *Beau.* and *Theod* quit each other *Beau* falls upon *Courtine* and *Theod* upon *Beaugard's* Party, who retire from him, as *Cour.* does from *Beau* off from the Stage]

Theod. He runs, he runs, the half-bred Hector runs. False Cards and Dice, and Quart-pot Brothel Brawles, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference. Hark, clashing of Swords still! by Heav'n I mis our Friend, the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party, if it be him, let's out, and give him Succor.

Enter Beaugard driving in Courtine, who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.

Beau. Base Rascal! Coward, fie!—

Cour. No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch, but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more. So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

THE ATHEIST

Beau Courtine!

Cour. The same

Beau. And thou my Enemy too!

Cour. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it I came hither disgus'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you. Yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave But you, when you should have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

Beau. Then farewell for ever poor Widow —— But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so — Let me see — Lend me thy Disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Cour. Ay, with all my Heart, and glad to be rid of it so —

[*Disguises Beaugard.*]

Beau. Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces. [*Gives him his Whistle.*] They know the Sign, and cannot be far off under the Conduct of Plunder that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'it him, make what haste is possible I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Disaster should happen

Cour. Well, with all my Heart for once here is a new design in Embrio now, though I fancy when we have got her, we shall never make of this Widow what she has cost us

Beau. No more, I hear Company, Vanish —

[*Exit Cour.*]

Enter Theodore

Theod. This way I think I heard it. Look, is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you. I hope you are come off well

Beau. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place, I fear the Man I had to deal withal is fallen, for I left him stagg'ring Security were best for us all, Sir

Theod. My House shall be your Sanctuary, and I'll dye with you but I'll protect you

Beau. I gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand between us, and if he knew all [Aside.]

Theod. Open the Garden-gate there You shall rest your self in an Arbour, while I dispose of the gros of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your Privacy

Beau. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generosity like this had over-rewarded it [Cour. at the Entrance]

Cour. Stand still ye beaten scatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a distance.

Theod. Open the Gate I say there, come Sir —

[They enter the Garden.]

THE ATHEIST

Cour. The Stratagem succeeds, and *Troy* at last is taken

Enter Lucrece.

Luc. O dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

Cour. The same, my dear Child, the same; hast thou any good tidings for me?

Luc. The private door of the Garden on the other side is opened, and you may enter, Sir. My poor Lady is dying almost with despair, that she shall never see you more: Could you now tell me News of Captain *Courtine*?

Cour. Hah! Does then my Blushing unknown belong to these Territories? It must be so. Captain *Courtine* is just gone in before Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me

Luc. I'll shew you Sir, into the Door, where you may conceal your self in one of the Arbors 'till I go through the House, and bring you farther Intelligence.

Cour. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this business, my Friend and I shall not, I fancy, pass our time very uncomfortably. Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues. [Exeunt]

SCENE the Garden

Beaugard looking out of an Arbor

Beau. So, so, thus far I am undiscovered, it is as dark, as if the Devil himself were abroad a solacing amongst a Company of Northern Witches to Night. If *Courtine* be but enter'd with my Mermaids, the Widow's infallibly all my own Hift! Who comes here?

Enter Lucrece

Luc. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beau. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you

Lucr. Friend Is not your Name——

Beau. My Name, what! what can this mean?——

[Aside]

Luc. *Beaugard.* Come, come, I know you. You need not distrust your self, my design is to do you Service, your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open, follow me.

Beau. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that Name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition

Lucr. Softly, no noise, this way, give me your Hand.

[Exeunt]

Enter Courtine.

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THE ATHEIST

Cour. Hold, let me see; ay, there I think is an Arbour where I will creep in, and lie as close, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him. It is wonderfully dark! Friend! Friend! Where are you?

Cour. Hal! that's another sort of Voice than the Youngster's I depend upon. By Heav'n, *Theodore!* [Aside]

Theod. Friend, Friend, I say, where are you?

Cour. Ay, but the Devil a word you get out of me [Aside]

Theod. Why Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

Cour. No [Aside]

Theod. I am sure this must be the Arbor, I'll run and call a Flambeaux

Cour. That may not be so well neither, my Affairs will not agree with the Light, as I take it [Aside]

Theod. May be he's fallen asleep, let me see. [Gropes into the Arbor and feels him] 'Tis even so! What hoa, Sir!— [Courtine snores]

Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I stay for you

Cour. Who's there? What are you? [Aloud, as if frightened suddenly]

Theod. Hush, make no noise, but come away.

Cour. Is it you, Sir?—He mistakes me for Beaugard, I hope.

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me

Cour. If he discover me, all again is ruin'd, but Darkness, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause.

SCENE Daredevil's Chamber.

With only one small Lamp burning, and Daredevil on the Bed.

Dared Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conscience, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee!

[Beaugard's Father at the Door]

Fath This cowardly Chicken-hearted Raical will dye, and be damn'd at last How do you do, Sir How do you find your self?

Dared Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and without great Mercy of a deeper place Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden my self of my Iniquity to.

Fath This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! shall I fend you a Divine, said you, Sir?

Dared It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

THE ATHEIST

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous, a Pox o' yr Queafy Conscience. There is no safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dressing my self, I observ'd fix or seven arm'd Rogues, with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will haften and finish my Disguise, and if there come an Alarum, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it, and that for me will be the best thing.

[Exit Father]

Enter Courtine.

Cour To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to Night? here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with, Pray, Sir, will you please to take your rest, in the Devil's Name, when my design has not been to take my Rest, but my Recreation: I fancy I heard a kind, small, complaining Voice this way too, and must at present confess my self in a very good-natur'd Humor, very much inclined to succor any distressed Damsel that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night withall

Dared Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Cour Hah! hark! That must certainly be me she means, nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther

Dared. Oh h h!

Cour Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee

Dared. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

Cour Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate Expectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant, at the least

Dared. Whereabouts are you? Give me your Hand hither, will you?

Cour Here, here it is, and my Heart too, thou hast 'em both I'll swear she has a well grown Palm, by the Rule of Proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger:—But no matter, tis in the dark

[Aside]

Dared Heart, said you, Sir? Alas! my poor heart's breaking

Cour Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it, I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole I'll warrant thee This is the most Romantick Adventure.

[Falls to undressing himself.]

Porcia and Philis at the Door.

Por Has then Beaugard gotten entrance art thou sure?

Cour. Hah!

Phil. Madam, so sure, that his *Valet Fourbine* is here in the House, and told me so himself.

Cour. What's that?

Por. Then now my Part begins: Was there ever such inhumane Cruelty

THE ATHEIST

committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or succor?

Cour. Murder, said they? What, Manslaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and 'till a better Conveniency offer it self, here's my Burrough. Murder in the Devil's name. What do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*

Por. No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World: What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder!

Cour. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

Por. But does the Chyrurgeon say there is certainly no danger?

Phil Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his Belly, but that the Force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Por. The present Advantage of it then must be improv'd. Wherefore, I say, the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House

Phil Here is somebody coming already, Madam.

Por. Stand still and observe then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beau I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign Lord Paramount of this Castle now. The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide, one might steal the Widow out of his mouth if she were there. Now could I but find the way to her Ladiship's Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowsy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you

Por. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a——Ah!

[*Seeing Beau disguss'd, is frightened and runs out.*

Beau. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o' Night, and in Petticoats too, Nay, then have at you, Ye Airy Forms.

[*Going out, is met by his Father, disguss'd like a Phanangue Preacher*

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beau. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, coverted to the fleshy similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in Gamut——Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences. I come here by

THE ATHEIST

appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a Mortal Ark toss'd and floating in clouds of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

Beau. And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scouring of foul Consciences?

Dared. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement! it has almost made me laugh, that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h h!

Fath. I am, Friend, I tell thee, an Instructor of the Chosen, Thou favour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth, it was I that converted—as some say no body, and expounded the groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dared. Alas, Sir, very weak, upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the Stings of a terrify'd Conscience

Fath Lay then one Hand upon thy Heart.

Dared I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other, that in the pouring forth thy Sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beau. A very material Point that is truly

Fath Thou hast liv'd in Wickedness long

Dared From sixteen to eight and forty, without the least Repentance, or a Thought of it

Fath A very dangerous state, but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dared Drunkenness

Fath A very pernicious Sin, and of the Devil's own Institution, for it sets our Souls o' fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o' fire, and sets Housies o' fire. Drunkenness—Did you ever burn any Housies?

Dared. Never but three, and they Housies of Pollution too Bawdy-Housies, Sir.

Fath So much the worse: For if Bawdy-Housies be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my Life, that's my comfort Item

Dared. Whoredom, Adultery!

Fath For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other Mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too, but do you repent?

Dared. From the bottom of my Heart

Beau So, Heaven be thank'd, there's no harm in plain Whoredom

Fath No more to be said then, be comforted, and I'll absolve thee. But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

Dared. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

Beau. And that was very friendly done of thee truly

Fath Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

Beau Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions are starting.

THE ATHEIST

Dared. About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full Year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog! But handfom too? Was she very handsom?

Dared Too beautiful, to have had so little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her Name

Beau. Well said, well said there, old Fornication!

Dared That I have promised shall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

Fath Then thou art damn'd, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young Harlot [Aside] Once more I say her Name!

Dared. But I have sworn, Sir, you'd not have me be forlorn?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it self, Swearing is another Sin. Farewel, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee—A damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name!

Dared Oh! oh! dear Sir come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad Condition. [Exit Father.]

Beau If he has any mercy in this Cafè but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I'm sure on't [Aside]

Enter Lucrece.

Luc Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you, a word with you in private, turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly, *Portia, Portia,* your Widow *Portia*, Sir

Beau. Hah! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling *Mercury*!

Luc I am to bring her to you this moment. No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy

Cour *Portia, Portia*, said he? Then I am sure it must be *Beaugard*, a pretty Pimp that, I'll warrant him [Aside.]

Beau And shall I trust thee?

Luc Why shou'd I deceive you?

Beau. Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare of this soft, tender Outside, adieu for a minute [Exit]

Luc That minute gives her to your Possession, Sir——Hift, Madam, Hift! the Coat is now clear

Sylv. Where are you, Ill-nature?

Luc Here, tortur'd with my Longings Where are you? come, come.

Sylv Why do you make me do this?

Luc Is that a Question now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber I'll but secure this Door, and then the Night's our own

Sylv. Don't stay too long.

Cour How afraid she is, lest he should come again too soon! [Aside.]

Luc Be satisi'd, I'll fly—that is from you as fast as I can, for I hope I have fitted you [Exit Sylvia]

THE ATHEIST

Cour. Nay, faith, if this be the Custom of the House, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded, I will know the Adulteress's Name, that I may admonish her, for it has been of ancient Practice in these our pious Offices, to make our Converts confess, not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dared. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be confessed. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve thee, thou art in the state of Perdition still, tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkenness, and burning of Houses, thy Whoredoms and Adulteries, Blasphemy, and Profaneness, thy Swearing, and Forswearing, thy rubbing out Milk-scores, and lamb-blacking of Signs in *Coven-Garden*, thy breaking of Windows, killing Constables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-boys, for all these—

[*Noses of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia.*
Heark there the screaming Fiends are at thy door already Heark

[*Screame again*

Cour Nay, Madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the House, if I do not behave my self like a true Friend to Love, I am mistaken, and so here I am posted, and thus will maintain the Pafs

[*Goes to the door where Beau and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.*

Luc At the Door. Well said, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold

Enter Theodoret, and Porcia crying

Theod. Come forth, thou Strumpet

Por Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me here on my Knees—

Cour How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'ſt this moment

Cour. By Hell though but she shall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia, and Beaugard pursuing her.

Beau Nay, Madam, then! How's this? my Widow ſplit in twain!
My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife!
I have done finely

Theod. You'll juſtifie this usage?

Cour. You fee, Sir, I am responsible

Beau. By Heav'n unhand her, or——Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me.

[*Shews him Beau.*
Throws off his Disguise.

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Por My faithful Souldier!

Beau. My victorious Widow!

[She runs into his Arms.

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raise all the Household

Beau. I'll do't, Sir—

[Gives the Sign, Plunder and his Party appear.

See, here are thole that are ready to wait on you, if you have any Service to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em service that shall warm 'em. [Exit.

Cour. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her self, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see here my Friend is unconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here—

Sylvia! My Wifel my rigid virtuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

Beau. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Cour. It was very courteously done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beau Nay, let us not quarrel, *Ned*: I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to-morrow between our selves, in the mean time be satisfy'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

Por Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beau I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a Finger in the Plot, though—

Sylv. Indeed, my Dearest—

Cour Your humble Servant, my Dearest! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Dearest henceforth, my Dearest, I shall drink my Drink, my Dearest, I shall whore my Dearest, and so long as I can Pimp so handfomly for you, my Dearest, I hope if ever we return into the Country, you'll wink at a small Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Dearest

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eas'd on't. [Exit.

Cour. With all my Heart! Heav'n grant it would last for ever

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt upl my Servants gag'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it

Beau. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither. This Design was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beau. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deserve it of me: In short, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my Power, and by her Authority, this being her own House, I have made thus bold with it; and

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will take care to dispose her hereafter out of the reach of your mercies! Tyranny, nay, if this reverend Person will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc'd it, am ready to do it one way this moment *Daredevil*, wilt thou lend my thy Chaplain?

Dared. Heh!

Por. Rise, Sir! Won't you rise? If your old Friend and I make a Match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at the Wedding

Dared Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Phil. That's false, to my knowledge, Madam. For the Surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dared Yes, by the same token when he had done with me, he began with you, forsooth, and said he would shew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Instruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Hal hal hal hal

Dared Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a hole in my Belly, that you may turn a Coach and six in?

Beau. No, no Prithee leave raving, and get up for shame, Man! Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courteine*, lend us thy hand to raise up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [Sets him on his Legs.]

Dared Hal Faith and Troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my self pretty hearty, I can stand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How dost thou do, old Orthodox?

[Strikes him on the Shoulder, which shakes the Disguise from his Face]

Cour Ah! but you repented, *Daredevil*, thou didst repent, Friend. I am sorry to hear of it with all my Heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Escutcheon: But thou didst repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, now I shall be known

[Fumbling to fix his Disguise again]

Dared Repent! Prithee be quiet, Man, repent quotha! Why, dost thou think I did not know my old Cufomer for two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

Fath. My *Jacky*! my little Roguel my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I must kis thee, and I will kis thee, eeee you Dog, you Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog [Sings old Simon.] *Huzza*, the Widow's our own. There lie Divinity

Beau. A very Cutter, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a perfect *Cutter*.

Fath Now, *Jacky* boy, *Jacky*, you Rogue, shall not I have a little spill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd so long in this Malmsey Nose of mine with the Fumes of Sack, will die, and drop

THE ATHEIST

out of their Sockets else. Couldst thou have the Heart to see this illuminated Nose of mine look like an empty Honey-Comb, couldst thou be so hard-hearted?

Por. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd, the old Gentleman, methinks, proposes very moderately

Fath. It shall be so, she shall be my Daughter-in-Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Blessing.

Beau. Look you, Sir. Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promise to leave off Gaming, and stick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been to blame, *Jack!* But thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient, that is, provided I have my Terms which are these

Beau. Come on, then.

Fath. Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack, per Diem*, without Deduction, or false Measure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per Month*, and that of the best too

Cour. Truly this is but reasonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *March Beer* at Dinner, you Rogue A young Wench of my own chusing, to wait on no body but me always, Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horse, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beau. Agreed You see, Sir, already, I am beginning to settle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the same sort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another sort of Domestick. What say you, Sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no

Beau. Then you are not so wise a Man as I took you for. In the mean time, for your Liberty, you must dispense with the want of it, 'till I have this Night secured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratan*, because of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Rest as otherwise. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuses.

*Thus still, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace,
But when 'tis ransy'd, Suspicions cease.*

*The Conquer'd to recruiting Labours move;
Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Ease, with Love.*

FINIS.

E P I L O G U E ,

By Mr. Duke of Cambridge.

}
IT is not long, since in the noisie Pit
Tumultuous Faction fates the Judge of Wit,
There Knaves applauded what their Blockheads writ
At a Whig-Brother's Play, the Bawling Crowd
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, and as loud,
As when some Member's stout Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice of a whole Drunken Shire
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho' twas a Dev'lish Pull to stem the Tyde,
And tho' he ne'er did Line of Treason write,
Nor made one Rocket on Queen Bessie's Night,
Such was his Fortune, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause
He that could then escape, now bolder grows
Since the Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows.
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take Warning from your Brethren at Guild-Hall,
The Spirit of Rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your Poet's Acts are all repeal'd.
Impartial Justice has resum'd agen
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain
The Stage shall lash the Follies of the Times,
And the Laws Vengeance overtake the Crimes
The perjur'd Wretch shall no Protection gain
From his dishonour'd Robe and Golden Chain,
But stand expos'd to all th' insulting Town,
While rotten Eggs bespaw the Scarlet Gown
Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the Land, and dam' your selves, by Swearing
Shou'd the Wise City now, to ease your Fears,
Erect an Office to Infuse your Ears,
Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
And Juries, conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,
That to the Chamber hence might more be gain'd,
Then ever Mother Crefwell from it drain'd,
And Perjury to the Orphans Bank restore
Whatever Whoredom robb'd it of before.

POEMS

THE POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE

OR,

A SATYR AGAINST LIBELLS

A POEM

Si quid habent veri vatum presagia, vivam.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY

BARON OF MOOR-PARKE, KNIGHT OF THE MOST
NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

My L O R D,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature then I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your Lordships goodness must be my best refuge, and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon

My Lord, I have great need of protection, for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance then now), yet Truth and Honour are things your Lordship must needs be kind to, because they are Relations to your nature, and never left you

"Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a Panegyrick on your Lordship, for it would require more art to do your Vertue justice, then to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great Prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your Lordship I hope to add a second part, and doe all those Great and Good men Justice, that have in his Calamities stuck fast to so gallant a Friend and so good a Master To write and finish which great Subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your Lordship's patronage, in what I may do, and your approbation or at least pardon in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

(My L O R D),

Your most humble Admirer and Servant,

Thomas Otway.

POEMS

The Poet's
COMPLAINT
of his Muse

ODE

To a high Hill, where never yet stood Tree,
Where onely Heath, course Fern, and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his penive Mind amaze,
A wandring Bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the naifeous Follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
When by the Word it first was made,
Er'e God had said,
Let Grafs and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitfull Trees after their kind, and it was so
The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed,
Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he cast,
Where we are told Peace onely's found at last:
And as he did its hopeles distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cri'd, How far is Peace from me?

}

2.

Nor ended there his Moan.
The distance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone,
But who can undergo

POEMS

Despair of Ease to come, with weight of present Woe?
Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a Path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breast with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as useleſs fell.
While the poor Trunk (unable to sustain
It ſelf) lay rackt, and shaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by Pity) went aside, to ſee
What the ſad caufe could be
Had pref'd his State ſo low, and rais'd his Plaints ſo high.
On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd,
Why ſo forlorn? He vainly rāv'd.
Peace to his Mind I did command.
But, oh! my Words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
My much-lov'd Friend: fo down I ſate,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate:
I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Of Sighs he eas'd his Breast, and thus began his Tale

3

I am a Wretch of honest Race
My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Disgrace
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyall and brave, my Mother chaste and fair.
The pledge of Marriage-vows was only I,
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy.
They gave me generous Education, high
They strove to rafe my Mind, and with it grew their Joy
The Sages that instructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts,
And cheer my Parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a Dispute,
My fellow-Pupils oft stood mute
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride diſtemper mine.

P O E M S

Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did tast
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last.
As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasent Thoughts triumphing in my Head,
And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's* dead.
It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted Senses fled.

4.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding Years.
The World was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's generall Game is play'd,
Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converse equal to my Mind
But by raw Judgement easily mis-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I mis'd the Brave and Wife, and in their stead
On every sort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
Bullies of o're-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spend-thrifts, (such as think
Mischievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Because to their lewd Understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two Years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent:
'Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitfull Muse.

P O E M S

5

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms,
T' ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart.
 Or when she had him in her Arms,
 Secur'd his Love with greater Art.
I fanfy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
 No Beauty with my Muse's might compare
Lofty she seem'd, and on her Front sat a majestick Ayr,
 Awfull, yet kind· severe, yet fair
 Upon her Head a Crown she bore
Of Laurell, which she told me should be mine:
 And round her Ivory Neck, she wore
A Rope of largest Pearl. Each Part of her did shine
 With Jewells and with Gold,
 Numberleſs to be told,
 Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my Fortune and my Name,
 By Royall Favour, and by endleſs Fame,
 But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
 Thus by the Arts of this moſt fly
 Deluder was I caught,
 To her bewitching Bondage brought.
 Eternall Conſtancy we wore,
A thouſand times our Vows were doubled o're.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleaſure e're was wrought ſo high,
No Pair ſo happy as my Muſe and I.

6.

Ne'r was young Lover half fo fond
When firſt his Puſillage he loſt,
Or could of half my Pleaſure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Cloſets, Fields and Groves,
Bore Witneſs of our daily Loves,
And on the Bark of every Tree

P O E M S

You might the Marks of our Endearments see,
Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
His Muse in Catterwauling fits) .
You might on every Rinde behold, and swear
I and my *Cho* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With Off-springs of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest Minds,
And been approv'd by Judgements of the best.
But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd and found my self alone.
My faithleſs Muse, my faithleſs Muse was gone. }
I try'd if I a Verse could frame,
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Cho's* Name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curſt my dull Scull, and rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the last prevail'd }
A Line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
Full of the joyfull Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more astoniſh'd at th' unlook'd-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Than I was at the hideous Iſſue of my Brains.
I tore my Paper, ſtabb'd my Pen,
And ſwore I'd never write again,
Resolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake,
I found m'ungratefull Muse, for whose false fake
I did my ſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt Store,
My precious Time, my Friends and Reputation too,
And left me helpless, friendleſs, very proud, and poor. }

Reason, which in base Bonds my Folly had entrall'd,
I ſtraiſt to Council call'd,
Like ſome old faithfull Friend, whom long ago
I had caſheer'd, to please my flatt'ring Fair.

P O E M S

To me with readines he did repair,
Exprest much tender Chearfulnes, to find
Experience had restor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me shew,
How much himself he did abuse,
Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous Muse
I ask'd the Causes why He said,
'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
When Fortune fled, for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnassus* dwell,
Where tho'e so fam'd, delightfull Fountains swell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where Wit's lusty, shining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilst our Fortune smiles, our Thoughts aspire,
Pleasure and Fame's our bus'ness, and desire
Then, too, if we find
A pomptnes in the Mind,
The Muse is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleasure, and rich Fancy dies,
And then th'yong, slippery Jilt, the Muse too from us flies.

8.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due,
And as right search into my self I made,
I found all he had said
Was very honest, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend!
And much my Muse I could not discommend;
For I ne'r liv'd in Fortune's Grace,
She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her Face.
Then to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of Dotage from my Eyes.
See here, my Son (said he) the valu'd Prize,
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train
Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall
The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse
In which he wrote his *Sodom Farce*;

P O E M S

A wretch whom old Diseases did so bite,
That he writ Bawdry sure in spight,
To run and disgrace it quite.

Philosophers of old did so exprest
Their Art, and shew'd it in their Naughtiness.

Next him appear'd that blund'ring Sot
Who a late *Sesson of the Poets* wrote.

Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool,
By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from Light,
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And only in the dark he strays;

Still Wretch enough to live, with worse Fools spends his Days,
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.

Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampon, and *Monfieur Song*,
Who fought her Love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.
The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Satin Cap and his own Hair,
And beg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her,
For the City's next *Lord Mayor*
Her Favours she to none deny'd
They took her all by Turns aside.
'Till at the last up in the rear there came
The Poet's Scandal and the Mufe's Shame,
A Beast of monstrous guise, and *LIBEL* was his Name.
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now does dwell.

9.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obscure Vale,
'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen by Eyes,
Under a desart Wood,
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by Prey farforrag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of Mens Bones slaughter'd in Civill War,
By Magick Art brought thither from a far.

P O E M S

There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curses Eve and Morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn,
Meagre her Looks, and funk her Eyes,
Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
She appear'd humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in Semblance sanctify'd.
Still when she spoke she meant another way,
And when she curst, she seem'd to pray
Her hellish Charms had all a holy Dres,
And bore the Name of *Godlineſs*
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace. }
Honest Habits they all wore,
In outward shew most Lamb-like and Divine.
But inward of all Vices they had stow,
Greedy as Wolves, and sensual too as Swine
Like her, the sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with Her was held impure,
Because besides Herself no Idol she'd endure
Though not to paint, shad Arts to change the Face,
And alter it in Heav'nly Fashion
Lewd *Whining* the defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *ugly Faces* was *Mortification*
Her late dead Pander was of well-known Fame,
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name:
She a sworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſſ us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.*

10.

A Time there was, (a sad one too)
When all things wore the Face of Woe,
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *destroying Angel* was fent down,
To scourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town
He came, and o'er all *Britain* stretch'd his conq'ring Hand.
'Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholsome Graſſ
Grew of great Stalk, its Colour groſſ,
And melancholick pois'nous green,
Like thoſe course ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill feen,

P O E M S

Where some Murrain-murther'd Hog,
Poison'd Cat, or strangled Dog,
In rottenness had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare;
And as our Destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the same Fate they had foretold.
That dire Commission ended down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*.
 Desolation soon he made,
 And our new *Sodom* low in Ashes laid
Distractions and Distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old Disguise,
 This *Witch*, with all her Mischief-making Train,
 Began to shew her self again
The Sons of old *Rebellion* strait she summon'd all,
 Strait they were ready at her call.
Once more th' old Bait before their Eyes she cast,
 That and her Love they long'd to tast,
And to her Lust she drew them all at last
 So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore)
Was led astray, and had Pollution with his Father's Whore

II.

The better to conceal her lewd Intent
 In safety from observing Eyes,
 Th' old Strumpet did herself disguise
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
 Affected Truth, much Modesty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out Suburb-Trull) past there for a new Face.
 Thither all her Lovers flock'd,
 And there for her support she found
A Wight, of whom Famine's Trumpet much does sound,
 With all Ingredients for his Bus'ness stockt.
Not unlike him whose Story has a place
 In th' Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
 Of all her bus'ness He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,
 Had by him admittance there.
By his Contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disguised at the Court.

P O E M S

Those whose Ambition had been croft,
Or by ill manners had Preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
Int'rest in every Faction, every Sect she sought:
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their Hopes, she brought
All those who us Religion for a Fashion,
All such as practise Forms, and take great Pains
To make their *Godlines's* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
She by her Art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King's* or *Bishop's* hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude.
Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-Day* Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Past-board* *Popes*.

12.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
"Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested *Birth*
Of Children born with Teeth we've heard,
And some like Comets with a Beard,
Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change
But never hitherto was seen,
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A Form like this so hideous and so strange
To help whose Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well-known Dame.
The Bawd *Hypocrite* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the fair:
Dame *Scandal* with her squinting Eyes,
That loves to set good Neighbours at debate,
And raise Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-spred Lies,
With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Mutiny*, that busie Drab,

POEMS

That's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the Babe,
And of the Office most was proud
Behold its Head of horrid form appears
To spight the Pillory it had no Ears.
When straight the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
To the blest Family of *Pryn.*
But *Scandal* offer'd to depose her Word,
Or Oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Nose was ugly, long and big,
Broad, and snowy like a Pig,
Which shew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
Love to cast stinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rhimes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times }
}

13.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopefull Youth to make him.
To nurse he straight was sent
To a *Sister-Witch*, though of another fort,
One who profest no Good, nor any meant
All Day she practis'd Charms, by Night she hardly slept.
Yet in the outcasts of a Northern factious Town,
A little smoaky Mansion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did resort,
A Cell she kept,
Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God,
And many an ugly loathsom Toad
Crawl'd round her Walls, and croak'd
Under her Roof all dismal black and smoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholesom Bats,
Sprawling Nefts of little Cats:
All which were Imps she cherisht with her Blood,
To make her Spells succeed and good,
Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, whene'er Mankind she curst,
And with theſe Foster-brethren was our *Monster* nurſt. •
In little time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-strings could walk,
And (as the Sorcerers taught him) talk.
At ſeven Years old he went to School,
Where firſt he grew a Foe to Rule

P O E M S

Never would he learn as taught,
But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought.
Not that he wanted Parts
T' improve in Letters, and proceed in Arts;
 But as negligent as fly,
Of all Perverse'nels brutifly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
 And was obstinately dull.
'Till spight of Nature, through great Pains, the Sot,
(And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the *Lann Tongue* he got,
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain Hand,
 For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his most hopeful Wit,
 He shoule be fent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*.

14.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To search in hidden Paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretch's Converse much he did frequent
One who this World, as that did Him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly heathful found,
 He led his hated life,
Needy, and even of Necessaries bare.
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife.
But of a little Remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)
 Thrice in a Week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
 With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
 Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
 Not to be clean, but slake his Thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The Cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
 Lay like a Den, unclean'sd, unswept.
And there those Jewells which he lov'd he kept,
 Old worn out Statutes, and Records
Of Commons Prvileges, and the Rights of Lords.

}

}

P O E M S

But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the *Acts, Resolves, and Orders* made
By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
Thro' all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State,
All down from *Godly Forty one*, to *Horrid Forty eight*

15

His Friendship much our *Monster* sought
By Instinct, and by Inclination too.
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him Obedience *Lsbel* swore, and by him was he taught:
He learnt of him all Goodnes to detest,
To be ashame'd of no Disgrace,
In all things, but Obedience, to be Beast,
To hide a Coward's Heart, and show a hardy Face
He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear Beatings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honesty or Sense,
But to *profes* them all for a Pretence.
Fraught with these Moralls, he began
To compleat him more for Man.
Distinguisht to him in an Hour
'Twixt *Legislative* and *Judicial* Power;
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy*, by stealth,
To palliate it at first, and Cry
'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*.
And *Treason Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair Committees of *Association*,
How by a lawful means to bring
In Arms against himself the *KING*,
With a distinguishing old Trick,
'Twixt Persons *Natural*, and *Politic*;
How to make faithful Servants *Traytors*,
Thorough-pac'd Rebels *Legislators*,
And at last *Troupers Adjutators*.
Thus well inform'd, and furnish't with enough
Of such like wordy canting stuff,

POEMS

Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where-e're he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every Word he spoke:
By which becoming sawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treafon without Fear or Wit:
For opening Failings in the State:
For loving noisie and unsound Debate,
And wearing of a Mystical green Ribband in his Hat.

{

16.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's Skin,
He very dreadful grew.
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th' Hero to his Distaff drew,
His Foes that found him saw he was but Man:
So when my faithleſs *Cho* by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began,
To fee how foolishly sh'd dreſt,
And for Diversion trickt the Beast.
He was Poetry all o'er,
On every ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I fee,
But partycolour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, Letanies,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious Excess
Of Ills that Malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious Press,
Hung round about him like a Spell
And in his own Hand too was writ,
That worthy Piece of modern Wit,
The Courtey's late Appeal.
But from ſuch Ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who ſhall crush this Serpent's Head?
'Tis ſaid we may in antient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon, ſent by Fate
To lay a ſinfull Kingdom waſte:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each Day with a Virgin broke his Faſt.

}

P O E M S

'Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
So hardly was their Loss endur'd:
The Lovers all despair'd, and fought their Tombs
In the fame Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.
'Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every Day a Maid was slain.
The Curse through every Family had past,
When to the Sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy Monarch's onely Child must bow:
A *Royal Daughter* needs must suffer then, a *ROYAL BROTHER*
now

17

On him this Dragon *Libell* needs will prey;
On him has cast
His Fordid Venom, and prophan'd
With spurious Verse his spotiefs Fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemish'd, and to Ages last,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame
Else tell me why (some Prophet that is wise)
Heaven took such Care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, desirous to the Eyes
Why do all good Men blefs him as he goes?
Why at his Presence shrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all strive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he distinguisht most
By Titles, which but few can boast,
A most *Just Master*, and a *Faithfull Friend*?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of Him what Orphan can complain?
Of Him what Widow make her Moan?
But such as wish Him here again,
And misfis his Goodneis now He's gone.
If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true,
Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why lives He in the World's Esteem,
Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all Men Friends with Him?

P O E M S

18.

Whene'er his Life was set at stake
For his ungratefull Country's sake,
What Dangers or what Labours did He ever shun?
Or what Wonders has not done?
Watchful all Night, and busy all the Day,
(Spreading his Fleet in sight of *Holland's* Shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *English* Lion roar,
Whilst the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the Thoughts of Conquest and Renown,
Of *Britain's* Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet shin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind;
But constant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.
The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and strait shrunk back his Head,
To see our Daring Banners spread.
Whilst in their Harbours they
Like batten'd Monsters weltring lay.
The Winds, when Ours th'ad kis'd, scorn'd with their Flags to play.
But drooping like their Captain's Hearts,
Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.
The Seamen seem'd t' have lost their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchors now, of which we'd heard them boast,
With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings loose, by every Billow tost,
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unstrung,
Till at the last, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came.
Foxes in Council, and in Fight too grave,
Seldom true, and now not brave.
They bluster'd out the Day with shew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night

19.

A bloody Battel next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To Him then every Heart was open, down
From the great Man to the Clown;

P O E M S

In Hum rejoic'd, to Him enclin'd:
And as his Health round the glad Board did pass,
Each honest Fellow cry'd, Fill full my Glaſs,
 And shew'd the fulneſs of his Mind.
No discontented Vermin of ill Times
 Durſt then affront him but in show,
Nor *Lisſell* dash him with his dirty Rhymes:
Nor may he live in Peace that does it now.
 And whose Heart would not wish so too,
 That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſ-led Foes
 Againſt Him roſe,
 With what Heroick grace
He chose the weight of Wrong to undergo?
No tempeſt on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witneſs of the Innocence within.
But when the Meſſengers did Mandates bring
 For his Retreat to foreign Land,
 Since ſent from the relenting Hand
Of the moſt Loving BROTHER, Kindeft KING;
 If in his Heart Regret did rife
 It never ſcapt his Tongue or Eyes;
 With steady Virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty Conqueror, He obey'd

20.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Bus'neſſes, fullen too,
As proud Men, when in vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their Pay.
The Court, where Pleaſures us'd to flow,
Became the Scene of Mourning and of Woe
Desolate was every Room,
Where Men for News and Bus'neſſes uſe to come
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes Men walkeſt,
 In corners and with caution talkt.
All things prepar'd, the Hour drew near
When He muſt part: his laſt ſhort Time was ſpent
In leaving Bleſſings on his Children dear
To them with eager haſte and love he went:
 The Eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
 As new-born Day in Beauty bright,

P O E M S

But sad in Mind as deepest Night.
What tendrest Hearts could say, betwixt them past;
 'Til Grief too clofe upon them crept:
• So sighing He withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his Eyes,
 A tender Infant in the Nurfe's Arms,
 Full of kind Play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the farewell Kis he near it drew,
About his manly Neck two little Arms it threw,
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
 And lookt kind things it could not say.

21.

But the great Pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed Time was almost past,
Th' impatient Tides knockt at the Shore, and bid him haste
 To seek a Foreign Home.
The Summons he resolv'd t'obey,
 Disdaining of his Suffering to complain,
 Though every Step seem'd trod with Pain,
So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting Throng,
 That blest him and about him hung
A Weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
 But for the Comfort that was near,
His Beauteous M A T E, the Fountain of his Joys,
 That fed his Soul with Love;
The Cordall that can mortall Pains remove,
To which all worldly Blessings else are Toys.
I saw them ready for Departure stand,
Just when approach'd the *MONARCH* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the Hand
T' expres all noblest Offices he strove,
Of Royall Goodness, and a Brother's Love.
 Then down to the Shore side,
Where, to convey them, did two Royall Barges ride,
 With solemn Pace they past:
 And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by Sympathy to see them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-stander's Heart
 Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair

P O E M S

Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidst Afflictions Fair;
He, though opprest, still Great.
Into th' expecting Boat with haste They went,
Where, as the troubled *Fair One* to the Shore some Wishes sent,
For that dear Pledge sh'd left behind,
And as her Passion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of some Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Check they lay,
The happy *Hero* kist away;
And, as she wept, blusht with Disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-swoin *Thames*:
The well-struck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider Flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

T H E E N D

Windfor Castle

IN
A MONUMENT
To our Late Sovereign
K. CHARLES II
Of ever Blessed Memory.

*Dum Juga Montis Aper, fluvios dum Pescis amabit,
Dumque Thymo pafcentur Apes, dum Rore Cicadeæ,
Semper Honos, Noménque iuum, Laudesque manebunt.
Si canimus Sylvas, Sylve fint Confule digneæ*

TO THE IMMORTAL FAME OF OUR LATE DREAD SOVEREIGN
K CHARLES II OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY, AND TO THE
SACRED MAJESTY OF THE MOST AUGUST AND MIGHTY
PRINCE JAMES II, NOW BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND, DEFENDER OF
THE FAITH, &c

This following *P O E M* is in all Humility dedicated
By His ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

POEMS

Windsor Castle

IN
A MONUMENT
TO
K. CHARLES II

A

POEM

THOUGH Poets Immortality may give,
And *Troy* does still in *Homer's* numbers live,
How dare I touch thy Praise, Thou glorious frame,
Which must be Deathless as thy Raifer's Name
But that I wanting Fame, am sure of Thine
To eternize this humble Song of mine?
At least the Mem'ry of that More than man,
From whose vast Mind thy Glories first began,
Shall even my mean and worthleſs Verse command,
For Wonders always did his Name attend
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise
Great were the Toils attending the Command
Of an ungratefull and stiff-necked Land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause twas over bleſt,
Wou'd never give it's Nursing Father rest,
But, having spoil'd the Edge of ill-forg'd Law,
By Rods and Axes had been kept in Awe,
But that his gracious Hands the Sceptre held,
In all the Arts of Mildly guiding skill'd,
Who saw thoſe Engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our Follies with a Father's Love;

POEMS

Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to Ruine make.
Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand,
Lent to our Succour a Forgiving hand;
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the Attribute of Heav'n,
For Gods have Pow'r to keep the balance ev'n:
Which if Kings loose, how can they govern well?
Mercy should pardon, but the Sword compell.
Compassion's else a Kingdom's greatest harm,
It's Warmth engenders Rebels till they swarm;
And round the Throne themselves in Tumults spread,
To heave the Crown from a long Suff'r'r's Head.
By Example this that God-like King once knew,
And after, by Experience, found too true
Under *Philistine* Lords we long had mourn'd;
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd,
But thence the Deluge of our Tears did cease,
The Royal Dove shew'd us such marks of Peace.
And when this Land in Bloud he might have laid,
Brought Balsam for the Wounds our selves had made
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Then Matrons bleff'd him as he paff'd along,
And Triumph echo'd thro' th' enfranchis'd throng.
On his each Hand his Royal Brothers shone,
Like two Supporters of *Great Britain's* throne.
The first for Deeds of Arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great Tales of War,
Of Nature gen'rous, and of stedfast Mind,
To Flat'y deaf, but ne'er to Merit blind,
Reserv'd in Pleasures, but in Dangers bold,
Youthfull in Actions, and in Conduct old,
True to his Friends, and watchfull o'er his Foes,
And a just Value upon each bestows:
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave Man's Patron, and the wrong'd Man's Friend:
Now justly seated on th' Imperial throne,
In which high Sphere no brighter Star e'er shone.
Virtue's great Pattern, and Rebellion's Dread,
Long may he live to bruise that Serpent's Head,
Till all his Foes their just Confusion meet,

P O E M S

And growle and pine beneath his mighty Feet!
The second, for Debates in council Fit,
Of stiddy Judgment and deep piercing Wit,
To all the noblest Heights of Learning bred,
Both Men and Books with Curious Search had read,
Fathom'd the ancient policies of *Greece*,
And having form'd from all one curious Piece,
Learn't thence what Springs best move and guide a State,
And could with ease direct the heavy Weight.
But our then angry Fate great *Glo'ster* seiz'd,
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For oh! What pity, People blest as we
With Plenty, Peace, and noble Liberty,
Should so much of our old Disease retain,
To make us surfeit into Slaves again'
Slaves to those Tyrant Lords whose Yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a Bondage to before.
Yet 'twas our Curse, that Blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had Appetites too course to taste
Fond *Israelites*, our *Manna* to refuse,
And *Egypt*'s loathsome Flesh-pots murmur'ring chuse.
Great *Charles* saw this, yet hush'd his rising Breast,
Though much the Lion in his Bosome preft.
But he for Sway seem'd so by Nature made,
That his own Passions knew him and obey'd.
Master of them, he soften'd his Command,
The Sword of Rule scarce threaten'd in his Hand.
Stern Majesty upon his Brow might fit,
But Smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet.
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford
One least Perfection more, each had been ador'd.
Mercifull, just, good-natur'd, lib'r'al, brave,
Witty, a Pleasure's Friend, yet not her Slave,
The paths of Life by noblest methods trod,
Of mortal mould, but in his Mind a God.
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praeſe for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.
In this great Mind long he his Cares revolv'd,
And long it was e'er the great Mind resolv'd:
Till wearineſs at laſt his Thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the Choice, and their debates were Clos'd.
But oh!
Through all this Isle, where it seems most design'd,

P O E M S

Nothing so hard as wish'd-for Peace to find.
The Elements due Order here maintain,
And pay their Tribute in of Warmth and Rain:
Cool Shades and Streams, rich fertile Lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the seafons round.
But we, a wretched race of Men, thus blest,
Of so much Happiness (if known) possest,
Mistaking every noblest Use of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender Wife,
For the unwholesome, brawling Harlot, Strife.
The Man in Pow'r, by wild Ambition led,
Envied all Honours on another's Head,
And, to supplant some Rival, by his Pride
Embroil'd that State his wisdom ought to guide
The Priests who humble Temp'rance should possest
Sought silken Robes, and fat voluptuous Ease,
So, with small Labours in the Vineyard shewn,
Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
That dark *Ænigma* (yet unriddled) Law,
Instead of doing Right, and giving Awe,
Kept open Lists, and at the noisy Bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily Kinsman, Father, Son, and Brother,
Might damn their Souls to ruine one another.
Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and *Cæsar's* Causè,
From false Religious and corrupted Laws,
Till so at last Rebellion's Base was laid,
And God or King no longer were obey'd
 But that good Angel, whose surmounting power
Waited Great *Charles* in each emergent hour,
Againt whose Care Hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than That foresee,
Guarding the Crown upon his Sacred Brow
From all it's blackest Arts, was with him now.
Assur'd him Peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind
By Patience, Mercies large, and many Toils,
In his own Realms to calm intestine Broils;
Thence ev'ry root of Discord to remove,
And plant us new with Unity and Love,
Then stretch his healing Hands to neighb'ring Shores,
Where Slaughter rages, and wild Rapine roars,
To cool their Ferments with the Charmes of Peace,

P O E M S

Who, so their Madnes and their Rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such Friendship brings)
Like us the People, and like Him their Kings.
But now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

For this Assurance pious Thanks he paid;
Then in his Mind the beauteous Modell laid,
Of that Majestick pile, where oft, his Care
A while forgot, he might for Ease repair:
A seat for sweet Retirement, Health, and Love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awfull Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his Regards bestow
On the vain, busie, swarming World below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
Who sang his Praies thro' the fertile Plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find,
Worthy thy Song, and his Celestial mind.

'Twas at that joyfull, hallow'd Day's return,
On which that Man of Miracles was born,
At whose great Birth appear'd a noon-day Star,
Which Prodigy foretold yet many more,
Did strange escapes from dreadfull Fate declare,
Nor thin'd, but for one greater King before.
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

For this great Day were equal Joys prepar'd,
The Voice of Triumph on the Hills was heard,
Redoubled Shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And chearfull Bowls with loyal Vows were crown'd
But, above all, within those lofty Towers,
Where Glorious *Charles* then spent his happy hours,
Joy wore a solemn, tho' a smiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet Majestick as the Place.
Tell then, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song, and his Celestial Mind.

Within a Gate of strength, whose ancient Frame
Has out-worn Time, and the Records of Fame,
A rev'rend dome* there stands, where twice each day
Assembling Prophets their Devotions pay,

* S George's church

P O E M S

In Prayers and Hymns to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Cornet, Flute, and Shawm, assisting as they sing.
Here *Israel's* mystick Statutes they recount,
From the first Tables of the Holy Mount,
To the blest Gospel of that Glorious Lord,
Whose pretious Death Salvation has restor'd.
*Here speak, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song, and his Celestial Mind.*

Within this *Dome* a shin'ning Chapel's* rais'd,
Too Noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the Door, fix'd in an Awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing Wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much sober Grace,
Order and Ceremony in his face,
A threat'ning Rod did his dread Right-hand porze,
A badge of Rule and terror o'er the Boys:
His Left a Massy bunch of Keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This Courteous Squire, observing how amaz'd
My Eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: *Those Banners† rais'd on high,
Betoken noble Vows of Chivalry;
Which here their Hero's with Religion make,
When they the Enfans of this Order take.*
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St *George* had done our Land:
What Toils he vanquish'd, with what Monsters strove,
Whose Champions since for Vertue, Truth, and Love,
Hang here their Trophies, while their gen'rous Arms
Keep Wrong supprest, and Innocence from Harms.
At this m' Amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all Vertue was but Show,
That oft bold Villany had best succeſſ,
As if its Use were more, nor Merit leſſ.
But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
*Tell on, my Muse, what Wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy Song, and Charles's mighty Mind.*

I turn'd around my Eyes, and, Lo! a Cell,‡
Where melancholy Ruine seem'd to dwell,

}

* S George's chapel

† The Banners of the Knights of the Garter

‡ An old Isle in the Church, where the Banner of a dead Knight is carried when another succeeds him.

POEMS

The Door unhang'd, without or Bolt or Ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard:
Like some old Den, scarce visited by Day,
Where dark Oblivion lurk't and watcht for Prey.
Here, in a Heap of Confus'd Waſte, I found
Neglected Hatchments tumbled on the ground,
The Spoils of Time, and Triumph of that Fate
Which equally on all Mankind does wait.

The *Hero*, levell'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his Trophies, like their Master, lay,
To Darknes, Worms, and Rottennes, a Prey.
Urg'd by such Thoughts as guide the truly Great,
Perhaps his Fate he did in Battel meet;
Fell in his Prince's and his Countrie's Cauſe;
But what his Recompence? A ſhort Applauſe,
Which he ne'er hears, his Memory may grace,
Till, ſoon forgot, another takes his Place

And happy that man's Chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his Virtue be become his Crime,
E'er his abus'd Desert be call'd his Pride,
Or fools and villains on his Ruine ride.
But truly bleſt is he, whose Soul can bear
The Wrongs of Fate, nor think them worth his Care;
Whose Mind no Disappointment here can shake,
Who a true Estimate of Life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that Prospect ſtill his Thoughts do bend,
Who, though his Right a stronger Power invade,
Though Fate opprels, and no man give him Aid,
Cheer'd with th' Assurance that he there ſhall find
Reſt from all Toils, and no Remorse of mind,
Can Fortune's Smiles deſpife, her Frowns out-brave.
For who's a Prince or Beggar in the Grave?

But if Immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muse, and ſtrive that End to gain.
Thou kind Diffolver of encroaching Care,
And Eafe of e'ry bitter Weight I bear,
Keep from my Soul Repining, while I ſing
The Praise and Honour of this Glorious King,
And farther tell what Wonders thou diſt find
Worthy thy Song, and his Celeſtial Mind

P O E M S

Beyond the *Dome*, a Lofty Tower* appears,
Beauteous in Strength, the Work of long-past years,
Old as his noble Stem who there bears iway,
And, like his Loyalty, without Decay
This goodly ancient Frame looks as it stood
The mother Pile, and all the rest her brood.
So carefull watch seems piously to keep,
While underneath her Wings the Mighty sleep:
And they may rest, since *Norfolk*† there commands,
Safe in his faithfull Heart and valiant Hands.

But now appears the Beauteous Seat‡ of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly Ease,
Where Noble Order strikes the greedy Sight
With Wonder, as it fills it with Delight:
The massy Walls seem, as the Womb of Earth
Shrunk when such mighty Quarries thence had birth;
Or by the *Theban* founder they'd been rais'd,
And in his pow'rfull Numbers should be prais'd:
Such Strength without does ev'ry where abound,
Within such Glory and such Splendour's found,
As man's united skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great *Gensis* had design'd.

Thus, when the happy World *Augustus* iway'd,
Knowledge was cherith'd, and Improvement made,
Learning and Arts his Empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected Vertue mourn,
But, at his Call, from farthest Nations came,
While the Immortal Muses gave him fame.
Though when her far stretch'd Empire flourish'd most,
Rome never yet a Work like this could boast.
No *Cæsar* e'er like *Charles* his Pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his Nations half so blest:
Though now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rife.

Here, as all Nature's Wealth to Court him preft,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
Through all the lofty Roofs§ describ'd we finde
The Toils and Triumphs of his Godlike mind.
A Theam that might the Nobleſt Fancy warm,
And onely fit for his|| who did perform.

* The Keep † The now duke of N, Constable of Windsor ‡ The House
§ The Paintings done by || The Steur Vertuo, his Majestie's chief Painter
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P O E M S

The Walls adorn'd with richest woven Gold,
Equal to what in Temple's shin'd of old,
Grac'd well the Lustre of his Royal Ease,
Whose Empire reach'd throughout the wealthy Seas,
Ease which he wisely chose, when raging Arms
Kept neighb'ring Nations wak'ning with Alar'ns.
For when Wars troubled her soft Fountains there,
She swell'd her Streams, and flow'd in faster here;
With her came Plenty, till our Isle seem'd blest
As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
Therefore, when Cruel Spoilers, who have hurl'd
Waft and Confusion thro' the wretched World,
To after times leave a great hated Name,
The Praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame:
His Countrey's Father, through whose tender Care,
Like a lull'd Babe she slept, and knew no Fear,
Who, when sh' offend'd, oft would hide his Eyes,
Nor see, because it griev'd him to chasteze,
But if Submission brought her to his Feet,
With what true Joy the Penitent he'd meet!
How would his Love still with his Justice strive!
How Parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!
But now, (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from u rise.

Since after all those Toils thro' which he strove
By ev'ry Art of most endearing Love,
For his Reward he had his Britain found,
The Awe and Envy of the Nations round
Muse, then speak more what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Tell now what Emulation may inspire,
And warm each British Heart with War-like Fire,
Call all thy Sisters of the Sacred Hill,
And by the Painter's Pencil guide my Quill,
Describe that lofty monumental Hall,*
Where England's triumphs grace the shining wall,
When she led captive Kings from conquer'd Gaul.
Here when the Sons of Fame their Leader meet,
And at their Feasts in pompous order sit,
When the glad sparkling Bowle inspires the Board,
And high-rais'd Thoughts great Tales of War afford,

{

* Where S George's Feast is kept

P O E M S

Here as a Lesson may their Eyes behold,
What their victorious Fathers did of old;
When their proud Neighbours of the *Gallic* shore
Trembled to hear the *English Lion* roar.
Here may they see how good old *Edward** sat,
And did his Glorious Son's† Arrival wait,
When from the Fields of vanquish'd *France* he came,
Follow'd by Spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
In Golden Chains he their Quell'd Monarch led.
Oh, for such Laurels on another Head!
Unsoil'd with Sloth, nor yet o'er cloy'd with Peace,
We had not then learn'd the loose Arts of Ease.
In our own Climes our vig'rous Youth were nurst,
And with no foreign Educations curst.
Their Northern Mettle was preserv'd with Care,
Nor sent for soft'ning into hotter Air
Nor did they, as now, from fruitless Travels come
With Follies, Vices, and Diseases home,
But in full Purity of Health and Mind
Kept up the Noble Virtues of their Kind.
Had not false Senates to those Ills dispos'd,
Which long had *England's* Happiness oppos'd
With stubborn Faction and rebellious Pride,
All Means to such a noble End deny'd,
To *Britain, Charles* this Glory had restor'd,
And those revolted Nations own'd their Lord.
But now, alas! in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
Bow down all Heads, and pay Devotion due;
The Temple‡ by this *Hero* built behold,
Adorn'd with Carvings, and o'erlaid with Gold,
Whose radiant Roof such Glory does display,
We think we see the Heaven to which we Pray,
So well the Artist's hand has there delin'd.
The mercifull Redemption of Mankind,
The brig.it Ascension of the Son of God,
When back through yielding Skies to Heav'n he rode,
With Lightning round his Head, and Thunder where he trod.
Thus when to *Charles*, as *Solomon*, was given
Wisdom, the greatest gift of Bounteous Heaven;

POEMS

A houfe like this he built, and Temple rais'd,
Where his Creatour might be fitly prais'd,
With Riches too, and Honours, was he Crown'd,
Nor whilst he liv'd was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to *Israel's* Lord was said,
When *Sheba's* Queen his glorious Court survey'd,
To *Charles's* fame for ever shall remain,
Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly Reign.
" Happy were they who could before him stand,
" And saw the Wisedom of his dread Command."
For Heav'n resolv'd, that much above the rest
Of other Nations, *Brittan* should be Blest,
Found him when Banisht from his Sacred Right,
Tried his Great Soul, and in it took delight;
Then to his Throne in Triumph him did bring,
Where never Rul'd a Wiser, Juster King.
But now, (alas !) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Thus far the Painter's Hand did guide the Muse,
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.
Two kindred Arts they are, so near allied,
They oft have by each other been supplied.
Therefore, Great Man ! when next thy Thoughts incline
The works of Fame, let this be the Design :
As thou couldst best Great *Charles* his Glory show,
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large Scene, may give Beholders Awe,
The meeting of a num'rous Senate drawl
Over their Heads a black distemper'd sky,
And through the Air let grinning Furies fly,
Charg'd with Commissions of Infernal date,
To raise fell discord and intestine hate.
From their foul Heads let them by handfulls tear
The ugliest Snakes, and best lov'd Fav'rites there,
Then whirl them (spouting venome as they fall)
'Mongst the assembled numbers of the Hall,
There into murmur'ring Bosoms let them go,
Till their Infection to Confusion grow,
Till such bold Tumults and Disorders rise,
As when the Impious Sons of Earth affil'd the threatened Skyes.

But then let Mighty *Charles* at distance stand,
His Crown upon his Head, and Sceptre in his Hand,
To send abroad his Word, or, with a Frown,

P O E M S

Repell, and dash th'aspiring Rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded Ray,
Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away;
Let the dark Fiends the troubled Air forsake,
And all new peacefull Order seem to take.

But oh Imagine Fate t'have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with those Furies from her seat below,
T'have watcht her only time to give the blow
When cruel Cares by faithless Subjects bred,
Too closely presid his Sacred Peacefull Head,
With them t'have pointed her destroying Dart,
And through the Brain found passage to the Heart.
*Deep wounding Plagues Avenging Heav'n beslow
On those Curse Heads to whom this los's we o're!
On all who Charles his Heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the Grave!*

Now, Painter, (if thy Griefs can let thee) draw
The saddest Scene that weeping Eyes e'er saw,
How on his Royal Bed, that wofull day,
The much lamented Mighty Monarch lay,
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a King,
No terror could the Lord of Terroirs bring.
Through many steady and well-manag'd years,
He'd arm'd his Mind 'gainst all those little fears
Which common Mortals want the Pow'r to hide,
When their mean Souls and valu'd Clay divide.
He'd studied well the worth of Life, and knew
It's troubles many, and it's blessings few.
Therefore unmov'd did Deaths approaches fee,
And grew familiar with his Destiny;
Like an Acquaintance entertain'd his Fate,
Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
Not as his Gaoler, but his friendly Guide,
While he for his great Journey did provide.

Oh could'ft thou expres the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning People left behind!
But that I fear will e'en thy skill deceve:
None but a Soul like his such goodness could conceive.
For tho' a stubborn Race deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a Father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,
His Crown's, his Virtue's, and his Mercies Heir,

P O E M S

Great *James*, who to his Throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his Flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the Foxes and the Wolves away.

Here, Painter if thou canst thy Art Improve,
And shew the wonders of Fraternal Love;
How mourning *James* by fading *Charles* did stand,
The Dying grasping the Surviving Hand;
How round each other's Necks their Armes they cast,
Moan'd with endearing murmur'ings, and embrac't;
And of their parting Pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to gues which yet could longest live.
Both their sad Tongues quite lost the pow'r to speak,
And their kind Hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious Pencil next display,
How round his Bed a beauteous Off-spring lay,
With their Great Father's Blessing to be Crown'd,
Like young fierce Lions stretcht upon the ground,
And in Majestick silent Sorrow drown'd

This done, suppose the Chastly minute nigh,
And Paint the Griefs of the sad Standers-by;
Th' unweary Rev'rend Father's pious care,
Off'ring (as oft as tears could stop) a Prayer.
Of Kindred Nobles draw a sorrowing Train,
Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;
How from each Groan of his, deriving smart,
Each fetcht another from a tortur'd Heart.
Mingled with these, his faithfull Servants place,
With different Lines of Woe in ev'ry Face,
With downcast Heads, swoln Breasts, & streaming Eyes,
And Sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting Skyes.

But yet their still remains a Task behind,
In which thy readiest Art may labour find.
At distance let the Mourning Queen appear,
(But where sad News too soon may reach her Ear),
Describe her prostrate to the Throne above,
Pleading with Pray'r the tender cause of Love
Shew Troops of Angels hov'ring from the Sky,
(For They whene'er she call'd, were always nigh);
Let them attend her Cries, and hear her moan,
With looks of beauteous sadness, like her own,
Because they know her Lord's great Doom is seal'd,
And cannot (though she ask it) be repeal'd.

POEMS

By this time think the work of Fate is done,
So any farther sad Description shun.
Shew him not Pale and Breathless on his Bed,
'Twould make all Gazers on thy Art fall Dead;
And thou thy self to such a scene of woe
Add a new Piece, and thy own statue grow.
Wipe therefore all thy Pencils, and prepare
To Draw a prospect now of clearer Air.
Paint in an Eastern sky new dawning Day,
And there the Embrio's of Time display,
The forms of many smiling years to come,
Just ripe for birth, and lab'ring from their Womb;
Each struggling which shall Eldership obtain,
To be first Grac't with mighty *James* his Reign.
Let the Dread Monarch on his Throne appear,
Place too the charming Partner of it there
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-Ey'd *Cupids* hover o'er her Head,
In his paint Smiling, yet Majestick Grace,
But all the wealth of Beauty in her face.
Then from the diff'rent Corners of the Earth,
Describe Applauding Nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own Auspicious *Omens* from his Reign.
Set at long distance his Contracted Foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose,
Draw shame or mean despair in all their Eyes,
And terror left th'Avenging Hand should rise.
But where his Smiles extend, draw beauteous Peace,
The Poor Man's cheerfull Toils, the Rich Man's Ease.
Here, Shepherds Piping to their feeding Sheep,
Or stretcht at length in their warm Huts asleep,
There jolly Hinds spread thro' the sultry Fields,
Reaping such Harvests as their Tillage yields,
Or shelt'r'd from the scorchings of the Sun,
Their Labours ended, and repast begun;
Rang'd on Green Banks, which they themselves did raise,
Singing their own Content, and Ruler's Praise.
Draw beauteous Meadows, Gardens, Groves, and Bowers,
Where Contemplation best may pass her Hours
Fill'd with Chaff Lovers plighting Constant Hearts,
Rejoycing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw ev'ry thing like this that thought can frame,

POEMS

Best fuiting with thy Theam, Great *James* his Fame,
Known for the Man who, from his Youthfull years,
By mighty Deeds has earn'd the Crown he wears;
Whose Conq'ring Arm far-envied wonders wrought,
When an ungratefull Peoples Cause he Fought;
When for their Rights he his brave Sword employ'd,
Who in Return would have his Rights destroy'd:
But Heav'n such Injur'd merit did regard:
(As Heav'n in time true Vertue will reward),
So to a Throne by Providence he rose,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's Foes.

F I N I S

P O E M S

Phædra to Hippolytus.

Translated out of OVID.

Thefeus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the Assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife. So together with her Sister Phædra they went on Board and sailed to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and Marries her Sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Thefeus her Husband's Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd Celibacy, and was a Hunter. Wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.

I F Thou'rt unkind, I ne'er shall Health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my Lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is feiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets safe to farthest Shores may move;
By Letters Foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd:
Long Shame prevail'd, not could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blusht to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to resist the Power of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound.
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll lose no care,
Search back thro' all my fame, thou'l find it fair.
But Love long breeding, to worst pain does turn;
Outward unhar'm'd, within, within I burn!
As the Young Bull or Courser yet untam'd,
When Yok'd or Bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd Heart in Love, can find
No Rest, th' unwonted Weight so toils my Mind.
When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our Riper Years with Rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing Rose,
Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows?

P O E M S

But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh in thy Love I shall no hazard run,
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should *Juno* leave her *Jove* to me,
I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee.
Believe me too with strange desires I change,
Amongst Wild Beasts I long with Thee to range.
To thy Delights and *Dæha* I incline,
Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine:
I long to know the Woods, to drive the *Deer*,
And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,
Shaking my Dart, then, the Chase ended, he
Stretch'd on the Grafts: And wouldst not thou be by?
Oft in light Chariots I with Pleasure ride,
And love my self the furious Steeds to guide
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray,
Or Old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as they
When under *Ida's* Hill they Off'rings pay
Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.
But still each little Interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain
Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
And to a Bull transform'd, Enjoy'd the Dame.
She, like my Mother, languish't to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with shame as well as pain:
The faithless *Theseus* by my Sister's Aid
The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made.
Now in that Family my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave:
'Twas fatal to my Sister, and to me,
She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee
Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone
When first our Vows were to *Eleusis* paid,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid,
'Twas there Thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,
Whilst Love's fierce Feaver rag'd in ev'ry Vein:
Where was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head,
A modest Blush thy comely face o'erspread.

}

P O E M S

That face which may be terrible in Arms,
But Graceful seem'd to me, and full of Charms.
I love the Man whose Fashion's least his Care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless Locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:
To see thee poise the Javelin, moves Delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my Sight.
But to the Woods thy Cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a Life as mine
Must cold *Diana* be ador'd alone,
Must she have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
That pleasure palls, if 'tis Enjoy'd too long,
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong
For *Cynthia*'s fake unbend and ease thy Bow,
Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useleſs grow
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,
Who wisely left Old Age for Youth like thine.
Under the spreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* could injoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* fought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught
Be thou and I next the bleſt *Sylvan* Pair,
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Desarts are.
With thee, through dang'rous Ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar
Between two Seas a little *Iſthmus* lies,
Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my Native *Crete*.
As we could wish, Old *Theſeus* is away
At *Theſaly*, where always let him stay
With his *Perithous*, whom well I fee
Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his hate,
We both have ſuffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My Brother firſt he cruelly did slay,
Then from my Sister falſly ran away,
And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey.

P O E M S

A Warlike Queen to thee thy being gave,
A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,
From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,
Nor though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he Murther'd her in Spight,
To Bastardize, and Rob thee of thy Right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of *Phædra's* fault.
Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of Mothers Pains:
How canst thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
From which himself so Abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names
Of worn-out Piety, in fashion Then
When Old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men
But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,
And with his Sister did himself begin.
Nearness of Bloud, and Kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd,
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown
A Mother's Kindnes to a grateful Son
No Need at Midnight in the dark to stray,
T'unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,
No busie Spies our Pleasures to betray.
But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live,
In publick kisses take, in publick, give
Though in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
From all, whilst none have senfe to guesl the Cause.
Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
Now where are all my Boasts of Greatnes gone?
I swore I ne'r would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the Right:
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees;
What's decent no true Lover cares or fees:
Shame, like a beaten Souldier, leaves the place,
But Beautie's Blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond Confession which I make,
And then some pity on my suff'rings take.

{

P O E M S

What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies?
Though my great Grandfire thunder from the Skies?
What though my Father's Sire in Beams drest gay
Drives round the Burning Chariot of the Day?
Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour save:
Jove's Famous Island, *Crete*, in Dow'r I'll bring,
And there shall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus* sake then hear and grant my Prayer,
So may't thou never Love a scornful Fair,
In Fields so may *Diana* grace thee still,
And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill,
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall,
So may the water-Nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their Sex despise, thy thirst allay.
Millions of tears to these my pray'rs I joyn,
Which as thou read'rt with those dear eyes of Thine,
Think that thou see'rt the Streams that flow from mine.

{

Epilogue at the Theatre in Drury-lane, 1680.

WHEN Cleopatra did her Tony take,
She was no Virgin, she was dowdy Black,
And thirty Years she had upon her Back.
True, she could hop, and dance, and sing, and leer
And had a Trick, they say, I know not where
No more such Cleopatras now are seen,
Our Whores are laid in pickle at eighteen,
And Ladies of the Age of twenty one,
Must Stick to their dull Lords, or lye alone
Sure there is some decay in Lovers Hearts,
For ye, fair Ladies, feldon fail your Parts.
Brave Boys we had that could Love's Causē maintain,
Till English Ale was routed by Champaign.
Ragous and Kickshaws bring us poor Relief,
Our lusty Grandfiers put their trust in Beef,
Def'd our Grandames in their native Brawn,
And shot twelve score in long Bows stify drawn
Our limber Age falls short of their high Play,
Yet we can slander twice as well as they.

P O E M S

And he who gets a Harlot in his Clutches,
Can take his Oath he has enjoy'd a Duchess.
The Man means well that bid so high for Vice,
A hundred Guineys is a Ladies Price
Truth is,—
Since Pence grow scarce, and Claps are fall'n of late.
Wife Men would get them at a cheaper Rate.
But Times are coming, Heaven have Mercy on ye,
When Toyes will not be had for Love or Money.
The Brethren will monopolize the Game,
And th'ablest Holder-forth shall win the Dame.
They will not Whore according to the Letter,
But in a Corner mumble Sister better.
This House will handfell the new Reformation,
You only dam us for your own Recreation,
But there's no Damning like Predestination.
Then will the Whigs be hang'd upon a String,
For they hate Poets as they hate a King
Lastly I speak it with a heavy Heart,
We and our faithful Yoke-fellows must part,
For in some leaky Vessels they will lade us,
Virginia we shall plant, and they Barbadoes

To

Mr. Creech,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF *LUCRETIUS*.

SIR,

WHEN your Book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good Nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read least I should not commend.
Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake
The powr of English Verse to undertake
This all men thought, but you are born, we find
T'outdo the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich Original we peruse,
And by it try the Metal you produce;

P O E M S

Tho there indeed the purest Ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the great *Lucretius* gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse,
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the Race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His Verse, and not so smooth a stroak maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to choose his ground.
Next, his Philosophy you've so exprest
In genuine Terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,
Those Murd'lers that now mangle it all day
In Schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If *Aristotles* Friends will shew the grace
To wave for once their Statute in that Cafe
Go on then Sir, and, since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aym yet at Lawrels higher:
Secure great injurd *Maro* from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
In *Holburn Rhyme*, and left the Book should fail,
Expos'd with Pictures to promote the sale.
So Tapsters set out signs for muddy Ale.
Youre only able to retreive his Doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome*:
For sure when *Julius* first this Isle subdu'd,
Your Ancestors then mixt with Roman blood,
Some near Ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, those three Sons of Fame;
Since to their memory it is so true,
And shews their Poetry so much in you.
Go on in Pitty to this wretched Isle,
Which ignorant Poetafters do defile
With lousy Madrigalls for Lyttick Verse,
Instead of Comedy, with nasty Farce
Would *Plautus*, *Terence* e're have been so lewd,
T'have dreft Jack pudding up to catch the Crowd?
Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made,
To shew a whining fool in Love betray'd
By some false Friend, or slippery Chambermaid;
Then 'ere he hangs himself, bemoan his Fall
In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call?

P O E M S

No, since we live in such a fulsome Age,
When Nonsense loads the Press, and choaks the Stage;
When Block-heads will claym wit in Natures spight,
And every Dunce that Starves presumes to write;
Exert your self, defend the Muses Cause,
Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
Make the dead Antients speak the British Tongue;
That so each chattering Daw who aymes at Song,
In his own Mother Tongue may humbly read
What Engines yet are wanting in his head,
To make him equal to the mighty Dead.
For of all Natures works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a Poet born:
Unbred, Untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senslessly, as Squirrels Jangle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound, May therefore you
Be ever to your Friends the Muses true,
May our defects be by your powers supplyd,
Till as our Envy now you grow our pride:
Till by your pen restor'd, in Triumph borne,
The Majesty of Poetry return.

London,
Jan. 10. 82.

THE EPILOGUE. *Written by Mr. Otway to his Play call'd Venice Preserv'd, or a Plot Discover'd; spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.*

WHEN too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease,
When noisome Blaines did its best Parts o'respread,
And on the rest their dire Infection shed,
Our Great Physician, who the Nature knew
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix't for three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on You.
He cast his searching Eyes o're all the Frame,
And, finding whence before one sicknes came,
How once before our Mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well Your Virtue, and apply'd You there:
Where so Your Goodnes, so Your Justice fway'd,

POEMS

You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd
When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all who struck the Monster dead?

See, see, the injur'd P R I N C E, and blefs his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loynes he came:
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
And Curse the *Paricides* that thirst for more.
His Foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware.
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him improve,
He wears a Sword will justifie your Love
With Blood still ready for your good t'expend,
And has a Heart that ne're forgot his Friend.

His *Duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey
Think what he's born, your *Quiet* to restore,
Repent your madnes, and *rebell* no more.

No more let *Bout'feu*'s hope to lead *Petitions*,
Serv'ners to be *Treas'lers*, *Pedlars*, Politicians;
Nor ev'ry *Fool*, whose Wife has *ript* at Court,
Pluck up a Spirit, and turn *Rebell* for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too Jealous of their Powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're malecontents that ev'ry where go arm'd
And when the *horned Herd*'s together got,
Nothing portends a Common-wealth like *that*

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of Wood,
Er'e yet *Philistines* fatten with your Blood.
Renounce your Priests of *Baal* with *Amen-Faces*,
Your *Wapping Feasts*, and your *Mile-End High-places*

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Post,
In recompence th' *Original* was lost.
At these, illustrious Repentance pay,
In his kind Hands your humble Offrings lay:
Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' *Attomng* Brother of your *Anger'd Lord*.
He only brings a *Medicane* fit to affwage
A peoples folly, and rowz'd Monarch's rage.
An *Infant Prince*, yet lab'ring in the Womb,
Fated with wond'rous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty Blessings home:

P O E M S

Send all your *Wishes* with him, let the Ayre
With gentle Breezes waft it safely there,
The Seas, like *what they'll carry, calm and fair*;
Let the *Illustrious Mother* touch our Land
Mildly, as hereafter may her Son command;
While our glad Monarch welcomes her to shoar,
With kind Assurance, she shall part *no more.*

Be the *Majestick Babe* then smiling Born,
And all good Signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of CÆSAR'S *Love* to an *obedient Land.*

{

Spoken to Her

Royal Highness, on Her Return from Scotland,

In the Year 1682

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attendl,
And every loyal Muse's loyal Friend,
That come to treat your longing Wishes here,
Turn your desiring Eyes, and feast 'em there
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er lose that Prefence more
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see.
From the vain Fool that would be great too soone,
To the dull Knave that writh the last Lanipoon!
Let such, as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
Hang their vile blasted Heads, and die with Shame
Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,
The Joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd.
From whom our present Peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future Generations blest
Time, have a Care: Bring safe the Hour of Joy,
When some blest Tongue proclaims a royal Boy.
And when 'tis born, let Nature's Hand be strong;
Bles him with Days of Strength, and make 'em long,
'Till charg'd with Honours we behold him stand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's conquering Sword within his Hand:

}

POEMS

Then th' *English* Lions in the Air advance,
And with them roaring Musick to the Dance,
Carry a *Qyo Warranto* into *France*. }

THE PROLOGUE To the *CITY HEIRESS*, Or, Sir *TIMOTHY TREATALL.*

Written by Tho. Otway. Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In striving to reclaim a vicious Age!
Poets may write the mischief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach
As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.
But where such Follies and such vices reign,
What honest Pen has patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly fnore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to Church to gloat and Ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here.
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run so very evenly your Race,
Y'improve in Wit just as ye do in Grace.
It must be so, some Dæmon has possest
Our Land, and we have never since been blest
Y'have seen it all, and heard of its Renown,
In reverend shape it stalk'd about the Town,
Six Yeomen tall attending on it's frown.
Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
But Heav'n have mercy on us when it swore!
Whene'er it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of his mouth at Random Halters flew
Rbound some unwary neck, by Magick thrown,
Though still the cunning Devil fav'd his own.
For when the Inchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug most dexterously uncast,
Left awfull form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us,
From silken Doctor, home spun *Ananas*:

P O E M S

Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix,
Where still by it's old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
To part with zealous Guiney for—no feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet Money out in Sham Thanksgivings?
Sham Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er,
But whoc'er paid for a Sham-Treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators hall?
I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye,
I could have entertain'd you worth your Money.

{

Prologue to Constantine the Great.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
That 'twas in Contradiction to Heav'n's Word,
That when its Spirit o'er the Waters stirr'd,
When it saw All, and said, That All was good,
The Creature *Poet* was not understood
For, were it worth the Pains of six long Days,
To mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays,
That starve out threescore Years in hopes of Bays.
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first Creation,
But came by meer equiv'cal Generation.
Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
Scarce knowing *Poets*, less by *Poets* known.
Yet this poor Thing, so scorn'd, and set at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Disabl'd wafting *Whore-Masters* are not
Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
Than fumbling, itching Rhimers of the Town,
T'adopt some base-born Song that's not their own.
Spit^o of his State, *my Lord* sometimes descends,
To please the Importunity of Friends.

P O E M S

The dullest He, thought most for Busyness fit,
Will venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit;
And though he sinks with his Imploys of State,
'Till common Sense forsake him, he'll Translate.
The Poet and the *Whore* alike complains,
Of trading Quality, that spoil their Gains;
The Lords will Write, and Ladies will have Swains.
Therefore, all you who have Male Issue born,
Under the starving Sign of *Capricorn*;
Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
And warn them early from the Sin of Rhime.
Tell 'em how *Spencer* starv'd, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
How *Butler*'s Faith and Service was return'd;
And if such Warning they refuse to take,
This last Experiment, O Parents, make!
With Hands behind them see the Offender ty'd,
The Parish Whip, and Beadle by his Side,
Then lead him to some Stall that does expose
The Authors he loves most, there rub his Nose,
'Till like a Spaniel lash'd, to know Command,
He by the due Correction understand,
To keep his Brain clean, and not foul the Land.
'Till he against his Nature learn to strive,
And get the Knack of Dullness how to thrive.

An Epistle to R. D.

MY much-lov'd Friend, when thou art from my Eyes
How do I loath the Day, and Light despise?
Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome Guest,
For though it bring small Ease, it hides at least;
Or if e'er Slumbers and my Eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing Dreams of thee
Last Night methought (Heav'n made the next as kind)
Free as first Innocence, and unconfin'd
As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their Bread with Care,
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above,
Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love,
Hundreds of cheerful Birds fill'd every Tree,

POEMS

And fung their joyful Songs of Liberty,
While thro' the gladsome Choire well-pleas'd we walk'd
And of our present valu'd State thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this sweet Retreat?
Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the Bait?
What Fish of Senfe would on that Shallow lye,
Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd Pafe;
When the wide River he behind him fees,
Where he may launch to Liberty and Ease?
No Cares or Busines here disturb our Hours,
While underneath these shady, peaceful Bowers,
In cool Delight and Innocence we stray,
And 'midst a thousand Pleasures wafte the Day;
Sometimes upon a River's Bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the Surface fly,
Just as the Sun declining, with his Beams,
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams,
Amidst whose Current rising Fishes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Bush,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And sing their Vespers ere they go to sleep
There we two lye, between us may be's spread
Some Book, few understand, tho' many read
Sometimes we *Virgil*'s sacred Leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
How *Juno*'s Rage did good *Aeneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido*'s State, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd,
He knew the fatal Danger of her Charms,
And scorn'd to melt his Virtue in her Arms.
Next *Nysus* and *Eurialus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendship, and their martial Fire,
We praise their Valour, 'cause yet matcht by none,
And love their Friendship, so much like our own.
But when to give our Minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,

P O E M S

Who can our Transports, or our Longings tell,
To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet Retirement much desir'd,
A generous Bottle and a lovesome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at Night,
If (as that only can) to add Delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
Dear *B——ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honest as the Sword he wears,
Wilson, professing Friendship, yet a Friend,
Or — *Short*, beyond what Numbers can commend,
Finch, full of Kindness, gen'rous as his Blood,
Watchful to do to modest Merit good,
Who have forsook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a Taste of Life to us come down,
With eager Arms how closely then w'embrace,
What Joy's in every Heart, and every Face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, tho' not with Store.
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain
Each waited on by a bright virgin *Lafs*,
Clean, sound and shining like its Drinker's *Glaſs*.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tries
T'improve, 'till he deserves his Sacrifice
No faucy Hour perfumes to flint Delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis Night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his Heart,
And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
Where no vexatious Cares come near his Head,
But every Sense with perfect Pleasure's fed,
'Till in full Joy dissolv'd each falls asleep,
With twining Limbs, that still Love's posture keep,
At dawn of Morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving Love 'till the next Night:
Then we the drowsie Cells of Sleep forfake.
And to our Books our earliest Visit make;
Or else our Thoughts to their Attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;

P O E M S

While the poor under-Faculties resort,
And to her sickly Majesty make Court,
The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully, no Ent'rance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the Mind,
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
Attended by those fine-drest Gentlemen.
Reasom, the honest Counsellor, this knows,
And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes,
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular Sway.
Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!
This Image when it came, too fiercely shook
My Brain, which its soft Quiet strait forsook,
When waking as I cast my Eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worse to me,
No Friend, for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were seiz'd, which to divert I fram'd this Pray'r.
Gods! Life's your Gift, then season't with such Fate,
That what ye meant a Blessing prove no Weight
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd,
Of this your Play-thing made in hafte, the World,
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease,
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
Then fix me, and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in Power, the woful'st State of Man;
To be by Fools mis-led, to Knaves a Prey
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.

The Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for Quiet here.
For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,

POEMS

For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.
Since Wealth and Power too weak we find,
To quell the Tumults of the Mind,
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait;
Happy the Man with little blest,
Of what his Father left possest,
No base Desires corrupt his Head,
No Fears disturb him in his Bed
What then in Life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain Designs intend?
From Shoar to Shoar why shoud we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun?
For baneful Care will still prevail,
And overtake us under Sail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind
If then thy Soul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's Cares away.
In Laughter let them all be drown'd.
No perfect good is to be found
One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
Another's lingring Death comes slow;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me
Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please
For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

A Pastoral on the Death of his late Majesty.

WHAT horrors this that dwells upon the Plain,
And thus disturbs the Shepherds peaceful Reign?
A dismal sound breaks thro' the yeilding air,
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is neer.

P O E M S

The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,
The early Larks forsake their wandring way,
And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
Each Nymph possest with a distractred fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd hair.
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign;
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with Apoplestic seizures slain:
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
Each humble plant do's drop her silver tears.
Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay.
O're all the universe let it be spread,
That now the Shepherd of the flock is dead.
The Royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal sleep.

Begin, *Damela*, let thy numbers fly
Aloft, where the safe milkey way does ly,
Mop'fus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing,
Shall joyn with you, and hither waft our King
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in Notes thro' all th' Arcadian Plain,
The Royal Pan, the Shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne're to return from death's eternal sleep

The COMPLAINT. A Song to a Scotch Tune.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.
For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

• My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold,

POEMS

But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold,
Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Desert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Blis contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend
Ah, *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive
To act a Healer's Part,
'Twill keep but lingring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, pensive Bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast,
Her Cruelty all Ease denies,
With some sad Dream I start,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, through the Path I rove
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the fenceless Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells,
With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart,
Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more.
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

P O E M S

The Enjoyment.

I.

CLASPT in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I strove,
My fluttering spirits, wrapt in fire,
By love's Mysterious Art,
Borne on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart

II

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my head,
When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now *Celia* Dies!

III.

Fainting, she pressed me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, dissolved in Charms,
When, with a shiv'ring Voice, she cried,
Must I alone, then, die?
No, no, I languishing replied,
I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift joys our Wishes did out-run:
Then launched in rolling seas of Bliss,
We bid the world adieu;
Swearing, by every charming Kiss,
To be for ever true.

The Enchantment.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
"Twas but for one half Hour,
Then to resist I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

POEMS

II.

To sigh, and Wish, is all my Ease:
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice;
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my Heart
One corner of your Breast,
'Twould learn of you's the winning Art,
And quickly steal the Rest.

The First Elegy of Tibullus.

That he contemns Riches and Glory, love only, and
Delta's Charms being worthy his Ambition.

LET others raze enormous heaps of Gold,
And by sure Tenure, num'rous Acres hold;
Whom daily fears of neighbr'ing Foes affright,
While the shrill Trumpet breaks their sleep at night.
Me let my easy Poverty release
From anxious cares, in Liberty and Ease,
While my glad Heart with daily fires is bright,
And Slumbers, undisturb'd with Cares, at Night.
Still let the Seasons Crown my Smiling Field,
Of kindly Fruits a plenteous Harvest yeild.
Still may the product of my loaded Vine
Swell all my Vessels with nectareous Wine.
My self th'industrious Husband-man will be,
And set with ready Hand the Apple Tree,
And in due Season plant the tender Vine;
Nor e'er the joys of Solitude resign.
Nor shall I blush the rustick Fork to wield,
Or goad the sluggish Ox to plow the field;
Or in my Arms to bear the straggling Lamb,
Or tender Kid home to the mourning Dam.
With rural Rites my careful Shepherd here
I'm us'd to lustrate each revolving Year;
Propitious sacred *Pales* to retain,
I sprinkle Milk upon the rising Grain.

P O E M S

For still I worship where soe'er I see
An ancient Stone, or remnant of a Tree,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd in open Field,
Or where three ways decisive limits yield.
The rural Gods as offerings shall receive
The earliest Fruit, my loaded Orchards give.
Thy Temple-Gates O *Ceres* I'll adorn
With auburn Wreaths of ripen'd Ears of Corn
And in my Orchard let *Priapus* stand
With the dire sickle in his ruddy Hand,
To scare the noxious Birds from off my Land.
And you, my Household-Gods shall have your due,
More spreading Fields were once preserved by you,
The Guardians once of large extended Plains.
Now one small Farm your kind Protection gains.
A Cow-Calf then for num'rous herds of Kind
Fell a lustration to your Powers Devine
A Lambkin now at Your blefs'd Altar dies
Of narrow Soil the mighty Sacrifice
A Lambkin to your Deities shall fall,
While round the rustick Youths on you shall call.
Good Harvest and good Vintage oh! bestow!
Harvest and Vintage to your smiles we owe.
Be present O ye Gods! nor yet disdain
To take the off'rings of a Lowly Swain,
Tho' such small Earthen Vessels them contain
The Swains of old in earthen Bowls carous'd,
E'er glittering Gold or Silver yet were us'd
And you, ye Thieves and Wolves my Flock refrain,
Your prey from larger Herds you'll easier gain.
My Father's Wealth below my just desire,
Or the full Gran'ries of his potent Sire.
A little Crop my wishes will supply,
It is enough upon my Couch to lie.
Let me on that my weary'd Limbs repose,
And give a Toilsome Grandeur to my Foes
On that reclin'd how pleasing 'tis to hear
The Winds inclement make tumultuous War,
Clasping within my Arms my clinging Fair.
Or when by Winter's Cold congeal'd the Rain,
In rattling showers assaults my Hut in vain.
Della and I secure to flumbers haste,
Lull'd by the rocking storms and Winter's Blast.

POEMS

This be my Fate, let Riches be their Share,
Who can the Fury of the Billows dare,
And patient of the Weather, tempests bear.
My wishes move within a narrow bound,
Content at last with Little I have found.
The tedious Paths to wealth no more I'll stray
My easy Soul abhors that rugged way
Beneath the shadow of some spreading Tree,
From Fear, from Hope, from Toil, from Wishes free,
Upon the Brink of a cool tumbling Stream,
I shun the Dog-Star's fierce and sultry Gleam,
Oh! perish rather all ye glittering Gold,
And Jewels which fond Mortals precious hold,
Than any tender She let fall a Tear,
Struck, by the Danger of my Ways, with fear!
In thee *Messala*, War has wond'rous Charms,
While Land and Sea are conquer'd by thy Arms.
When as the Crown of all thy glorious Spoils
Bound with Love's Fetters here will I remain,
I cannot break soft Beauty's lovely Chain.
No lust of Praise invades my Peaceful Breath,
Whilst thus with thee, my *Delta*, I am blest.
Of Sloth and Idleness I court the Fame,
Thou art a solid Good, That but a name.
If thou, My *Delta*, still with me remain
To yoke the Steers my self, affords no Pain.
I can when thou art by, on lonely Downs
Feed from my Herds, secure from Delia's frowns
While Thee I can within my Bosom keep,
I on the rugged Ground can calmly sleep
Of what avail are *Tyrian* Beds of Down
When Love averse will only give a frown,
The tedious Night in Tears will slowly move,
The Joys of Night we only owe to Love.
Tis not the Down, nor yet the *Tyrian* Loom,
Nor all the Golden Carpets of thy Room,
Nor the soft murmurs of the waters fall,
Can to thy Rescue gentle slumbers call.
How dull is He! more lumpish far than Lead,
Who can have thee within his happy Bed,
And yet woul'd leave thee to the dire Alarms,
(In chase of Spoils) of horrid martial Arms.
Tho' his victorious Troops subdue the Foe,

POEMS

And wait his Nod where e'er he please to go;
Tho' clad in Silver, cover'd o'er with Gold,
Upon his prancing Horse, most graceful to behold.
Thee let me view when I resign my breath,
Thee let me grasper'en in the Pangs of Death;
And pres with fault'ring Hands thy Lovely Arms,
In Death, my *Delta* still woul'd have her Charms.
You'd weep my *Delta*, when you saw me die,
Behold me on my bed expiring lie,
On my cold Lips thy kisses thou wouldst fix,
While flowing Tears with thy dear kisses mix.
Yes you would weep, you wou'd let fall a Tear;
Those lovely Eyes a drooping wou'd wear.
I know thee well, all tenderness thou art,
Nor Steel, nor Stone in thee have any part,
But Love and soft Compassion fill thy Heart.
No from my Funeral, no kind Youth wou'd go,
Nor tender Virgin ere their Tears did flow.
Spare, spare my Manes, gentle *Delta*, spare
Thy lovely Locks, thy bright dishevell'd Hair,
And violence to that dear Face forbear.
While Fate permits, then let us joyn our loves,
Death with his gloomy Brow too swiftly moves,
And feeble age steals on, when Love will be
Indecent and in vain in thee and me.
With hoary Hair's soft toys will not agree.
Now is the time bright Venus to enjoy,
And taste the pleasures of the wanton Boy
While Youth is high, the pretty Strifes of Love,
It's War and Peace a sweet delight will move
In this a Soldier's Merit I may claim,
And e'en a General's more exalted Fame:
Far hence ye Ensigns, far ye Trumpets Sounds,
To thos'e who caourt them, bear your Blood and Wounds.
Bear to the same the heaps of Gold away,
For Gold and Fame I yield their sordid Prey.
Pleas'd with my present store Securely wife,
Hunger and Wealth I equally despise.

P O E M S

Translations out of the Seventh Elegy of the Third Book of Tibullus.

To the Cruel *Nemesis*, against the Bawd, who disappointed
his Happiness

By Mr *Owney*

MANY by Death their fatal Evils end,
Credulous hope do's still their Reign extend,
And promise Wonders from the following Day,
To Morrow's Sun Shines always bright and gay.
Hope feeds the Husband-Man, and sooths his Toil,
Hope lends the Seed-Corn to the furrow'd Field
May to his thirsty wishes Golden Harvests yield:
This to the Snare the heedleis Birds betrays,
This to the hidden Hook the finny Race
The Gall-Slavebound fast in Solid Gyves
From this a comfort to his woes derives,
Who, whilst his Legs resound with clinking Chains
Tuggs at the Oar and sings amidst his Pains
Hope shews me *Nemesis* all soft and kind,
But still averse the foward Nymph I find
Let not the Goddes's of they Name appear,
Ah! Cruel Maid! leis fierce and leis severe,
Ah! spare my anguish and thy Hate abate
I begg this for thy Sister's timelef's Fate.
Disturb not with thy cruelty from her Grave,
But with a speedy smile thy Votary save
She is my Saint, I to her Tomb will bear
My Gifts and Chaplets wet with many a Tear,
Yet to her Tomb I'll fie, her Suppliant prove,
And with her Silent Urn deplore my Love.
She will not leave her Client to his Pain,
Nor let his Tears, for thee, be ever vain.
I charge thee therefore in her Name to prove,
More Swiftly kind to my complaining Love
Left her neglected Manes in the Night
Thy confousious Slumbers, with fad dreams affright;

POEMS

And stand before thee all besmeared with Blood,
As She fell downward to the Stygian Flood.
But hold—that dismal Story I'll forbear,
Lest I renew my Fair One's anxious Care,
I am not so much worth to call from her one Tear
Nor is it fit that Tears shoul'd e'er disguise
The Lustre of those ear Loquacious Eyes.
The Bawd's my Foe, and makes my Vows all vain
The tender Maid would pity else my pain;
Phryne the Bawd against me bars the Door,
A Bawd is still, obdurate to the Poor
Within her secret Bosom she conveys
The Am'rous Billets for the Man that pays.
Oft when the pleasing Music of her Voice,
Alarms my Heart with the approaching Joys,
Tho' to the Door the well known Accents come,
This Cursed Bawd will swear she's not at home.
And often when my Soul is all on Fire,
Summon'd by Love, and swelling with desire,
E'en in the Harbour all my joys are split,
The eager Lover, *Phryne* won't admit.
But with dissembled Terrour in her Air,
Pretends that sudden Pangs have seiz'd my Fair,
Or that some threaten'd Danger must that night
Prorogue the promis'd moments of Delight,
Oh! then my wounded Soul in Cares Expires,
And feel's new anguish from my jealous Fires.
My pregnant Fancy soon begets Alarms,
And paints some happy Lover in her Arms,
Paints all the Tumults of the ravish'd Pair,
And all the several ways he grasps the Fair.
Then fall my Curses on thy destin'd Head,
Detested *Phryne*! better thou wer't Dead,
Than that the Gods but one of them should hear,
For all the Racks that the most guilty fear,
Wou'd be thy hated Lot, thy cursed snare.

POEMS

Elegy III. Book IV of the Same Poet.

Sulpitia to Cherinthus, against his Hunting.

By Mr. Otway.

AH! spare, ye gentle Boars, my lovely Boy
(From his dear Arms you need not fear annoy)
Whether thro' Flow'ry Meads you take your way,
Or o'er the shadowy pathlef's Mountains stray.
Nor Whet your Tusks with Fury to destroy,
Love is the Guardian of my lovely Boy:
The lust of Hunting leads his Feet a-stray,
And far from Love directs his devious way.
Oh! perish all ye Woods, ye yelping Hounds,
Wound me no more with your detested sounds.
What strange fantastick Notions fill that Mind,
That in these sports can any pleasures find;
To set the Woody Hills a-round with Toils,
With Hands all torn, to seek such worthlefs' spoils!
Yet cou'd I with my dear *Cherinthus* Rove,
Through devious Forests and the shady Grove,
O'er mountains, I the winding Net wou'd bear,
And Chase with pleasure the Iwift-footed Deer,
I wou'd uncouple with these Hands the Hounds,
And fancy Music in their deep-mouth'd Sounds;
Then Wou'd the Fields, then wou'd the Woods delight.
If in thy Arms I lay my Love, my Light,
Before the very toils, my charming Boy,
Diffolv'd in Pleasures Panting with the joy:
Tho' in the Net, the Boar might safe retire,
And not disturb our Bliss with furious Ire.
Then without me ne'er taste the sweets of Love,
But a Chaste Hunter in my absence prove,
And may the ravenous Beasts of Prey destroy
Whatever She wou'd clasp my lovely Boy.
Then to thy Parent quit the Huntsman's Charms,
And swiftly fly to thy *Sulpitia's* Arms.

POEMS

Health Breeds—

HEALTH breeds care; love, hope and fear;
What does love or bus'ness here?
While Bacchus merry does appear,
Fight on and fear no sinking:
Charge it briskly to the brim,
Till the flying topfails swim.
We owe the great discovery to him
Of this new world of drinking.

Grave cabals that states refine,
Mingle their debates with wine;
Ceres and the god o' vine
Makes ev'ry great commander,
Let sober sots small-beer subdue,
The wife and valiant wine does woe,
The Stagyrite had the honor to
Be drunk with Alexander

Stand to your arms, and now advance,
A health to the English King of France,
On to the next, a bon speranze,
By Bacchus and Appollo.
Thus in state I lead the van
Fall in your place by your right-hand man,
Beat drum! now march! dub a dub, ran dan,
He's a Whigg that will not follow

LOVE - LETTERS

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much *Torment* to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest Complaint I love you, I dote on you, *Desire* makes me mad, when I am near you; and *Despair*, when I am from you Sure, of all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable. It haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking, every melancholly Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful, and every delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other *unease* *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate *Recourse* to some kind of *Succour* or another In *Wants*, we apply our selves to our *Friends*; in *Sicknes* to *Physicians*. But *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, must be endur'd with *Silence*, no *Friend* so dear to trust with such a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* so powerful to remove its *Anguish* Since the first Day I saw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet* I lov'd you early, and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching *Face* of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace* give Way But when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish *Pride* enough to promise my self I would in time recover my *Liberty*. In spight of my *enflav'd Nature*, I swore against my self, I would not *love you*. I affected a *Rejentment*, stifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, so much as once to *upbraid* you, each Day it was my Chance to see or to be near you: With stubborn *Sufferance*, I resolv'd to bear, and brave your *Power*. Nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with *Wine*, or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Dæmon* that possess'd me; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it so unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a *treble Interest* for the *short Moments of Ease*, which I had borrow'd, then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me 'till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those *Sluices* of Tears, that were to run 'till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my best Condition: Nay, Time it self, that decays all things else, has but *encreas'd* and *added* to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your *Neglect* of me, perfwades me that

LOVE - LETTERS

you are so). Even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that *Tenderneſs* of Spirit, that *Purity* of Truth, and that *Sincerity* of Heart, that I could ſacrifice the nearest *Friends*, or *Interests* I have on Earth, barely but to please you. If I had all the *World*, it ſhould be yours, for with it I could be but *miferable*, if you were not mine. I appeal to your ſelf for *Justice*, if through the whole *Actions* of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let you ſee how *absolute* your *Authority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always ſacred to me, your *Smiles* have always transported me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In ſhort, you will quickly become to me the *greatest Blessing*, or the *greatest Curſe*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot ſo much as look on you without *Confuſion*, *Wishes* and *Fears* riſe up in *War* within me, and work a cursed *Diſtракtion* thro' my Soul, that muſt, I am ſure, in time have *wretched Consequences*. You only can, with that healing *Cordial*, *Love*, affwage and calm my *Torments*; pity the *Man* then that would be proud to dye for you, and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out *Fortune* from the *Balance*) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juſter Pretence to your *Heart*, than the *Unfortunate*, (and even at this time) *Weeping*

OTWAY.

IN Value of your *Quæſt*, though it would be the *utter Ruine* of my own, I have endeavour'd this Day to *perfwade* my ſelf never more to trouble you with a *Paffion* that has tormented me ſufficiently already, and is ſo much the more a *Tormens* to me, in that I perceive it is become *one* to you, who are much *dearer* to me than my ſelf. I have laid all the *Reasons* my *distracted Condition* would let me have recourse to, before me: I have conſulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's Possession*, I ought to *ruine* all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more bleſt in, tho' no *Man* ever lov'd as I did. But *Love*, victorious *Love!* o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his *Nature* never to remember, he ſtill looks forward from the *present Hour*, expecting ſtill *new Dawns*, *new rising Happiness*; never looks back, never regards what is *paff*, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the *hot fierce* purſuit of *Joy* before him: I have conſulted too my *very ſelf*, and find how *careleſs* *Nature* was in *framing* me, ſeaſon'd me hafily with all the moſt *violent* *Inclinations* and *Desires*, but omitted the *Ornamenta* that ſhould make thoſe *Qualities* become me. I have conſulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how *foolifhly* I wish *Poffeſſion* of what is fo precious, all the *World's* too cheap for it, yet ſtill I *love*, ſtill I *date* on, and *cheat* my ſelf, very content, because the *Folly* pleaſes

LOVE - LETTERS

me. It is *Pleasure* to think how *fair* you are, tho' at the same time worse than *Damnation*, to think how *cruel*. Why should you tell me you have *shut your Heart up for ever?* It is an Argument *unworthy* of your self, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from *a little* of your *Friendship*. Can your *Age*, your *Face*, your *Eyes*, and your *Spirit* bid *Defiance* to that *sweet Power*? No, you know better to what end *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage *Youth* and *Pleasure* than to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis *me*, 'tis only *me* you have barr'd your *Heart* against. My *Sufferings*, my *Diligence*, my *Sighs*, *Complaints*, and *Tears* are of no power with your *haughty Nature*, yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to *pity* them, not shift me off with *gross*, *thick*, *home-spun Friendship*, the common *Coin* that passes betwixt worldly *Interest*s: must that be my *Lot*! Take it, *Ill natur'd*, take it, give it to *him* who would waste his *Fortune* for you, give it the *Man* would fill your *Lap* with *Gold*, court you with Offers of vast rich *Posseſſions*, give it the *Fool* that hath nothing but his *Money* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *glorious Happi-ness*, you bid me welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your *Side-table*, when I have the best Pretence to your *Right hand* at the *Feast*. I *love*, I *dote*, I am *mad*, and know no measure, nothing but *Extreams* can give me *ease*, the kindest *Love*, or most provoking *Scorn*. Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the *Cure*, it might indeed take off the *Edge* of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not *odious* to your *Eyes*, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a *Man* that holds you dearer then you can the *Child* your *Bowels* are most *fond* of, by that *sweet Pledge* of your *first* softest *Love* I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting *Pangs* of mine, pity my unquiet *Days* and restless *Nights*, pity the *Frenzy* that has half posseſſed my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus *ravingly*. The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at *peace* than I am! And if I must never posseſſ the *Heav'n* I wish for, my next *Desire* is, (and sooner the better) a clean-swept *Cell*, a merciful *Keeper*, and your *Compaffion*, when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

SINCE you are going to quit the *World*, I think my self oblig'd, as a *Member* of the *World*, to use the best of my Endeavours to *divert* you from so *ill-natur'd* an Inclination. Therefore, by reason your *Visits* will take up so much of this *Day*, I have *debarr'd* my self the opportunity of waiting on you this *Afternoon*, that I may take a *time* you are more *Mistress* of, and when you shall have more *leisure* to hear, if it be possible for any *Arguments* of mine to take place in a *Heart*, I am afraid too much

LOVE - LETTERS

harden'd 'against me: I must confess it may look a little *extraordinary*, for one under my Circumstances to endeavour the *confirming* your good *Opinion* of the World, when it had been much *better* for me, one of us had *never* seen it. For *Nature* dispos'd me from my *Creation* to *Levo*, and my *ill-Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* so long to so *faithful* a *Passion*, had *Nature* dispos'd her from her *Creation* to *hate* any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this *trifling*, for I have so many *Thoughts* of this *Nature*, that 'tis impossible for me to take *Pen* and *Ink* in my Hand, and keep 'em *quiet*, especially when I have the *least* pretence to let you know, you are the *Cause* of the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.

COULD I see you without *Passion*, or be *absent* from you without *Pain*, I need not beg your *Pardon* for this renewing my *Vows*, that I *love* you more than *Health*, or any *Happines*s here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new *Charm* to me; and tho' I have *languish'd* for seven long tedious *Years of Desire*, jealously despairing; yet every *Minute* I see you, I still discover something *new* and more *bewitching*. Consider how I *love* you, what would not I renounce, or *enterprize* for you? I must have you *mine*, or I am *miserable*, and nothing but knowing which shall be the *happy Hour*, can make the rest of my *Life* that are to come tolerable. Give me a *word* or two of *Comfort*, or resolve never to look with common *Goodnes*s on me more, for I cannot bear a *kind Look*, and after it a *cruel Denial*. This *Minute* my Heart akes for you: And, if I cannot have a *Right* in yours, I wish it would ake 'till I could complain to you no *longer*.

Remember poor OTWAY.

YOU cannot but be *senfible* that I am *blind*, or you would not so openly discover what a *ridiculous Tool* you make of me. I should be *glad* to discover whose Satisfaction I was *sacrific'd* to this Morning: for I am sure your own *Ill-nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, meerly to try how much I could *bear*, were it not for the sake of some *A's*, that has the Fortune to *please* you: In short, I have made it the *Buf'nes*s of my *Life* to do you *Service*, and *please* you, if possible, by any way to *convince* you of the unhappy *Love* I had for *seven Years* toil'd under; and your whole *Buf'nes*s is to pick *ill-natur'd Conjectures* out of my harmlesfs *Freedom of Conversation*, to *vex* and *gall* me with, as often

LOVE - LETTERS

as you are pleas'd to DIVERT your self at the *Expence* of my *Quiet*. Oh, thou *Tormentor!* Could I think it were *Jealousie*, how should I *humble* my self to be *justify'd*; but I cannot bear the Thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *Good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a *Woman* that designs nothing but to *plague* me.

There may be means found, some time or other, to let you know your MISTAKING.

YOU were pleas'd to send me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further Satisfaction, in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with, I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time to-morrow, and send me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me, that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bles all your bewitching Sex or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

**TEXTUAL
NOTES**

TEXTUAL NOTES

Venice Preserv'd

THE text here exactly follows the first quarto, 1682, which has been collated from a copy in the library of Mr G Thorn-Drury. The corrections of misprints, such as *Prinle* for *Prisuli* in the Personæ Dramatis and elsewhere, have been marked in the notes as such occur. The work of two composers may be traced in the first quarto. The setting of the second composer is generally characterized by older forms of spelling as by the consistent misprinting of *Priul* as *Prml*; *Pierre* often appears as *Perrie*. It has not seemed worth while to record the variations of names in later editions, e.g. *Bramveil*, *Branveil*, and *Braunville* for *Bramveil*; *Elliot* for *Eliot*, *Reuellido* for *Reuellido*; *Bedamar* (in Act II) for *Bedamore*, since the *editio princeps* alone has any authority, and save on account of some accidental point of interest 4tos 1696 and 1704 may be disregarded. The text of Thornton, as usual, is rife with blunders and mistakes, and modernized beyond all imagination. The so-called facsimile of the first quarto, edited by Rowland Strong, quarto 1885, Exeter, is extremely faulty and unreliable. Nor is McClumpha's reprint, Belles-Lettres Series, free from serious errors. It is, moreover, completely vitiated by a wholesale abandonment of the original use of capitals. The notes are jejune and ill-informed to a degree. The text of the reprint of *Venice Preserv'd* in the *Temple Dramatists*, 1898, is inaccurate, whilst from the point of view of scholarship this edition has no more value than the issue in Dicks' penny Plays.

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| p 11, l 29 | (<i>thanks Heaven</i>) 4to 1704 and subsequent editions, (<i>thanks t' Heav'n</i>). |
| p 12, l 3 | <i>Prinle</i> 4to 1682, <i>Prinle</i> |
| p 12, l 8. | <i>Bedamar</i> 4to 1704, which is followed by most subsequent editions, gives this name after Antonio as " <i>Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador</i> .
Mr Gallow " |
| p 13, l 6 | <i>leave</i> 4to 1704 and most subsequent editions, " <i>leave me</i> " |
| p 13, l 7 | <i>sufferings</i> 4to 1696, 1704, " <i>Suffering</i> " |
| p 14, l 5 | <i>nor no more</i> 4to 1704 omits " <i>nor</i> ," and so most subsequent editions |
| p 14, l 13 | <i>Vessel side.</i> 4to 1704 and post, " <i>Vessel's side</i> " |
| p 15, l 6 | <i>But she is gone forget her</i> 4to 1696 prints as one line |
| p 16, l 12 | <i>I have now not 50 Ducats</i> 4to 1696 and post, " <i>I've not now fifty
Ducats</i> " |
| p 17, l 23 | <i>makes us . tells us</i> 4to 1704, " <i>make us . tell us</i> " |
| p 18, l 5 | <i>filthy Cuckoo too</i> Thornton, whose recension McClumpha ingeniously praises as " <i>the first serious attempt to revise the text of
the plays,</i> " with rare humour reads in this passage " <i>that filthy
cockatoo,</i> " |
| p 19, l 7 | <i>long Acquaintance</i> 4to 1704 and post, " <i>long acquainted</i> " |
| p 22, l 18 | <i>Oh Belvudera! double I am a Begger</i> 4to 1704 and post saepius,
" <i>doubly I'm a Beggar</i> " McClumpha, " <i>double I am a beggar</i> " |
| p. 23, l 25. | <i>own Nauseousnes</i> ' 4to 1704 and post omit " <i>own</i> " |

VENICE PRESERV'D

- p. 23, l. 34 *Are loose.* 4to 1704 and post, "They're loose."
 p. 24, l. 35. *may I not be* 4to 1704 and several subsequent editions, "mayn't
 I be"
- p. 25, l. 2 *and doubly Fools* 12mo 1728 omits
 p. 26, l. 10 *buy Pins* 12mo 1728, Thornton and several late editions add a
 stage direction, "[Gives him a Purse.]"
 p. 26, l. 14. *Well!* 12mo 1728 connects this with the preceding line.
 p. 27, l. 8 *I be that Friend* 4to 1704, "I would be," and so later editions
 p. 27, l. 22. *Villian* 4to 1696, "Villain"
 p. 27, l. 41 *from opprobrious.* 12mo 1728 and several subsequent editions, "from
 those opprobrious"
 p. 28, l. 38 *first* 4to 1704 and post, "worst"
 p. 28, l. 40 *good Prospeſt* 12mo 1728 and subsequent editions, "goodly"
 p. 29, l. 34 *great assembly* 4to 1704, 12mo 1728 and post omit "great"
 p. 31, l. 29 *lovely* 12mo 1728 and post, "lovelyly"
 p. 31, l. 31. *watery bottom.* 4to 1682 misprints "watery bottm"
 p. 32, l. 6 *I had but one Friend* 4to 1704, "I'd", 1712, 1728, and later,
 "I'ad"
 p. 33, l. 35 *thin clad* 4to 1682, "then clad"
 p. 34, l. 38 *tell me, tell me* 12mo 1728 and later, omit one "tell me"
 p. 36, l. 8 *Rump* 4to 1704 and later editions, "Romp"
 p. 38, l. 27 *when Godlike* 12mo 1720, "when the Godlike"
 p. 40, l. 13 *was thine?* McClumpha wrongly prints "was thine!" and adds an
 erroneous note "thine Q1, exclamation"
 p. 41, l. 2 *fears* 4to 1696 and later, "Fear"
 p. 44, l. 14. *foil* 4tos 1696, 1704, 12mo 1728, and most subsequent editions
 read "Soil"
 p. 45, l. 26 *His thoughts seem full* 4to 1682 misprints "His thoughts seem full"
 p. 45, l. 38. *that were well.* 4to 1682 misprints "that we're well"
 p. 48, l. 2. *and yet still kept* 4to 1704 and post omit "and"
 p. 48, l. 6 *a most profound* 4to 1704 omits "a."
 p. 48, l. 7 *I've heard it all.* 4tos 1682 and 1696 misprint "I've hard it all"
 p. 49, l. 12 *Meant foul play* 4to 1704 and post, "He meant foul play"
 p. 49, l. 15 *Would not do less* 12mo 1728 misprints "Who would do less?"
 Thus giving "who" twice
 p. 50, l. 8 *Put, put up* 4to 1704, "Put up thy Sword," only reading "Put"
 once And 4tos, 1696, 1704 read, "the Sword"
 p. 50, l. 10 *we yet may live* 4to 1704 and post, "We yet may all live"
 p. 51, l. 13 *we had* 4to 1704 and post, "we'd"
 p. 52, l. 1 *sinking Nations* 12mo 1728, "sinking Notions"
 p. 52, l. 37 *sufferings* 4tos 1696, 1704, and post, "Suffering"
 p. 52, l. 37 *my life, Love* 12mo 1728 omits "Love"
 p. 53, l. 13. *If thou lose* 4to 1696 and post, "if you lose."
 p. 53, l. 17. *ranging* 12mo 1728, "raging"
 p. 53, l. 20 *perhaps to lay* 12mo 1712 and post, "may lay." Thornton reads,
 "perhaps too lay"
 p. 53, l. 21. *May catch.* 12mo 1728, "To catch"

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 53, l. 40 *wantings* 12mo 1728, "Warnings"
 p. 54, l. 23. *Prints* 4to 1682, here and on all subsequent occasions, prints the name "*Prints*"
 p. 55, l. 40 *Truth with the fear* 4to 1704 and post, "Truth, which the Fear"
 p. 56, l. 36 *orders* 4to 1704 and post, "Order"
 p. 57, l. 18 '*till morning*' 4to 1682 adds to this line "to be our" and gives "Prisoner" as a separate line.
 p. 57, l. 36 *Already at our Dores* In 4to 1682 these words continue as prose after "Treason's"
 p. 58, l. 1 *Enter Pierre* 4to 1682 here prints "Pierre," and thus for the rest of the play
 p. 59, l. 39 *leave me Hippocrate* 12mo 1728 omits "me"
 p. 59, l. 41 *know thee not* 4to 1682 misprints "know the not"
 p. 60, l. 21. *Jaffer, that once lov'd* 12mo 1728 omits "Jaffer."
 p. 60, l. 23 *this vle death* 12mo 1728, "the vile Death"
 p. 61, l. 11 *thou relent* 4to 1704 and later, "you relent"
 p. 62, l. 31 *to earth* 4to 1704 and later, "on earth"
 p. 62, l. 33 *Mercy! kind Heaven* McClumpha reads, "'Mercy,' kind Heaven!"
 p. 62, l. 36 *Bow the weight.* 4to 1704, "Bow with the weight," which is presumably correct
 p. 65, l. 2 *dagger half out* 12mo 1728 omits "half"
 p. 66, l. 26 *haſt vanquifh'd me* 12mo 1728, "haſt Conquer'd me"
 p. 68, l. 25 *oh! e'r* 4to 1696, "oh! e'er", 4to 1704, "how'er," which is probably the correct reading
 p. 68, l. 43 *By yon bleſſ'd Heaven* 4to 1704, "By yon bless'd Heaven"
 p. 74, l. 27 *blessings* 4to 1704, "Blessing"
 p. 77, l. 18 *I wou'd* 4to 1704 and post, "I'd have"
 p. 81, l. 21 *all leave me* 4tos 1696, 1704, omit "all"
 p. 83, l. 9 *his planness* 12mo 1712, "this Plainness"

The Atheist

The first quarto of *The Atheist, Or, The Second Part of The Soul'ders Fortune*, 1684, presents some very curious and confused features of typography. Page 32, which ends ACT III, has catchword THE and is followed by p. 41 ACT IV. The sequence of scene and dialogue is, however, correct. On p. 49 we have catchword *Lady*, but the verso is numbered p. 54, and commences *Grat*. For my Honour. Page 54 concludes *End of the Fourth ACT*, and p. 55 commences ACT V, having catchword *Lucr*. The verso of p. 55 is numbered 52 and commences "Thou rampant Goat abroad." Page 53 commences "Dard Those I've provided." The catchword is *Grat*, but the verso is numbered 50 and commences "Lady Still am I scorn'd then." Page 5 follows with catchword "Thou," but the verso is numbered 56 and commences "Lucr. Yes Huzzy, . . ." From this point we continue

THE ATHEIST

in order until p. 73, the verso of which is numbered 72, instead of 74, so the last page becomes 75. These errors are obviously due to something more than a wrong folding of the sheets

- p. 95, l. 5 *Daredevil* 4to 1684 fluctuates between *Daredevil* and *Daredevill*.
For consistency I have retained the former spelling throughout.
p. 104, l. 1 *Cham'd out of the City* 4to 1684 misprints "Chan'd"
p. 106, l. 28 *not unworthy my Friend* 4to 1684, "my Friend's"
p. 116, l. 27. *considerable Sum* Later editions printing "inconsiderable" have
missed the point
p. 128, l. 1 *I deserve your Faith* 4to 1684 misprints "I desere your Faith"
p. 133, l. 22 *we have more Friends to meet us* 4to 1684, "more Fiends"
p. 134, l. 34 *what a plague's this* 4to 1684, "what a plagu's this"
p. 166, l. 18 *Heark there the screaming Fiends* *Heark* 4to 1684 prints this
speech in italics as part of the stage-direction
p. 168, l. 26 *old Orthodox* 4to 1684 misprints "old Orthhodox."

The Poet's Complaint of His Muse

- p. 173, l. 1 *THE POET'S COMPLAINT* Text from the original quarto, 1680 Printed for T. Norman at the Pope's Head in Fleet Street Price 6d Included in Dryden's *Miscellany* (Tonson) The few reprints, and in particular Thornton's edition, are very faulty
p. 196, l. 1 *Windsor Castle* Text from the original quarto, 1685 London, Printed for Charles Brome, at the Gun, at the West-end of St Paul's. It was reprinted in Dryden's *Miscellany*, Part III Thornton gives a very inaccurate text
p. 205, l. 38 *and Thunder where he trod* 4to 1685 misprints "Tunder"
p. 210, l. 9 *true Virtue will reward* 4to 1685, "will regard" "Reward" is undoubtedly the correct reading here
p. 211, l. 1 *Phædra to Hippolytus* Text from Ovid's *Epistles translated by Several Hands*, 1680
p. 215, l. 20 *Epilogue* 1680 Text from *Miscellaneous Works, Written by His Grace, George Late Duke of Buckingham* 8vo 1704
p. 216, l. 23 *To Mr Creech* Text from *T. Lucretius Carus Done into English Verse The Second Edition* Oxford, Printed by L. Lichfield, Printer to the University For Anthony Stephens, Bookseller near the Theatre, 1683 The first edition, 1682, does not contain the complimentary verses
p. 218, l. 24 *The Epilogue Spoken upon his Royal Highness* Text from the broadside
p. 220, l. 12 *Spoken to Her Royal Highness* Text from the broadside
p. 222, l. 16 *Prologue to Constantine the Great* Text from the broadside

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- p. 223, l. 25 *Epistle to R. D.* Text from Tonson's *Miscellany Poems*, 8vo, 1684.
- p. 226, l. 34 *The Sixteenth Ode* Text from Tonson's *Miscellany Poems*, 8vo, 1684.
- p. 227, l. 35 *A Pastoral* Text from Mrs Behn's *Miscellany*, 8vo, 1685.
- p. 228, l. 27 *The Complaint* Text from Dryden's *Miscellany*, Part II
- p. 231, l. 11 *The First Elegy of Tibullus Elegy VII, Book III Elegy III, Book IV*
Text from *The Works of Petronius Arbiter* 1713
- p. 238, l. 1. *Health Breeds* Text as transcribed by Rimbault and communicated
to *Notes and Queries* in 1852
- p. 241, l. 1 *Love-Letters* Text from *Familiar Letters Written by the Right
Honourable John late Earl of Rochester And several other Persons
of Honour and Quality With LETTERS Written by the most
Ingenuous Mr THOMAS OTWAY . . . for Sam Briscoe.* 8vo,
1697

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- p. 9 **EPISTLE DEDICATORY** Other tragedies dedicated to the Duchess of Portsmouth are Lee's *Sophonisba, or, Hannibal's Overthrow*, 4to, 1676, and Crowne's *The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian* In Two Parts 4to, 1677
- p. 9 *an Apple to an Emperour* The Emperor was Theodosius II, who reigned 408-50 See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, XXXII The great historian says "The celebrated story of the apple, &c., is fit only for the Arabian Nights where something not very unlike it may be found" A countryman presented Theodosius with a beautiful apple, which he gave to the Empress Eudoxia She, however, bestowed it upon Paulinus, who was presently executed by command of the jealous emperor But the apple, although a trifling gift, had an erotic signification This episode plays a considerable part in Massinger's *The Emperor of the East*, where there is a scene of the rustic fellow presenting the apple. Lee's fine tragedy *Theodosius, or, The Force of Love* makes no pretence at following history
So in *The Tale of Three Apples*, *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Sir Richard Burton, Benares, 1885, Vol 1, pp 186-192, the husband who has with great difficulty procured his wife three apples, sees a great ugly black slave who passes his shop "holding in hand one of the three apples wherewith he was playing Quoth I O my good slave, tell me whence thou tookest that apple, that I may get the like of it" He laughed and answered I got it from my mistress, for I had been absent and on my return I found her lying ill with three apples by her side, and she said to me My horned wittol of a husband made a journey for them to Bassorah and bought them for three dinars So I ate and drank with her and took this one from her When I heard such words from the slave, O Commander of the Faithful, the world grew black before my face" In fact, the husband returns home and murders his wife Moreover, the deed, when discovered, is held to be practically justified At least the Caliph says, "By Allah, the young man is excusable," and he goes scot free The gift of an apple was equivalent to granting the last favours
- p. 10. *The Young Prince* Charles Lennox, born 29 July, 1672, created Duke of Richmond 9 August, 1675, died 1723
- p. 11. *these distracted times* The Prologue was published as a broadside, 1681, simultaneously with the production of the play. There are also broadsides of the Prologue and Epilogue, 1682 They prefer "unsettled" to "distracted" in this line
- p. 11. *Inch-board*. "For they produc'd (to prove this) a fellow that could make a demure long prayer as well as a thumping false oath and he swore home (or, as we say, thro' an inch board) against records" *The Late*

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Famous Tryal of Mr Hickerlingill, London, folio, 1681, p 9. Also the Epilogue, spoken by Underhill, to Durfey's *The Royalist*, 4to, 1682

Then, if you want a Swinger at a word,
Zounds I'll swear for you thro' a two-inch board.

p. 11 *black Bills* See Adam Eliot *A Modest Vindication of Titus Oates the Salamanca-Doctor from Perjury or an essay to demonstrate him only forsworn in several instances*, folio, 1682 Printed for the Author and sold by Joseph Hindmarsh Eliot tersely remarks that he deems Oates' lying stories of the "40,000 Black-bills, the Army of Spanish Pilgrims and Military commissions from General D'Olva (S. J.) so monstrously ridiculous that they offer an intolerable affront to the understanding of any man who has but a very indifferent account of the affairs of Europe"

A Song upon Information (1685) sings

Forty thousand Black-bills by the Post
Brought in with the Devil's Pupils

p. 11 *Spanish Pilgrims* *The History of the Damnable Popish Plot* (London, 1680), In its various Branches & Progress, Published For the satisfaction of the present and future Ages, By the Authors Of *The Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome*, a scandalous and lying piece of blackguardism, in Chapter VII gives "The nature and scope of the Plot in general, laid open" One of the proceedings was to be "a general Massacre, to which purpose they had formed an Army, which was to consist of Fifty-thousand to be Listed about London. The Officers all resolute Papists and for the most part French and Irish These they gave out were know to Cut the Throats of One-hundred-and-thousand Protestants, especially being taken upon a Surprize, when the *Militia of London* was unprovided and Undisciplin'd, and the Country generally Disarm'd as aforesaid And besides, the Conspirators had the French, and also many thousands of Pilgrims and Lay-Brothers daily expected from Spain to assist them" There is an allusion to these mysterious Pilgrims in *The Swearing-Master, Or A Conference Between two Country-Fellows Concerning the Times*, London, 1681, two leaves, folio "Ned Suppose now that Lazarello of Tormes and the Knight of the Oracle should take their Corpulent Oaths before Mr Brushum, That seven Pilgrims in Buckram, with every one a brown Bill in his Pocket, knock'd thee (or say me) i' th' head yester-evening about six a clock (or say between six and seven, to be sure) should either thou or I (think'st thou) be such wicked profligate Unbelievers as to give no credit to the Evidence especially since in such Cases (as Gaffer Whisker the Constable tells us) they Swear for the King?"

Crowne in his *The City Politiques*, IIII, which after having been banned for some six months was by the Lord Chamberlain's order of 18 December, 1682, at length allowed, and so probably not produced until early in the new year, thus laughs at this stupid canard of the Pilgrims

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"*Florio* There's a *French Fleet* upon the coast, and Six of the principal Commanders lurk in the disguise of Pilgrims about Mount *Vesuvio*, to burn the Town by night, and let in their friends.

Podesta I knew all this several hours ago

Florio Is it possible, my Lord? You have an excellent intelligence

Podesta So I have

Florio I'm sure 'tis not half an hour since I invented it [Aside

Podesta What do you think made me raise the Militia?

Bricklayer Was it for that?

Podesta Do you think I rais'd 'em for nothing? I never do a foolish thing."

And a little later the Podesta disguises himself "Now will not this deal with Pilgrims? [Arm'd with a Blunderbuss at his back]" There is a false alarm, "Bless me!" he cries, "here's a Plot" "Some of the French Pilgrims to murder you, and burn your house," says Rosaura Cf *No Protestant Plot* (180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685)

The Spanish Pilgrims, once hir'd to cut your Throats
Are landed now at Milford Haven believe your Saviour Oates

p 11. *one murther'd Magistrate* The allusion is to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, a justice of the peace for the county of Middlesex and the city of Westminster, before whom on 6 September, 1678, Titus Oates made affidavit to the truth of the contents of the paper where he had written the lying articles concerning the Plot. On 28 September Oates again swore to the truth of his information before Godfrey, with whom he left a copy. On 17 October the corpse of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was discovered in the fields at the foot of Primrose Hill. There seems no doubt that the unfortunate man was assassinated by Oates and his gang to lend colour to their schemes

p 11. *And fit his pliyant Limbs to ride in chair* According to the lying information of Bedloe, a perjured wretch of infamous and criminal life, who was examined by the King and Secretaries on 7 November, 1678, at the bar of the House of Commons on 10 November, at the bar of the House of Lords two days later, and again by the Commons on 18 November, Godfrey had been murdered on Saturday, 12 October, at Somerset House, the Queen's palace. To secure a similar confession Miles Prance, a silversmith, was subjected to illegitimate and illegal pressure—it is possible he was even tortured in Newgate, although this was denied, at any rate he was clapped up in a freezing and fetid dungeon, loaded with irons, and bullied until he was wellnigh distraught. A story of Godfrey's murder was thus wrung from him. He said that on 12 October the magistrate had been decoyed into Somerset House, where he was strangled. At midnight on Wednesday, 16 October, the corpse, "Grown four days stiff," as Otway has it, was placed in a sedan chair and carried as far as Soho Church, whence it was conveyed to Primrose Hill on horseback by Laurence Hill, servant to Dr Gauden, the treasurer of the Queen's chapel. All this was, of course, rank fiction, and Prance many years after

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gave Sir Roger L'Estrange an account of the manner in which his evidence had been extorted. He declared he was wholly innocent and wholly ignorant of the murder. Bedloe swore that on Monday night, 14 October, the murderers agreed "to carry the body in a chair to the corner of Clarendon House, and there to put him in a coach to carry him to the place where he was found" 6 *State Trials*, 1487. On 7 November, 1678, when examined before the King (*Longleat MSS. Coventry Papers*, XI, 272-74), Bedloe deposed "The Chapel keeper carried him [Godfrey's corpse] off. They carried him off in a chair, about Piccadilly and so on to the fields."

p 11 *to ride in chair* The broadsides here have the following

Here are no Turks of such a monstrous statur
And some believe there are none such in Natur
But here's a Traitor too,

p 11 *Here is a Traitor too* Renault It would seem that in some particulars Renault is a satire on Shaftesbury, who is more particularly aimed at, however, in Antonio Renault shows his malignant evil, Antonio his lusts and lechery

p 11 *Mother Creswold's* There are very many references to this most notorious procress. Before the Restoration she was keeping house in Moorfields. *The Proceedings, Votes, Resolves, and Acts of the late Half-quarter Parliament Called The Rump As it was taken out of their own Journal-Books and Printed for the general Satisfaction of the Nation*, folio 1660 (a MS. note upon the British Museum copy has 6 March, 1659), a pleasant satire upon the Rump Parliament, notes "Ordered, That the Earl of Pembroke does very well in going to Mistress Creswells in Moor-fields, to mortifie his pamper'd flesh, and that it is no sin for a Quaker to go a whoring after strange women, provided he did not go a whoring after strange gods" In Shadwell's *The Miser*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 1672, 4to 1672, V, Theodore says "Were I a Poet, I would invoke Creswell or Gifford, before any Muse in Christendom" In Duffett's extraordinary Epilogue to *The Empress of Morocco*, a farce produced at Drury Lane in 1674, Hecate and the three Witches sing

To the Tune of, A Boat, a Boat, &c

*A health, a health to Mother C—
From Moor-fields fled to Mill-bank Castle
She puts off rotten new-rig'd Vessel*

Gallantry A-la-mode, A Satyrical Poem, 1674, which bears the motto from Mantuan, *Semel insanumus omnes*, has (p 8).

*At Giffords, Creswells, and elsewhere
Where precise Damsel does appear,
Perhaps you've bin, no greater Cheat
Is shewun there Lady spruce and neat*

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War Horns, Make Room for the Bucks with Green Bowes, 1682.

*Non est Inuentus yet? Then, Doctor! go
To Cresswells, he's there may be, who does know?*

Radcliffe's The Ramble, 1682, The Poor Whore's Song (p. 26)

From thence I march'd to *Creswells House*,
Under the name of a Merchants Spouse,
And there I play'd the secret Lover,
Lest jealous Husband shou'd discover

Oldham's A Satyr 1684 Dissuading the Author from the Study of Poetry,

Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,
And hope upon her stuck of Wit to live,
She must to *Creswell's* trudg to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to him, as well as Brains

John Phillips' *Don Quixote*, folio, 1687 (p 195). He "carry'd her to much such another House as Mother *Creswel's*, and left her in the custody of an Aunt of his, not so mean as *Mrs Buly*, and yet a little below the Degree of *Madam Bennet*"

Robert Gould's *A Satyr Against Woman, Writ in the Year 1680, Poems, 1689* (p 145)

Creswel and Stratford the same footsteps tread,
In Sin's black Volume so profoundly read,
That, whensoere they dy, we well may fear,
The very tincture of the Crimes they bare,
With strange Infusion will inspire the dust,
And in the Grave commit true acts of Lust.

A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs Fanatick Zeal (p 38).

Example, we do own
Then Precept better is,
For Creswel she was safe,
When she liv'd a *Private Miss*

London's Loyalty (p 80)

Player now grows dull, and pines for want of whore,
Poor *Creswel*, she can take his word no more,
Three hundred Pounds, is such a heavy Yoak,
Which not being pay'd, the worn-out Bawd is brok

A Song at the Loyal Feast at Westminster Hall (p. 344)

No more can *Sedition* and *Church-Reformation*
Come from flogging at *Creswells* to saving the Nation

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The Hunting of the Fox (p 364)

Scour the Globe to the Axles,
From Pole to Pole, then retire
And center at Mother Creswels
The Fox us'd to harbour there.

A Collection of 80 Loyal Poems, 1685, p 86

That's worse than Mother Creswel's flogging is

The Charter (p 154)

Shall double Drink place to feeling so give ?
Shall't be Madam Creswel and not Mis Keeling ?

Mrs Cresswell was extensively patronized by the Whigs, whose party she greatly affected, and she is said to have been very active in ministering to the vices of Shaftesbury. Her affectation of Puritan piety is admirably satirized by Tom Brown in his *Letters from the Dead to the Living* "From Madam Creswel of pious Memory to her Sister in Iniquity Moll Quarles of known Integrity". The answer from Moll Quarles has much humour.

In Tempest's *Cries of London* may be found an engraving said to represent Mrs Cresswell, concerning whom some particulars, which are, perhaps, not very authentic, have been collected in Grainger's *History of England*, Vol VI

The Observator, No 78, Wednesday, 7 December, 1681 "Whig Yes, yes, Madam Creswell is Convicted Tory So says Dick Janeway (No 64) [after above Thirty Years Practice of Bawdry] Well! 'Tis an unknown deal of mony that Good Woman has got by the way of True-Protestant Concubiscence, But Moor-Fields stands in so Pleasant an Air, and then there's the Finest Walk there, for Meditation, from a Wench to a Sacrament" Presumably Mother Cresswell died about 1683, as *The Observator*, Monday, 2 June, 1684, has "What an Encouragement and matter of Edification, would it be to Youth, to see a Grave Senator, doing his Gambols in Moor-Fields than the Vaulting-School of Mother Cresswell of Famous Memory"

The Female Fire-Ships, A Satyr against Whoring, 4to, 1691, we have

Then would no Bawdy, Swatford, Temple, Whipple,
Cresswell nor Cozens, who so lov'd the Nipple,
Nor other Female Fackesses unknown,
Want that disgrace is due to Vice alone

p 11. *Oh Poland, Poland!* The infamous Shaftesbury aspired to be chosen King of Poland in 1675 when John Sobieski was elected to that Throne. This piece of insensate ambition and a certain physical infirmity, to wit, an abscess that in order to preserve his life had to be kept continually open by a silver pipe, got him the nickname of Count Tapsky. In Act V of Dryden's

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opera *Albion and Albanius*, produced at Dorset Garden June, 1685, "Fame rises out of the middle of the Stage, standing on a Globe, on which is the Arms of England. The Globe rests on a Pedestal. On the Front of the Pedestal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twisted about his Body. He is incompt by several Phanatical Rebellious Heads, who suck Poison from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side." Sarotti describes Shaftesbury as "un cadavere spirante" (December, 12-22, 1679), so the satire is very exact.

In *The Medall, A Satyre Against Sedition*, March, 1682, Dryden speaks of "The Polish Medal"

So like the Man, so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light
One Side is fill'd with Title and with Face
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys

Mrs Behn in her capital comedy *The City-Herress, or, Sir Timothy Treat-all*, III, 1, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1682, 4to, 1682, has most pleasantly laughed at Shaftesbury and his follies, especially when Wilding in disguise with a long retinue announces to Sir Timothy "The Poldanders by me salute you, Sir, and have in this next new Election prick'd ye down for their succeeding King."

A highly amusing pasquil on the same subject appeared in a folio tract of four pages entitled *A Modest Vindication of the Earl of S——y, In a Letter to a Friend concerning his being elected King of Poland*, 1681. Squibs such as *Scandalum Magnum, or Potapki's case*, *A Satire against Polish Oppression*, 1682, and the versified *Last Will and Testament of Anthony, King of Poland*, abounded.

p 12. *Mr D Williams* David Williams, who must be distinguished from the more celebrated Joseph Williams. David Williams played minor rôles, such as Achilles in Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida, or, Truth Found too Late*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1679, 4to 1679, when Joseph Williams acted Æneas, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, in Crown's *The Mistery of Cravil-War*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1680, 4to 1680, the Second Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, according to the printed cast in the quarto of 1676, in the autumn of 1681 at Dorset Garden, Richard Plantagenet, heir of the House of York, pretender to the Crown, in the same author's *Henry the Sixth, The First Part*.

p 12 *Antonio, a fine Speaker in the Senate* This character is a very particular satire upon that lewd and hateful wretch, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, who may not untruly be said to have been one of the founders of the Whig faction. Patron and friend of the vile Titus Oates, true to no principles, to no party, he engineered the persecutions of the so-called Popish Plot, promoted the illegal Exclusion Bill, and steeped himself in every species of disloyalty, treachery, and crime, until he was impeached and put on his trial for high treason in November, 1681. By a mixture of fraud and violence he escaped the just penalty of his misdeeds,

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but, branded with the brand of Judas and of Cain, he found it convenient to fly to Holland in November, 1682, and there in the following January this execrable monster breathed his last, leaving "A Name to all succeeding Ages curst."

It may be remarked that in Renault Otway has portrayed the anarchical practices and plotting of Shaftesbury, although the incident of the rudeness offered to Belvidera does not let us forget his profligacy, whilst Antonio exhibits his lust and lechery. Antonio is "Sixty-one Years Old," the exact age of Shaftesbury at this time. The genius of Dryden aptly scaries Shaftesbury in *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medall*.

Upon the stage Shaftesbury appeared as the Chancellor in loyal Nevil Payne's tragedy, *The Siege of Constantinople*, produced at Dorset Garden in November, 1674, 4to, 1675. Some very plain traits of the crooked politician can also be recognized in Otway's grim figure of Marius Senior in *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, acted at Dorset Garden, 1679, 4to, 1680. Southerne drew him as Ismael, "a Villanous Favourite" in *The Loyal Brother, or The Persian Prince*, acted at Drury Lane in 1682, 4to, 1682. Sir Timothy Treat-all in Mrs. Behn's comedy of that name, acted at Dorset Garden in 1682, is a full-length portrait. There is one exquisitely humorous scene, V, I, where the ultra-respectable household of the true-blue Whiggish knight, been alarmed by a sham-burglary, a half-naked female hurriedly bolts from Sir Timothy's chamber. When, after his arrest, Shaftesbury's house in Aldersgate was suddenly searched for incriminating documents, a common whore was found concealed under his bed. In John Banks' effective melodrama *Vertue Betray'd, or, Anna Bullen*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682, 4to, 1682, Shaftesbury has become a quite unhistorical Cardinal Wolsey. Crowne, in his mordant *The City Politiques*, allowed by special order 18 December, 1682, and so probably produced at Drury Lane in January, 1683, 4to, 1683, presents him as the Podesta of a most un-Italian Naples. This capital comedy scaries many of the gang. Shaftesbury's "unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy," appears as the oaf Crafty, Dr Panchy is Titus Oates, the Bricklayer, Stephen Colledge, Bartoline, Sergeant Maynard or Aaron Smith. In the following winter Lee drew him very fitly in *Constantine the Great*, 4to, 1684, as Arius the heresarch,

The subtlest Snake, the softest civil Villain
That ever warm'd himself in Prince's Bosom,
Diseases, Blasts, Plagues, Death and Hell are in him,
Whate're his Outside seems, this shameless Traitor
Was the foul Spring of all those poison'd Waters,
That late had like to overflow the Empire,

a candid allusion to the so-called Popish Plot. Having glanced at his old enemy in *Albion and Albanius*, Dryden once more depicted him as Benducar in that great tragedy *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*, produced at Drury Lane in December, 1689, 4to, 1690.

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So Duke in *The Review (Poems on Several Occasions, 1717)* smartly satirizes Shaftesbury.

Of that accurst and sacrilegious Crew,
Which greatly Merit of Rebellion grew,
Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,
The false *Antonius* had suffic'd alone,
To all succeeding Ages to proclaim
Of this State Principle, the Guilt and Shame.

Lewd as the Stews, but to the blinded Eyes
Of the dull Crowd, as Puritan precise,
Before their Sight he draws the Jugler's Cloud
Of publick In'trest, and the People's Good
The working Ferment of his active Mind,
In his weak Body's task with Pain confin'd,
Would burst the rotten Vessel where 'tis pent,
But that 'us tapt to give the Treason vent

- p. 12. *Pierre Jacques-Pierre*. "Un tale Giacques Piere, Francese di Normandia, corsaro di professione, di spirto grande, ma nutrito nel male, capace d'ogni sceleratezza" Battista Nani *Historia della Republica Veneta* Seconda impressione (p. 157). Venetia, 1663
- p. 12. *Bedamar* 4to, 1704, and later editions distinguish this name from the list of Conspirators, as "Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador."
- p. 12. *Aquilina* The hint of this character is due to Saint-Réal Gregorio Leti in his *Vie du duc d'Orsone* (Amsterdam, 1699), has meticulously copied the courtezan from Saint-Réal, but he gives her the name Menandra.
- p. 14. *Brigandine* A small vessel equipped either for sailing or rowing. Loosely applied to various kinds of light foreign craft Cotgrave, 1611, has "Brigantin, a low, long, and swift Sea-vessel, bigger than the fregat, and lesse then a foist and having some 12 or 13 oares a side, we call it also a Brigantine"
- p. 14. *The Adriatick wedded by our Duke* The great Doge Pietro Orseolo II, who reigned 991-1008, having suppressed the Dalmatian pirates, instituted a ceremony which one hundred and eighty years later became the famous *Sposalizio del Mare* or Wedding of the Adriatic On the morning of Ascension Day, a State barge bearing the Chapter of San Marco sailed to meet the Doge's barge, later called the Bucintoro On its arrival two Canons intoned the Litany, and the Bishop solemnly blessed the Water, aspersing the Doge and his suite as they slowly passed along in glad procession
- During the sojourn in Venice of Pope Alexander III (Orlando Bandinelli), who occupied the Chair of S Peter from 1159-81, this pageant was elaborated into the festival of La Sensa. The Pontiff handed a consecrated ring to the Doge, Sebastiano Ziani, saying "Receive this

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as a pledge of the sovereignty which you and your successors shall for ever have over the sea." The annual ceremony consisted of a vast assembly of gilded galleys and gondolas which early on Ascension morning swept out to sea headed by the Bucintoro, where sat the Doge, the Patriarch, the clergy, foreign ambassadors, and high officials. A halt was made at the Island of Sant' Elena, where in its exquisite old church the Bishop of Castello pontificated High Mass. All then passed with much pomp and majesty through the Porto of the Lido into the open Adriatic. A halt was made, and the Patriarch blessed a golden ring which the Duke cast into the waves, uttering the formula, *Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum perpetui dominii*, "Sea, we wed thee in token of our true and perpetual dominion over thee!" Trumpets blared, and music sounded over the waters. All then assisted at High Mass in the Church of S. Nicolo in Lido, the which done, the Cavalcata returned to Venice. A banquet was given in the evening at the Ducal Palace, a great fair was held in the streets, and the city gave itself up to a week's holiday. With some few modifications the Wedding of the Adriatic was thus solemnized until the fall of the Republic on 16 May, 1797.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood —*Childe Harold*

p 18 *Hirco*. From *hircus*, a he-goat, buck. The use of *hircus* meaning a lecher is rare, but nevertheless is found Cf Plautus, *Mercator*, II, ii, 1 *Profecto ego illunc hircum castrari uolo*, and 4 *Quasi hircum metuone uxor me castret mea* Catullus, XXXVII, has.

*Solis licere quicquid est puellarum
Confutuere, et putare ceteros hircos*

Professor Robinson Ellis wrote "My earlier view, emphasizing *ceteros* and explaining *hircos* as = *salaces*, 'and yet damn for lewdness all the world beside,' is less in accordance with the prevailing use of *hircus*." Most commentators consider the rank odour of the he-goat to be the dominant idea, as in Horace, *Epodes*, XII, 5, *an grauis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis*. But Professor Ellis himself in his Excursus on Catullus LXXI, 1, where the MSS. read, *Si qua uro bono scortorum (Canonicci codex scortorum) obstitit hircus*, suggests *Si quer, Uirro, Bonae scortatorum obstitit hircus*, which he confesses to be a little far-fetched. But I think the phrase *scortatorum hircus* (=a confirmed lecher) may stand, and it is also conjectured by A. Palmer

"Ramirez del Prado," points out Professor Ellis, in reference to Catullus XXXVII, 5, "on Martial, III, 93, ii (*et illud oleas, quod uiri capellarum*), thought that as the he-goats lick the *natura* of the female, *hircos* might be used for *fellatores*, and this idea may possibly be included." This seems to me completely borne out by Suetonius, *Tiberius*, XLV "Feminarum quoque, et quidem illustrum, capitibus quanto opere solitus sit illudere,

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- evidentissimi apparuit Mallonæ cuiusdam exitu, quam perductam, et quicquam amplius pati constantissime recusantem, delatoribus obiecit, ac ne ream quidem interpellare desut, *Equis pæniteret* donec ea, relicto iudicio, domum se abripuit, ferroque transagit, obscoenitate oris hirsuto atque olio seni clare exprobata. Unde nota in Astellano exodio, proximus ludis assensu maximo excepta, percrebut *Hircum uetulum capreis naturam figurare*.
- p 24 *th' Ephesian Matron* This famous story is best known from the *Satyricon*, where it is related by Eumolpus. *Petronii Satrae*, tertium edidit Franciscus Buecheler, Berlin, 1895, III, p 77. But it seems actually to be far older than Petronius. For a full account of the origin, development, and variants of the tale consult Grisebach, *Die treulose Wittwe, eine Chinesische Novelle und ihre Wanderung in der Welt-litteratur*, Stuttgart, 1877. Amongst other places it is told in the *Ludus Septem Sapientum*, by John of Salisbury in his *De Nugis Curialium* (VIII, 11), as a novella by Guarneruzzi in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* (No. 59). It is the fabliau *De la femme qui se fist putan sur la fosse de son mary*. La Fontaine has *La Matrone d'Éphèse* (a long list of the versions, ancient and modern, may be found in Regnier's edition of La Fontaine, Vol. VI, p 63), and Voltaire has used the incidents in Zadig, c 11, "Le Nez Coupé". Père du Halde, in his *History of China*, translation, London, 1736, says that it is popular in that empire, and it finds a place in the *Contes Chinois traduits*, published by Rémusat, Paris, 1827. George Chapman has made it the plot of his comedy *The Widdowes Tears*, 4to, 1612, and there is a tragicomedy upon the same subject by Pierre Brinon, Paris, 1614.
- p 24 *mumping* To mump here is to mumble with the gums, to munch or nibble Cf Davenant's *The Tragedy of Albovina, King of the Lombards*, 4to, 1629, IV, 1
 *were my lean jaws unmuffed,
You should see me mump, like a Matron that
Had lost her teeth*
- The mumping squirrel is a tame squirrel which nibbles nuts. McClumpha explains the word in this passage as to chatter or grin
- p 29 *a Sea-coal fire* Coal brought to London by sea, and as sea-coal distinguished from charcoal the common coal of the period. Cf the Epilogue spoken by Joe Haines to Lee's *Gloriana, or, The Court of Augustus Cæsar*, produced at Drury Lane, January, 1676
- The Misses, those Delights of human kind
No longer in their dear Side-boxes shin'd,
But each to Chamber-practice did retire
With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-Coal Fire.*
- p 38 [She Whips him] Cf The scene in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, produced at Dorset Garden in May, 1676, III, when Mrs Figgup is about to administer flagellation to old Snarl, who cries "I was so us'd to't at Westminster School, I could never leave it off since . . . I love Castiga-

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tion mightily." Also Dryden's second Prologue to *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*, produced at the Theatre Royal in March, 1667

Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd, e're you see a Play
Just as old Sinners, worn from their delight,
Give money to be whip'd to appetite.

The Epilogue, spoken by Joe Haines, to Lee's *Gloriana, or, The Court of Augustus Caesar*, produced at Drury Lane, January, 1676, concludes

We'll deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
And treat you like those Punks that love for Pay,
Cartwright and I, dress'd like two thundring Whores,
With rods will stand behind the Play-house Doors,
And firk ye up each Day to Pleasures duly,
As Jenny Cromwell does, or Betty Buly.

p. 39 *censur'ſt* Censure here implies to judge or estimate Cf *King John*, II
 both your armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured

p. 42 *Nose-slitters* A not uncommon form of assault In Shadwell's *The Miser*, produced at the Theatre Royal, January, 1672, III, the Bully breaking in upon Squeeze and Lettice roars out "What, you do this for an old Rascal, they say, that keeps you, if I can learn his Name or catch him here once, I'll cut off both his Ears and his Nose, both his Arms and his Legs" On the night of 21 December, 1670, Sir John Coventry, M P, in consequence of an idle but impudent jest, was waylaid by a party of the Guards, who maltreated him in this manner The House of Commons bitterly resented the outrage, and two of those concerned, Sandys and O'Bryan, were attainted and outlawed Andrew Marvell, in a caustic satire, *Royal Resolutions* (*State Poems*, sixth edition, 1710, p 253), writes

And whate'er it cost me, I'll have a French Whore,
As bold as Alice Pierce, and as fair as Jane Shore,
And when I'm weary of her, I'll have more
Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Nose,
Tho' for't I a Branch of Prerogative lose

There is another allusion in *Farther Instructions to a Painter* In A Ballad, call'd *The Hay-market Hectors* (*State Poems*, III, The Second Edition, 1716, pp 60-62), we have.

I Sing a woful Ditty
Of a Wound that long will smart-a,
Giv'n, the more's the pity
In the Realm of *Magna Charta*

• Youth, Youth, thou'dst better been slain by thy Foes,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Nose

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O ye Hay-market Hectors,
How came you thus charm'd,
To be the Dissectors
Of one poor Nose unarm'd ?

Unfit to wear Sword, or follow a Trumpet,
That would brandish your Knives at the word of a Strumpet.

Beware all ye Parlamenteers,
How each of his Voice disposes,
Bab May in the Commons, *C. Rex* in the Peers,
Sit telling your Fates on your Noses,
And decree at the mention of every Slut
Whose Nose shall continue, and whose shall be cut.

- p 44. *foil* The trail of a hunted animal Cf Southerne's *The Disappointment, or, The Mother in Fashion*, 4to, 1684, I, where Alberto says "fleeting Pleasure leaves me on the Foyle" Also Fielding, *Tom Jones*, 1749, VII, 4 "Men who are, says he, always whipt in by the humours of some d——n'd b—— or other I think I was hard enough run by your mother for one man, but after giving her a dodge, here's another b—— follows me upon the foil"
- p 45 *Myself no Monster yet.* Not yet a cuckold, a horned beast.
- p 47 *You Durand, with your thousand* It should be remarked that in these charges of Renault to the conspirators Otway very closely follows Saint-Réal's narrative
- p 47 *the Secque* The Zecca, facing the lagoon on the Piazzetta di San Marco, built as a mint by Sansovino in 1536, and which gave its name to the Zecchino or Sequin, the favourite coin of the Republic. The famous library of S. Mark with its magnificent MSS was transferred here in 1900 from the Ducal Palace
- p. 47 *the Procuralle* On the north or left side of the Piazza San Marco run the Procuratie Vecchie, of which the lower portion was built by Pietro Lombardi in 1496, and the upper by Bartolommeo Buono da Bergamo in 1517. The Procuratie Nuove were built from the designs of Scamozzi, 1552-1616. There were the residences of the nine Procurators, the highest officials of the Republic after the Doge.
- p 47 *Ars'nal Gates* The Arsenal of Venice, begun in 1300, is nearly two miles in circuit. It lies to the east of the Church of San Giorgio in Bragora. The battlemented walls, protected by fourteen towers, are attributed to Andrea Pisano. The statue of Santa Giustina, the work of Girolamo Compagna, commemorates the battle of Lepanto, fought upon her festival, 7 October, 1571. The Arsenal was the foundation of the strength of Venice, and as its ruin was the chief object of an enemy, incessant surveillance was established there. The Arsenal of Venice furnished Dante with a remarkable simile, *Inferno*, XXI, 7-18.

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Quale nell' arzana de' Veneziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece
A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani,
Che navicar non ponno, e' n quella vece
Chi far suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa
Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece,
Chi ribatte da proda, e chi di poppa,
Altri fa remi, e altri volge sarte,
Che terzeruolo ed artimon rintoppa,
Tal, non per fuoco, ma per divina arte,
Bolla faggioso una peggia spessa,
Che invincava la ripa d' ogni parte

- p 50 *wither'd wretched Face* Davies has a curious theatrical anecdote in reference to this. "In this scene, I should recollect, that, formerly Pierre, after challenging the other Conspirators, addressed himself to one of them in the following terms

Or thou ! with that lean, wither'd, wretched face !

And that an actor of a most unfortunate figure, with a pale countenance, stood up, with a half-drawn sword, and raised a general laugh in the audience. The famous Tony Aston, the itinerant comedian, was the last performer of this ridiculous part" *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, III, pp 246-47

p 70. *That there is a Plot* The Whigs were naturally furious with those who had the acumen to discern that there was no Popish Plot but a Protestant Plot, and to assert their opinion to the world. In the *Epistle to the Tories* prefixed to his filthy rhymes, the writer of *The Medal of John Bayes*, 4to, 1682, nosily yaps out "And for your understanding, 'tis sufficiently shewn, by your professing to believe a Protestant Plot (to Seize and Depose the King and destroy the Government) without any other Circumstance proved, than that of a Foynier riding with Sword and Pistols to Oxford, who had used to ride so armed many years before, and yet ye have the face to deny a Popish Plot, (for the destruction of the Kings Person and Government)" So in Crowne's *The City Politiques*, IV "Podesta What's the matter ? Doctor Panchy (Titus Oates) Who says there are no Plots ? Brucklayer He that has a mind to be hang'd Podesta As he shall be He that will not believe in the Doctor must expect no Salvation in this life."

p 70 Hey, then up go we A very popular old tune

Know this my brethren Heaven is clear and all
the clouds are gone,
The righteous man shall flourish now, good
days are coming on,
Then come my brethren and be glad, and eke
rejoice with me,
Lawn sleeves and Rockets shall go down,
and hey them up go we

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This is the first stanza of a song by Francis Quarles, of which copies will be found in MS. Ashmole, 36 and 37, folio 96; in *Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament*, I, 14, and elsewhere. Other versions of the tune are found in *The Dancing Master*, 1686, and all subsequent editions, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II, 286 (1719); and in a vast number of other collections. We find the tune *Hey, then up go we* in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728), in *The Devil to Pay* (1731), and many other ballad operas. Two other names for the tune are *The clean contrary way* and *Forty-one*.

A satirical song by Rochester (Harl. MSS. 6913, p. 267) commences

Send forth, dear Julian, all thy books
Of scandal, large and wide,
That ev'ry knave that in 'em looks
May see himself describ'd

Let all the ladies read their own
The men their failings see
From *Nell* to him that treads the throne,
Then *Hey, boys, up go we*

Poems on Affairs of State, Vol. III, The Second Edition, 1716, p. 203, we have *The Pilgrimage To the Tune of Hey Boys, up go we*. So in Crown's *The City Politiques*, licensed by special order, 18 December, 1682, V, the Podesta says "He and all the Whigs will be snap'd—
And hey then, up we go! [Sings and dances]

p. 71 *I love joking dearly, man* Man, more often in this sense, Mun, a vulgarism which came to be a mere meaningless interjection addressed to females as well as to males. So in *Love for Love*, 4to, 1695, II, Miss Prue says to Mrs. Frail "It's better than Lavender, mun" Cf also Vanbrugh's *The Country House*, II, 1, where Charley, a little Boy, says to Mariamne "You see I can keep a secret I'm no girl, mun."

p. 76 *Huzzing* An echoic word To make a hissing or whistling noise Cf Whizzing Etheridge, *Love in a Tub*, 1664, I, 2 "Mrs Graciana has flung a squib into his Bosom, where the wild-fire will Huz for a time, and then crack."

Also Tennyson, *Northern Farmer* (O S), 1854, XVI

But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap wi' is kittle o' stealm
Huzzin' and mazain' the blessed feilds wi' the Devil's oan teilm.

p. 76. *Father. Why are you so obstinate?* It seems that absurdly enough the Friar was excised early in the eighteenth century. Davies (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, III, p. 231) says "Quin talked once of restoring the long-omitted scene of Pierre with the Priest, which followed that of Jaffier and Belvidera, but his better reflection taught him to pay respect to decency and the sacred order" A meaningless remark. The conduct of Pierre in the execution scene is perfectly appropriate to his character, "A fine gay

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bold-fac'd Villain." Nor is there any indecorum save in the one line of the officer, "Stand off, Priest," which is a matter of three words, easily expunged. It was remarked at the most recent revival of *Venice Preserv'd*, November, 1920, the figure of the Friar added a particular solemnity, and even horror, to this scene of agony and death.

p. 80. *Jaffer's Ghost* rises. Upon the stage to omit this apparition, and the phantom which a moment later are seen mangled and bleeding, is very intolerable, and goes far to destroy the whole effect of these tense moments. Davies (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, III, p. 232) says: "To Barry's good taste we owe the absence of the ghosts of Jaffer and Pierre Belvidera sees her husband and his friend only in her distracted mind" An obtuse and inept imagination.

p. 83 *Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade*. It would appear that in November, 1679, manuscript copies of Sheffield's *Essay on Satyr* were being handed about the Town, and one of these was seen by Rochester, who is pretty severely dealt with in those famous lines that commence:

Rochester I despise for's want of Wit
Tho thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet
For while he mischief means to all Mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find

The reflections upon his courage

A very Killigrew without Good-Nature,
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd!
And his own Kickings notably contriv'd

were perhaps not so pungent as the scarification of his work,

I'd like to have left out his Poetry,
Forgot by almost all as well as me.
Sometimes he has some Humour, never Wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
"Tis under so much nasty rubbish land,
To find it out's the Cinder-Woman's Trade,
Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire
So leadly dull his idle Works appear,
The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here,
Where one poor Thought's sometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of Dulness to atone
'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable Line,
Without Expression, Fancy, or Design

In a letter to Henry Savile, 21 November, 1679, Rochester mentions the poem "I have sent you herewith a Libel in which my own share is not the least. The King having perus'd it is no way disatisfy'd with his The author is apparently Mr. Drifden], his Patron my Lord M[ulgrave] having a panegyck in the midst."

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Upon the 18 December, as Dryden was returning from Will's Coffee-House through Rose Street, Covent Garden, to his own house he was violently assaulted by a gang of ruffians in Rochester's pay. There is no doubt that the Earl was the instigator of this dastardly attack, since in one of his letters to Savile he boastfully and brazenly says "You write me word, that I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired for the disproportion of him and his Attributes. He is a Ranty which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls on me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will* with a Cudgel." In a newspaper, *Domestick Intelligence, or News from both City and Court*, 26 December, 1679, is an Advertisement, offering a reward of Fifty Pounds to any person who should discover the offender by whom the assault was committed; and on 2 January following, the same reward (and pardon) is promised to the discoverer, though he should himself have committed the fact, provided he make known the person who incited him to the assault. But no information was ever forthcoming. *The Medal of John Bayes*, 4to, 1682, has the line "After the drubs, thou didst of late compound" with a footnote "In Rose-Alley" "In this base outrage," says Malone (*Life of Dryden*, 1800, p. 135), "Rochester has been always supposed to have been joined by Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth" It is true that the King's mistresses were attacked in the *Essay upon Satyr*, but I can find no confirmation of Malone's suggestion. Indeed, *Portsmouth's Looking Glass*, by Lord Rochester, is among the foulest pasquils of the age and far more offensive than the passage in Sheffield's poem. In *Poems on Affairs of State*, Sixth Edition Corrected, 1710, the Index gives *An Essay upon Satyr*, by J D——n, Esq., and on p. 179 we have *An Essay upon Satyr* By J Dryden, Esq.

p. 83 *Picture-mangler a' Guild-hall* The Duke of York's picture had been slashed to ribbons from the legs downwards

p. 83 *Goodnes call him home* *Venice Preserv'd* was produced on 9 February, 1682, whilst the Duke of York was still in Scotland. He did not sail from Leith for Yarmouth until 4 March, and was welcomed by the King at Newmarket on 11 March

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- p 85 *Hic nosfer* Terence, Prologus in *Andram*, 19-23.
p 91. *Lord Elande.* William Savile, second Marquis of Halifax (1665-1709), who during his father's lifetime was known as Lord Eland. A false couplet says.

Eland whose pen as nimblly glides
As his good father changes sides

- M A Christ Church, 5 December, 1681 He sat for Newark from 1689-95.
P 91 *that Great Father of his Country* George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax, 1633-95, the famous politician. It was owing to his efforts, his loyal resistance to the traitor Shaftesbury and Essex, that the illegal Exclusion Bill was thrown out on 15 November, 1679.
P 93 *fegues* To fegue is to beat or to drive, to lash Cf *The Rehearsal*, 4to, 1675, Actus II, scena iv, where the Physician says "When a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith". The middle gallery, or eighteenpenny place in the theatre was largely frequented by women of the town. This is a subject of constant allusion. E g Dryden's "Epilogue upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1682"

But stay, methinks some Vizard Mask I see
Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery
About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang'd,
The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang'd
Now growling, sput'rings, wauling, such a clutter,
'Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter

Also the Epilogue to *Sir Courtly Nice*, 4to, 1685

Our Gallerys too were finely us'd of late,
Where roosting Masques sat cackling for a Mate,
They came not to see Plays, but act their own,
And had throng'd Audiences when we had none
Our Plays it was impossible to hear,
The honest Country-men were forc't to swear,
Confound you, give your bawdy prating o're,
Or, Zounds, I'll fling you s'the Pitt, you bawling Whore

For a picture of the conduct of whores at the Theatre, see *The Fire-Ships*, 4to, 1691

Permit me now *Dear Strephon*, to relate,
The Tricks and Wiles of Whores of Second Rate

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The *Play-house Punks*, who in a loose Undress,
 Each Night receive some *Cullies* soft Address;
 Reduc'd perhaps to the last poor *half Crown*,
 A tawdry *Gown* and *Petticoat* put on,
 Go to the House, where they demurely sit
 Angling for *Bubbles*, in the noisy *Pit*
 Not *Turks* by *Turbants*, *Spaniards* by their *Hats*,
 Nor *Quakers* by Diminutive *Cravats*:
 Are better known, than is the *Tawdry Crack*
 By *Vizor-Mask*, and Rigging on her Back
 The *Play-house* is their place of *Trafficke*, where
 Nightly they sit, to sell their *Rotten Ware*
 Tho' done in silence and without a Cryer,
 Yet he that bids the most, is still the Buyer,
 For while he nibbles at her *Am'rous Trap*,
 She gets the *Mony*, but he gets the *Clap*
 Intrencht in *Vizor Mask* they Giggling sit,
 And throw designing Looks about the *Pit*,
 Neglecting wholly what the *Actors* say,
 'Tis their least business there to see the *Play*

- p. 93 *two Houses joining* Upon 14 May, 1682, articles of union, agreeing that the patents should be united, were signed between Charles Killigrew, Charles D'Avenant, Betterton, and Smith, and the joint Companies commenced acting on 16 November, 1682, at Drury Lane
- p. 93 *Jockeys and Jenneys* Scotch songs and pseudo-Scotch songs were very popular. In Mrs Behn's Poems upon Several Occasions, 1684, we have.
The Invitation A Song *To a new Scotch Tune Silvio's Complaint*. A Song *To a Fine Scotch Tune* Song, "Young Jemmy was a Lad, of Royal Birth and Breeding, " *To a New Scotch Tune* This particular song is also found in a broadside, reprinted in Vol IV of the *Roxburgh Ballads*, pp 656-9
- In *The City-Heiress, or, Sir Timothy Treat-All*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1682, III, 1, a Song "Ah, Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill" (two stanzas) was sung by Charlotte Butler. In a broadside this is amplified to no less than eighty lines, and dubbed *The Loves of Jockey and Jenny*. Ebsworth in his note on this song, *Roxburgh Ballads*, VI, pp 176-80, refers to Mrs Behn and says "it is less her handiwork than that of her friend Tom d'Urfey, who considered himself *facile princeps* in the writing of Anglo-Scotch ditties"
- p. 94 *Crambo* Capping verses A common diversion Cf. *Love for Love*, I, where Valentine bids Jeremy "get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the knack of Rhyming, you may arrive at the height of a Song, sent by an Unknown Hand, or a Chocolate-House Lampoon"
- p. 95 *Mrs Percival* Susanna Percival, the daughter of Thomas Percival, the actor, became famous as an actress. She married William Mountford, and some time after his dastardly assassination by Lord Mohun she became

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- en secondes noces* Mrs. Verbruggen Cibber has devoted the most brilliant pages of his *Apology* to an encomium of Mrs. Mountford's genius.
- p. 97. like a Cherubim Fat and red Chaucer's Somnour "hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face"
- p. 98. *Scanderbeg-Monkey*. Scanderbeg is a common term for a militant warrior or conqueror from George Castriota (1404-67), a famous Albanian hero, who was for more than a quarter of a century the principal obstacle to the unlimited extension of the Ottoman Empire. He was at first a commander under Amurath II, and owing to his success he was raised to the rank of Sanjak with the title of Iscander Bey (Lord Alexander). In 1443 he renounced Moslemism, and won several battles against the Turks. At the instigation of Pius II he headed a crusade, and defeated Mohammed II and a vast army at Croia Cf. Duffett, *The Mock Tempest*, 4to, 1675, I, 1, where Beantosser says "The poor hearts fight as if they were all *Scanderbeys*"
- p. 100. *Tilbury Roysters* Tilbury Fort on the Thames opposite Gravesend was originally erected by Henry VIII as a blockhouse, it was enlarged, garrisoned, and made a regular fortification by Charles II, after the Dutch fleet had sailed up the river in 1667, and burned three English men-of-war at Chatham
- p. 102. *Cowstaff* Or col-staff (*collum*) A staff by which two men carry a load, one end of the pole resting upon the shoulder of each porter So at the conclusion of Mrs Behn's *The Round-Heads*, 4to, 1682, the loyal 'prentices when Wariston tries to run away "get him on a *Colt-staff*, with Ananias on another, *Fiddlers playing Fortune my Foe, round the Fire*" Presently they catch Hewson, "they get him on a *Colt-staff*, and cry a Cobler, a Cobler"
- p. 102. *Smithfield Horse-courser's Equipage* The Smithfield jades were proverbial for their badness So in the Epilogue, spoken by Limberham, to Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, acted 1678
- This Town two Bargains has, not worth one Farthing,
A *Smithfield Horse*, and Wife of *Covent-Garden*
- The Horse-Courser was a ragged unkempt rascal, "by profession a knave, by his cunning a Varlet, in fayres a Hagling Chapman, in the City a Cogging dissembler, and in Smith-field a common forsworne Villain" (Dekker) Ben Jonson gives us the type in *Bartholomew Fayre*. Jordan Knock-Hvn, a *Horse-courser, and ranger o' Turnbull* Turnbull in 1614 being one of the lowest quarters of London See further Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, October, 1608, X, "Of Ginglers, Or the knavery of Horse-Coursers in Smith-field discovered"
- p. 102. *the Blazing Star* A comet which appeared in October, 1682, and excited much concern The almanacks of this period mention several "blazing Stars" and other prodigies. A newsletter from London, Thursday, 30 December, 1680, to Roger Garstell of Newcastle (*Domestic State Papers*, 1680-1, p. 111) says "The blazing star appears constantly every night in our horizon from 5 till 8 and the tail or brush increases in longitude

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more and more. Last night it was very perspicuous and seemed amazing
Our foreign letters still mention the like seen in many parts At Hamburg
the heavens seemed on fire a considerable time the length of several pikes"
Cf. Dryden's Epilogue to John Banks' tragedy *The Unhappy Favourite*;
or, The Earl of Essex, 1682

The *Comet* which, they say, portends a Dearth
Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-house Earth*,
Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,
Foreshows our change of State and their *Third-daye*.

- p 103 *Covent-Garden Church* S Paul's, Covent Garden, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, was commenced in 1631, and having been built at the charge of the Earl of Bedford, was consecrated by Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, 27 September, 1638. The Rev. William Bray, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, claimed it as a chapel of ease, but in 1645 it was constituted a separate parish. In *Love in a Wood*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, in the autumn of 1671, Act I, My Lady Flippant says "Have I not constantly kept *Covent-Garden Church*, St. Martins, the Play-Houses, *Hide-Park*, *Mulbery-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts where Widows and Mayds are expos'd?" Cf also Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1671-2, IV, 1, where Mrs. Cheately, anxious to persuade Theodora to meet a young spark, says "In *Covent-Garden Church*, will you see him? I'll order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both sit together there," and the lady snubs her with "I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church." In *A True W'dew*, Dorset Garden, 1678-9, III, Old Maggot finds among his nephew's papers "Epigram written in a Lady's Bible in *Covent-Garden Church*"

- p 103 *Mill'd Stockings* Ribbed stockings Cf *A Satyr against the French*, 1691

Nay, we are grown so arrogantly vain,
Our Stockings must be Mill'd, our Shooes Campaign

- p 103 *Foubert's Academy* Sir Edward Harley, writing to his wife on 6 July, 1680, says "Monsieur Foubert, who for his religion was driven out of France, has set up an academy near the Haymarket for riding, fencing, dancing, handling arms, and mathematics. He is greatly commended and has divers persons of quality I was with him, and like him very well, so that if you dislike not I would have Robin spend some time there" ("Hist. MSS Com., Fourteenth Report" App., pt II, 366) Robin, who afterwards became the famous Earl of Oxford, was accordingly sent to M. Foubert's Academy in 1681. From letters addressed to him in 1681 and 1682 it would appear that "The French academy," as it was sometimes called, was situated in Sherwood Street, Piccadilly (*Ibid.*, pp. 370, 371, 374) One Edmund Nicholas, writing to Robin, gives an account of the manners and habits of M. Foubert's pupils. This letter is dated from Sherwood Street, 9 January, 1682-3 (*Ibid.*, p. 374) Wheatley says that Sherwood Street

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runs from Brewer Street to Glasshouse Street, and he refers to Major Foubert's residence in this locality, which has of later years been entirely altered by multifold changes and rebuildings 17 September, 1681, Evelyn noted in his *Diary*: "I went with Monsieur Foubert about taking the Countess of Bristol's house for an academy, he being lately come from Paris for his religion, and resolving to settle here." But apparently two years later Foubert was still "hoping to procure his Academy to be built by subscription of worthy gentlemen and noblemen" (Evelyn's *Diary*, 9 August, 1683) By 18 December, 1684, he seems to have been permanently settled, as on that day Evelyn "went with Lord Cornwallis to see the young gallants do their exercise, Mr Faubert having newly railed in a manege."

There is a reference to the Academy in a letter from Sir Robert Southwell to Sir William King, dated 5 October, 1683, and probably written from King's Weston, Glos. The writer is anxious about the future of his ward and relative, Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Southwell, a wild young fellow, and says "Of late there is erected a very famous Academy in London, governed by a French Gentleman, Mons. Foubert, where riding, French, mathematics, and all exercises are taught, which are usually learned in Travel" He proposes that Sir Thomas should "pass six months here, as many Englishmen doe, to prepare them for the improvement of Travel."

Major Foubert, teacher of the art of "riding the great horse," is referred to, in some detail, by one Wright, who gave evidence on the trial of Count Konigsmark for that foreign nobleman's alleged complicity in the barbarous murder of Mr Thynne, in 1681-2 Howell's *State Trials*, IX, p 41.

In the *Wentworth Papers* is a letter from little Lord Wentworth to his father, the Earl of Strafford, 3 January, 1738, in which he says "Your lordship ordered me before you went out of town to go to Major Foubert's and inquire about the price of learning to ride" He gives an account of his visit, and a year later, 2 January, 1739, he writes "According to your lordship's orders I begun to-day to ride, the major seemed very glad to see me" If this was the same Foubert he must have been a very old man, since nearly sixty years had elapsed since he had established himself in London It may, of course, have been a son, or some connexion who adopted the name.

In Horwood's map of London, 1792, the riding school is shown as a large building on the south side of "Major Foubert's Passage," a title which was long retained, the little thoroughfare being closed to carriages, paved for foot-passengers, and known as "Foubert's Passage" In the Print Room, British Museum, is a coloured "View of [Major] Foubert's Riding House and Passage in Swallow Street [taken down for Regent Street]," drawn by C Tomkins in 1801

p 104 *Ballum-rancum. Lexicon Balatronicum*, 1811, defines "Balum Raneum A hop or dance, where the women are all prostitutes N B The company dance on their birth-day suits" An Adam and Eve ball. Cf Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677-8, V, where

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Aldo says to Woodall: "We'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and Ballum Rankum every Night." And later when Aldo speaks for Mrs Pleasance "Thou shalt be us'd, little Pleasance, like a Sovereign Princess. Thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers Meat in a Twelvemonth, and thou shalt be treated—" the lady smartly chips in "Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope!" In Duffett's burlesque *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, III, Moustrappa taunts Beantosser "I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Sixpences, good Lerry-come-twang" Cf. Pepys, 30 May, 1668 "And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers, Harris telling me how it was by a meeting of some young blades, when he was among them, and my Lady Bennet and her ladies, and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world" Harris was Henry Harris, the famous actor of the Duke's House "Lady" Bennet was a procuress well-known in her day, and to whom there are frequent references She is described in *The Tailor* (84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet," and it was to her that Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of *The Plain-Dealer*, 4to, 1676 Cf Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain*, I, 1, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, where Bellamy instructs the Baud "Let us have a Bevy of Whores for a rank Ball, for we intend to be luxurious to-Night" "It shall be done," the old lady promises In "The Rake's Progress," III, Hogarth shows us the interior of a brothel Of this picture Mr. Clerk writes "In the front, a woman is undressing, in order to exhibit some indecent postures—(a filthy practice by which she obtained a precarious maintenance)" It is common knowledge that these *poses plastiques* are not unknown in bagnios to-day

p. 106. *blub Lips* Full, swelling Cf Shadwell's *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, 1679, II, where Selfish says to Gartrude "You have a pretty pouting about the Mouth like me, and fine little Blub-lips"

p. 106 *New Exchange* The New Exchange, where the first scene of Act II of this comedy is laid, was a kind of bazaar on the south side of the Strand, built out of the stables of Durham House, the site of the present Adelphi. The first stone was laid 10 June, 1608, and the new building was named by James I, "Britain's Burse" It was an immensely popular resort, and there are innumerable references to its shops, its sempstresses and haberdashers Langbarne tells us that Thomas Duffett, the writer of burlesques, was "before he became a Poet, a Milliner in the New Exchange"

I have counted more than one hundred allusions to the New Exchange in Pepys, e.g. Saturday, 22 September, 1660 "From thence by coach home (by the way at the New Exchange I bought a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning, and here I met with The Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke [of Gloucester] which is now the mode of all the ladies in town)" Saturday, 20 April, 1661 "With Mr Creed to the Exchange and bought some things, as gloves and bandstrings, &c." Wednesday, 6 May, 1668 "Thence by water to the New Exchange, where bought a pair of shoe-strings" The New Exchange was demolished in 1737

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In many plays we find scenes laid in the New Exchange. Sir George Etherege's *She Wou'd if she Cou'd*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday, 6 February, 1668, has "Act III, Scene 1 Scene, The New-Exchange. Mistress Trincket sitting in a Shop. People passing by as in the Exchange Mrs Trincket What d'ye buy ? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen ? Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences, Ribbons, Gloves, and Essences ?" Among the Dramatis Personæ are "Mrs Gazette and Mrs. Trincket, Two Exchange Women" Again, among the Dramatis Personæ of Carlike's *The Fortune-Hunters, or, Two Fools well met*, produced at Drury Lane in 1689, are "Mr Spruce, an Exchange-Man," acted by Nokes, and "Mrs Spruce, the Exchange-Man's Wife," acted by Frances Maria Knight Act II, Scene 2, "The Exchange Discovers Mrs Spruce in her Shop." Presently Sophia and Marna enter, whereupon "Mrs Spruce Ribbons or Gloves, Madam, Gloves or Ribbons" So in Pierre Corneille's comedy, *La Galerie du Palais, ou, L'Amie Royale* (1635), the scene is laid in the Palace Gallery, which was very similar to the New Exchange, and in his *Examen* Corneille says. "J'ai donc pris ce titre de la Galerie du Palais, parce que la promesse de ce spectacle extraordinaire, & agréable pour sa naïveté, devait exciter vraisemblablement la curiosité des auditeurs, & c'a été pour leur plaisir plus d'une fois, que j'ai fait paroltrer ce même spectacle à la fin du quatrième acte, où il est entièrement inutile, & n'est renoué avec celui du premier que par des valets, qui viennent prendre dans les boutiques ce que leurs maîtres y avaient acheté, ou voir si les marchands ont reçues nippes qu'ils attendaient Cette espèce de renouement lui étoit nécessaire, afin qu'il ne fût pas tout-à-fait hors d'œuvre La rencontre que j'y fais faire d'Aronte & de Flonice est ce qui le fixe particulièrement en ce lieu-là, & sans cet accident il eût été aussi propre à la fin du second ou du troisième, qu'en la place qu'il occupe Sans cet agrément la pièce auroit été très régulière pour l'unité du lieu & la liaison des scènes, qui n'est interrompue que par-là" Among the characters of the comedy are, Le Libraire du Palais, Le Mercier du Palais, La Lingère du Palais Act I, iv, *On tire un rideau, & l'on voit le Libraire, la Lingère, & le Mercier, chacun dans sa boutique* Scene vi commences

Hippolyte, à la Lingère Madame, montrez-nous quelques collets d'ouvrage.

La Lingère Je vous en vais montrer des toutes les façons.

Dormant, au Libraire Ce visage vaut mieux que toutes vos chansons.

La Lingère, à Hippolyte Voilà du point d'esprit, de Genes, et d'Espagne.

Hippolyte Ceci n'est guère bon qu'à des gens de campagne.

La Lingère Voyez bien, s'il en est deux pareils dans Paris.

Hippolyte Ne les vantiez point tant, & dites-nous le prix.

La Lingère Quand vous aurez choisi.

p. 107. *Rappers* Anything forcible or vehement, and especially a sounding oath So Woodall in *The Kind Keeper*, IV, 1, bantering Mrs Saintly, says: "Uds Niggers, I confess, is a very dreadful Oath, You cou'd lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick If you can swear such Rappers too, there's hope of you, you may be a Woman of the World in time."

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- p. 107. *Mathematicks* Here to be understood in the sense of Astrology, which is emphasized by the technical use of "Influence" Cf Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, 4to, 1640, II.
- Perez. Who's that ?
Estifania A friend of mine, Sir
Perez. Of what breeding ?
Estif A Gentlewoman, Sir
Perez. What business has she ?
Is she a learned woman i' th' Mathematicks,
Can she tell fortunes ?
Estif More than I know, Sir
Perez. Or has she e're a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence wife ?
- p. 108 *Picaroon* A corsair, a pirate, as here playfully Cf Captain Smith, *Virginia* (1624), V, 184. "Meeting a French Piccaroune . . . hee . . . tooke from it what hee liked" The metaphor here employed obviously refers to this signification as a pirate, and the N E D , which cites this passage from Otway and explains "Picaroon" as used here as equivalent to "rogue" applied familiarly and in jest, misses the point
- p. 108 *Hawser*. A hawser is a large rope or small cable, in size midway between a cable and a tow-line, employed in warping and mooring. Here the word is used by confusion for *Hawse*, which is the space between the head of a vessel at anchor and the anchors or a little beyond the anchors. The general phrase is "athwart-hawse" N.E.D quotes this passage, and draws attention to the error
- p. 110 *Cream-pot* Used for a dairy-maid, and then (as here) for any woman living in the country Cf Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, II, where Shorthose says "For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any dusty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding I'll give 'em leave to cut my girts, and slay me" (folio, 1679)
- p. 110 *Musquetons* A kind of musket, short, and with a large bore. So Sir Robert Stapylton's translation (1650) of the *De Bello Belgico* of Famianus Strada, S J , *Low Country Warres*, VI, xxi, 15. "Supernumeraryes, armed with Musketons and Rests"
- p. 112 *dead-doing Hand* Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays, or Morall Representations in One*, folio, 1647, *The Triumph of Honour* "Nicodemus. Stay thy dead-doing hand." A Spenserian epithet. So in Jonson's *A Tale of a Tub* (1633), II.
- Put up
Your frightful Blade, and your dead-doing look
- p. 113 *Barn-Elms* Not "Barn-Elms by Rosamond's Ponds," but the eastern part of Barnes, adjoining Putney It was a favourite jaunt of Pepys Many duels were fought here, and amongst others the famous encounter (16 January, 1668) between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, who died of his wounds two months later. See Pepys, 17 January,

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1667-8. Sir Courtly Nice in Crowne's comedy of that name, challenging Surly, says. "Mr. Surly, I have received some Favours from you, Sir, and I desire the Honour of your Company, Sir, to morrow Morning at Barn Elms, Sir—please to name your Weapon, Sir"

p 113 draggle-tail'd Dirty, sluttish With her skirt trailing in the dirt.
p 113. Black Knight in a Romance. The grim Black Knight is a great figure in romances from very early times until Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*:

The fourth, who alway rideth arm'd in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery
He names himself the Night, and oftener Death

The knight's pavilion is

Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging,

Presently

when the Prince
Three times had blown—after long hush—at last
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Thro' those black foldings, that which housed therein,
High on a night black horse, in night black arms

On the other hand, in the old romance of the Son of Amadis, *Qynto libro d'Amadas de Gaula, o las Sergas dell cavallero Esplandian hijo d'Amadis de Gaula* (Seville, 1542, the earliest edition now known to exist is 1521), Esplandian himself is known as the Black Knight owing to the colour of his armour

p 115 shallow Monster This allusion to *The Tempest*, or rather perhaps to Dryden's *The Tempest*, or, *The Enchanted Island*, has not been recorded in *The Shakespeare Allusion Books*

p 118. Rant To be boisterously jovial and merry Cf *The Constant Couple*, Drury Lane, 1699, IV, 1, where Clincher junior says "I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake" Young Ranter is "A Young Debauch of Quality" in Crowne's *The English Frier*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1690, and Sir William Rant is the chief scowler in Shadwell's *The Scourers*, first acted at the same house in the late winter of that year.

p 119 Aquamirabilis A well-known invigorating cordial Cf Dryden's *Marriage A-la-Mode*, produced in 1672, III "The Country Gentlewoman . . . who treats her with Fumity and Custard, and opens her dear bottle of Mirabilis beside, for a Jill-glass at parting" So in Mrs Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, IV, produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1678, Sir Patient cries "But oh, I'm sick at Heart, Maundy, fetch me the Bottle of Mirabilis in the Closet," and then. Enter Maundy with the Bottle In Shadwell's *The Scourers*, 4to, 1691, II, 1, Eugenia refuses to go into the country "to learn the Top of your Skill in Syrrup, Sweet-Meats, *Aqua mirabilis*, and Snail-Water"

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- p. 119. *nick't.* To nick, in hazard, is to win against the others by casting a nick
A nick is a throw which is either the same as the main, or has a fixed correspondence to it Cf Dryden's *An Evening's Love*, produced at the Theatre Royal, June, 1668, IV, where Wildblood soliloquizes " My Don he sets me ten Pistoles · I nick him Ten more, I sweep them too " Also *Marriage A-la-Mode*, IV, 3, acted in 1672, Palamede's aside to Doralice " This Rhodophil's the unluckiest Fellow to me! this is now the second time he has barr'd the Dice when we were just ready to have nick'd him "
- p. 120. *powd'ring* To rush, to hurry, to move with any sudden quick motion.
Cf. Sir Roger L'Estrange, *Fables*, III (1694) " Down comes a kite powdering upon them in the interim, and gobbles up both together." The word is especially used of riders upon horseback, so T. Tully, *Siege of Carlisle* (circa 1645). " About 800 horse . . . came powdering towards the Cowes so fast "
- p. 121 *Devil's Resident*. A Resident was a diplomatic representative, inferior in rank to an ambassador. The word is common in the seventeenth century. Cf Whitelocke, *Swedish Embassy* (1654), II, p. 231 (ed 1772) " It might be supposed, that . . . he should understand the difference between a resident and an ambassador extraordinary."
- p. 121 *Tick-tack*. An old variety of backgammon, which was popular and is frequently mentioned Cf Shadwell's *A True Widow*, acted at Dorset Garden in 1679, II, where Prig urging his love to Lady Cheately says " I overset a Trick-Track, dealt my self Ten at Ombre, and all through my Passion for your dear self "
- p. 121 *Piece* An English gold coin, originally the *unite* of James I, and afterwards the sovereign and guinea, as one or the other became the current coin of the realm The word is common throughout the seventeenth and during the earlier part of the eighteenth century *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700) has " Job, a Guinea, Twenty Shillings, or a Piece " kill a Beadle. Perhaps in particular allusion to an incident which caused a great stir at the time, and for which see *Poems on Affairs of State*, The Sixth Edition Corrected, 1710, I, p 147 On the Three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday morning, Feb. the 26th, 1671 The Duke of Monmouth and his companions murdered a Beadle in Whetstone Park
- p. 123. *A Rajal with a Feather* A fop The word " Feather " itself indicated a beau, as in Dryden's *An Evening's Love*, produced at the Theatre Royal in June, 1668, I, 1, where Jacinta referring to the two gallants says " I guess 'em to be Feathers of the English Ambassador's train " So in Mrs Behn's *The Emperor of the Moon*, Dorset Garden, 1687, I, Bellemante cries " I have been at the Chapel, and seen so many Beaus, such a number of Plumseys, I cou'd not tell which I should look on most " Cf. Pope's Sir Plume in *The Rape of the Lock* Cf also Crowne's *The City Politiques*, 4to, 1683, IV " Brucklayer I fancy he's turn'd amorous Fop, for he's broke out into a Feather, and all these fooleries that trouble love-sick people. Rosaura Indeed, his Feather says some such thing Brucklayer And I'll take the Feather's word " Dekker's gull is a " fethered Estridge,"
- p. 125 (297)

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and in *The Gul's Horn Booke* (1609), III, the coxcomb is advised. "So make thou account, that to have fethers sticking heire and there on thy head, will embellish, and set thy crowne out rarely. . . . When your noblest Gallants consecrate their houses to their Mistresses and to Reveling, they weare fethers then chiefly in their hats, being one of the fairest ensigns of their bravery. But thou, a Reveller and a Mistris-server all the year, by wearing fethers in thy haire." In one of the French scenes of *La Prcaution mstille*, produced 5 March, 1692, by the Italian comedians, Gauchon, Act I, 1, roundly informs Léandre: "Je destine ma sœur à Monsieur le Docteur Balouard, et trente Plumets comme vous ne la détourneroient pas d'un aussi bon rencontre." The French word =fop is, however, extremely rare. *Plumet* more often =un jeune militaire. Cf, Panard (1694-1765), *Œuvres* (1803), Tome III, p. 355

Que les plumets seraient aimables
Si leurs feux étaient plus constants!

- p. 125. *prune* To prink or deck oneself out jauntily. Here used absolutely. In *Love in a Wood*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the autumn of 1671, III, 1, Dapperwit says of Lucy "If she has smugg'd her self up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Perruque a little for her." Cf also Dryden's Epilogue to *All for Love*, 1678

He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
If Pink or Purple best become his Face.

- p. 128. *Wealth is a great.*

"I grant," quoth he, "Wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat.
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant and to fly out.
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
At their own weapons are outdone
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances;
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call.
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?"

Hudibras, Part II, Canto 1.

- p. 129. *Scene changes to the inside of a very fair House* "La salle étoit la plus magnifique du monde, &, si vous voulez, aussi-bien meublée que quelques appartemens de nos Romans, comme le Vaisseau de Zelmandre dans le *Polexandre*, le Palais d'Hibrahim dans l'*Illustre Bassa*, ou la Chambre où

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- le Roi d'Assyrie reçut Mandane dans *le Cyrus*, qui est sans-doute, aussi bien que les autres que j'ai nommés, le Livre du monde le mieux meublé."
- Le Roman Comique*, Chapitre IX *Histoire de l'Amant Invisible*. Boileau remarked that when one of Mlle de Scudéry's characters enters a house, she will not permit him to leave it until she has given a full inventory of the furniture.
- p. 131. *wher'u'd* In *The Rehearsal*, 4to 1, 1672, Actus II, Scaena iv, the Physician says "When a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith" 4to 3, 1675, has ". . . close to it, with a snuff box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i' faith"
- p. 132. *faux Braves*. Faux used as in the phrase "faux pas," for which the earliest example is Wycherley's *The Plain-Dealer*, V, 1, 4to, 1677. Etherege, *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676, IV, 1, has "faux prude". "In Paris the Mode is to flatter the Prude, laugh at the Faux-prude, make serious love to the Demi-Prude, and only rally with the Coquette"
- p. 133. *a Fox* A very common name for a sword Cf. *The White Devil*, V "O what blade is't? A Toledo or an English fox?" Also Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1678, IV, the scene of the Garden-house, where Gervase warns Woodall and Tricksy "The Enemy's at hand . . . Who shoud it be but Limberham? arm'd with a two-Hand Fox" Immediately Enter Limberham with a great Sword In *The Way of the World*, V, Sir Wilfull threatens Fainall "I have an old Fox by my Thigh," and is answered "You may draw your Fox if you please, Sir, and make a Bear-garden Flourish somewhere else"
- p. 135. *Thingum Thangum* Thing (here reduplicated) with a meaningless suffix, to indicate vaguely a thing, or person, of which or of whom the speaker either cannot or does not wish exactly to recall the name This passage is quoted as the earliest known use in literature Cf modern "Thingumbob", "Thingummy"
- p. 136. *Grub-street* Cripplegate, as early as 1307 called Grobbe-Streete, the name being altered to Milton Street in 1830 It runs from Fore Street to Chiswell Street Andrew Marvell is the first to use the name in an offensive sense *The Rehearsal Transposed* "Oh these are your Nonconformist tricks, oh you have learned this of the Puritans in Grub Street" With Pope and Swift the street has become a synonym for the lowest class of literature
- p. 140. *Conveniency* Cf Shadwell, *The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688, II, where Belfond Senior asks "But where's your Lady, Captain, and the Blowing, that is to be my Natural, my Convenient, my Pure?" "An Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to the 4to, 1688, has "Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest Pure" Several names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore"
- p. 140. *Fardle* A bundle, a parcel Cf. Bishop Hall's *Recoll Treat* (1614): "What is their Alcoran but a fardel of foolish impossibilities"
- p. 142. *trapanning* Cheating; cozening. A common word. Cf Nehemiah Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra*, folio, 1701 "Some may think of Jael that . . . she was no better than a Trepanning Hussy"

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p. 143. *Bulker.* A common whore. One who would lie down on a bulk to any man Cf. Shadwell's *The Scourers*, produced at Drury Lane in the late winter of 1690, I, where old Tope says to Sir William Rant. "Why, every one in a Petticoat is thy Mistress, from humble Bulker, to exalted Countess."

p. 144 *Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c. The Bachelor's Song.*

Like a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
 Like a *Tory* in a Bog,
 Or an Ape with a Clog,
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
 Does his liberty loose
 For a Matrimony noose
And sells himself into captivity

Poems and Songs, by Thomas Flatman Fourth Edition, 1686, pp 120-1 A Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, II, col 826, has the following anecdote concerning Flatman "This person (whose father, a clerk in the chancery, was then living in the eightieth year of his age, or more) was, in his younger days, much against marriage, to the dislike of his said father, and made a song describing the cumbrances of it, beginning thus

Like a Dog with a Bottle ty'd close to his tail,
Like a *Tory* in a Bog, or a Thief in a Jayle, &c

But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin, and more with her fortune, did espouse her, 26 Nov 1672, wherupon his ingenuous comrades did serenade him that night, while he was in the embraces of his mistress, with the said song "

p. 148 *Ready* "An Explanation of the Cant," Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia*, 4to, 1688, has "Cole, Ready, Rhine, Darby Ready Money"

p. 148 *Caravan* The same lexicon gives "Bubble, Caravan The Cheated"

p. 148 *Loose* A bubble

p. 148 *high upon the Huckle.* As we say, well pleased with oneself in high feather. The huckle is the hip Cf E Ward, *Quixote*, I, 295. "Tho' he hurt her Haunch and Huckle" With the phrase *High upon the Huckle*, compare *Down in the hips* =out of sorts Swift, *Grand Question Debated*, 1729: "The Doctor was plaugly down in the hips"

p. 148 *Vizard-monger* Whoremaster A Vizor or Vizard being one of the commonest Restoration terms for a *bona roba*, especially the cyprians who in masks used to ply the theatre Cf Shadwell's *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, 1679, Act IV, the Playhouse scene "Stanmore I cannot find my Mistress, but I'll divert my self with a Vizard in the mean time. . . 2 Man [to a Vizard] Gad! some Whore, I warrant you, or Chamber-Maid, in her Lady's old Cloaths."

p. 153. *Et tu Brute!* This stock tag is used in many plays, e.g. *The Little French Lawyer*, IV

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La Writ. I was possess
Champernel. I'll dispossess you
Vertaigne Ha, ha, ha
La Writ Et tu Brute?

Also Dryden and Lee's *The Duke of Guise*, acted at Drury Lane, December, 1682, IV, where Grillon says to the Second Citizen "Et tu Brute whom I sa'd, O the Conscience of a Shop-keeper!"

p. 153 *Battoons and Bilboes!* Battoons, an old spelling of Baton, a stick Bilbo is a common swashbuckling term for a sword, from Bilbao in Spain, where rapiers were made Cf Shadwell's *The Libertine*, 4to, 1676, I "Stand, you dog! I'll put Bilbo in your guts" Also *The Old Batchelour*, III, where Bluffe says "He must refund—or Bilbo's the Word, and Slaughter will ensue—If he refuse, tell him—But whisper that—Tell him—I'll pink his Soul"

p. 154 *Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublets* At dice *The Doublets*, an old game at tables or backgammon Cotgrave (1611) has "Rennete, a game at Tables of some resemblance with our Doublets or Queenes Game"

p. 154 *a lamentable Eighty eight Tune* "Hanskin," or "Jog on," or "Eighty Eight." Under the first title in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, under the Second in the *Dancing Master*, 1650, &c, under the third in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707, &c In *Westminster Drollery*, 3rd ed 1672, is "An old Song on the Spanish Armado" beginning "Some years of late in eighty-eight," and in MSS Harley, 791, fol 59, and in *Merry Drollery complete*, 1661, a different version of the same commencing, "In Eighty-eight ere I was born" The former is also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707, II, 37, and 1719, IV, 37 The tune, which was commonly known as "Eighty eight," was immensely popular in Restoration days Thus we have "The Catholick Ballad, or an Invitation to Popery upon considerable grounds and reasons, to the tune of Eighty-eight," a ballad printed 1678

p. 155 *Tripe Buff Belt* Imitation buff, fustian So tripe-velvet, an inferior or imitation velvet Cf Florio (1598) "Trippa, a kinde of tripe veluet that they make women's saddles with, called fustian of Naples"

p. 156 *Moroding* Marauding A rare form, more often Marauding, as Mrs Centlivre's *Marplot* (1711), I, i "Ask your Brother, Don Lopez, who will have it that you send your eyes a maroding for English forage"

p. 157 *Partridge* Pliny speaks of the lasciviousness of this bird "Illa [perdices] quidem et maritos suos fallunt, quoniam intemperantia libidinis frangunt earum oua, ne incubando detineantur Neque in alio animali par opus libidinis" *Historia Naturalis*, X, 33, l i Gabriel Brotier in his annotations says that this refers to "la Perdrix rouge" The erotic dictionaries have gathered much curious information concerning partridges

p. 157 *shuckle* To chuckle Florio (1598) has "Colleppolars d'allegrezza—to shuckle, to chuck or rouze ones selfe to gladnes and mirth"

p. 161 *a Flambeaux* The plural form is here used as a singular Mrs Behn, *The Emperor of the Moon*, 4to, 1687, II, has *Enter Page with a Flambeaux* This is also the reading of 4to, 1688, but 12mo, 1724, has

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"a Flambeau." Sir T. Herbert, *Travels* (1638) employs a plural "Flambeauxes"; and Mrs Manley has "Flambeaux's" *Secret Memoirs & Manners of Several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes from the New Atlantis* (1709, the Second Edition), Vol I, p 28 "She but thinks of an expensive Funeral, white Flambeaux's, Chariots, Horses, Streamers, and a Train of Mourners."

p. 163. *Ela Gamut* *Ela* is the highest note in the Gamut, or the highest note of the 7th Hexachord of Guido, answering to the upper E in the treble. *Gamut* is the first or lowest note in the mediæval scale of music, answering to the modern G on the lowest line of the bass stave. From *Ela* to *Gamut* signifies from highest treble to lowest bass. Cf Lylly's *Euphues* (1580). "The Musitions who being instructed will scarce sing Sol Fa, but not desired, strain above *Ela*." Also John Taylor, the Water Poet, *Works* (1630), I *Baud* "There is not any note aboue *Ela* or below *Gammoth*, but she knows the *Diapason*."

p 164 *the groans of the Protestant Board* The Protestant Board was a piece of the most fatuous superstition. The board, a plank of elm, was said to utter groans and curious cries which could be interpreted. This caused an extraordinary sensation, and according to the *True Protestant Mercury*, 27-30 September, 1682, the Groaning Board was actually taken to the King for his inspection. The literature of the Groaning-Board is large. In 1682 F. Shepherd of London printed a folio broadside, *The Last Words and Sayings of the True-Protestant Elm Board, which lately suffer'd Martyrdom in Smithfield, and now in Southwark together with a True Relation of a Conference between Dr B—— and the said Board*. This satire says: "This Board was born in the Parish of Barn-Elms of a very antient Stock, and growing up in years, was preferred to the service of St. B . e [Slingby] Bethel, the Whig sheriff, notorious for his parsimony—"Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot"—] in the nature of a *Dresser-Board*, in whose kitchen he passed his days in ease and quietness, free from the burthen and oppression of many Dishes, and such like Popish and Antichristian Ceremonies" "The Reverend Scot, Dr B . t [Burnet], so Remarkable for disturbing the Sick [a reference to Rochester], no sooner heard of the Torments and bitter Agonies of his Beloved Board in the Lord, but he made haste to give him some crumbs of *Christian Consolation*, before he departed this Life, by which he might be the better Enabled to undergoe with Patience so fiery a Tryal, the *Salamanca* Doctor was designed to be sent for, because he had sworn through so many Boards, and therefore was the fitter to Pray by one, but Dr. B . 's voluntary Visit prevented it, who upon his first visit, saluted the Board with an *Holy Kiss*."

So *The Assembly of the Moderate Drunnes ; State Poems*, III (1704),
p 171

But B——nt, where art thou, thou Man of the Lord!
• For Mary Hill's loss you may take the Planck's word;
For betwixt you and I 'twas a Prophetick Board.

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There is a broadside of 1682, *A Sober Vindication of the Reverend Dr. and the Harmless Board, lately clew'd together in a Prophane Pasquil*" Also a lampoon, merrily said to be "Printed for S Hadwel, 1682," *More Last Words and Sayings of the True Protestant Elm-Board. or a full Answer to a late pretended Sober Vindication of the Dr. and the Board.* For "A New Song, on the Strange and Wonderful Groaning Board," London, Printed for T P in the year 1682, see *The Bagford Ballads*, edited by J W Ebsworth, Hertford, The Ballad Society, 1878, pp 97-100 The ballad smartly commences.

What Fate inspired thee with Groans
To fill Phanatick Brains?
What is't thou sadly thus bemoans
In thy Prophetick Strains?

Some say, you Groan much like a *Whigg*,
Or rather like a *Ranter*,
Some say as loud and full as big
As *Conventicle Carter*

And lest you should the *Plot* disgrace
For wanting of a Name,
Narrative Board henceforth we'll place,
In Registers of *Fame*

p 166 rubbing out Milk-scores, and lamb-blacking of Signs in Covent-Garden. In Shadwell's *The Scourer*, 4to, 1691, amongst other rowdy exploits, Whackum, "a City-Wit and Scowler," with Bluster and Dingboy, "his two Companions, Scoundrels," "wip'd out the Milk-Scores, pull'd off the Door-Knockers, dawb'd the gild Signs" As for breaking of Windows in Act I of the play, a Glazier is at Sir William Rant's levee who informs him that his former Glazier is dead, and petitions "I humbly desire I may succeed in your Worship's work . . . for your Worship, I understand, has Sash-Windows in utter Aversion, Sir, when you are in Beer . . . Now if your Worship will let me have the Place, I shall see that all the Parish, when you please to break their Windows, shall have as good Goods as any man can furnish them with"

In Motteux's song *The Town-Rake*, sung by Pinketham in Mrs Behn's posthumous comedy *The Younger Brother*, produced at Drury Lane, December, 1696, the joys of a rake-hell are enumerated, a fellow who

*At Houses of Pleasure breaks Windows and Doors;
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then hes with their Whores*

*Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaign,
And no Coffee-house haunts, but to settle his Brain*

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To lamb-black, or lam-black, is to smear with lamp-black. Cf. Tom Brown's *Praise of Poverty* (1704), *Works*, 1720, I, 98: "A . . scoundrel who knows no pleasure beyond lampblacking signs." Also in another connexion, *The Plain-Dealer*, III, 1, where the Widow Blackacre reviles the Lawyer. " You that newly come from Lamblacking the Judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine."

In Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, ed. Andrew Clark, Vol. I, p 220, Oxford, 1898, the following is related of Denham. " He was generally temperate as to drinking, but one time when he was a student of Lincolne's-Inne, having been merry at the taverne with his camerades, late at night, a frolick came into his head, to gett a playsterer's brush and a pott of inke, and blott out all the signes between Temple-barre and Charing-crosse, which made a strange confusion the next day, and 'twas in Terme'time But it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys This I had from R. Escott, esq., that carried the inke-pott " Cf Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, III, the scouring scene, where Sir Christopher Swash cries as the fiddlers play scurvy " Now let's break Windows to this Musick. 'Tis good for nothing else Pull down all the Knockers, and wipe out the Milk-scores: Will this Rogue my Footman never come with Lamp-black, and a Brush, that we may blot out the Signs." In *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chapter XV) Miss Petowker asked " What do you call it, when Lords break off door-knockers and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money, and all that sort of thing? "

" Aristocratic ? " suggested the collector

" Ah ! aristocratic," replied Miss Petowker

p 168 old Simon " Old Simon the King," the tune is found in *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*, 1652, *Musick's Handmaid for the Virginals*, 1678, and frequently elsewhere. What is probably the original ballad may be found in Bishop Percy's folio MS, p 519. It is mentioned, among others, by Lancham in a letter from Kenilworth, 1575, and the tune was in especial favour at, and after, the Restoration. The air is sometimes known as *The Golden Age* from " The Newmarket Song to the tune of Old Simon the King," which begins with the line " The Golden Age is come again " It may be remembered that *Old Simon* was the favourite tune of Squire Western.

p 168. Cutter Tabitha. The Cutter in Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, December, 1661, is *A merry sharking fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army*. Mistris Tabitha is the daughter of Mistris Barebottle, *A pretended Saint*. Cutter appears in a *Puritanical habit* and makes love to Tabitha, saying " my name is now Abednego, I had a Vision which whisper'd to me through a key-hole, Go call thy self Abednego " " The wonderful Vocation of some Vessels! " snuffles Tabitha. And presently Cutter cries " Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha, I call thee thrice, come along with me, Tabitha " He persuades Tabitha to marry him, and then, hey presto! he changes from his " Hat with a high black chimney for a crown " to a Hat and Feather,

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Sword and Belt, broad Lac'd Band and Periwig. At first Tabitha protests and weeps, especially when he instructs her "I'l ha' thee Paint thy self, like the Whore o' Babylon!" But after a bumper or two of Sack she is reconciled, and off they dance with a noise of fiddlers afore 'em. Cutter was played by Underhill

p. 171 *Queen Bess's Night.* There are innumerable allusions to, and many detailed descriptions of, the senseless city ceremony of "Pope-burning," engineered by the infamous Green Ribbon Club (founded in 1675), to take place annually on 17 November, the accession day of Queen Elizabeth. An elaborate pageantry was arranged, as is smartly described by Dryden in his Prologue to Southerne's *The Loyal Brother*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1682

Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the Guards,
Guards are illegal that drive foes away,
As watchful Shepherds that fright beasts of prey.
Kings who Disband such needless Aids as these
Are safe—as long as e're their Subjects please,
And that would be till next *Queen Bess's* night,
Which thus grave penny Chroniclers indite
Sir Edmond-berry first in woful wise
Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin Eyes
There's not a Butcher's Wife but Dribbs her part,
And pities the poor Pageant from her heart,
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the Fire,
And with a civil congee does retire
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall
There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.
The Punk of Babylon in Pomp appears,
A lewd Old Gentleman of seventy years,
Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore,
For few take Pity on an Old-cast Whore
The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes Part,
Sits cheek by jowl in black to chear his heart,
Like Thief and Parson in a Tiburn-Cart
The word is given, and with a loud Huzzaw
The Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they draw,
On the slain Corps contending Nations fall
Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns, now all true hearts your Triumphs sing,
And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the King.*

In Scott's *Dryden*, Vol. VI (1808), is reproduced a cut representing the tomfool procession of 1679, in which an effigy of the murdered Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey had a chief place. There were Cardinals and Bishops, Carmelites and Jesuits, in the show, and finally a wax-figure of the Holy Father (the saintly Innocent XI), behind whom was perched a rascal

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representing the Devil. There were "ingenious fireworks," and an enormous bonfire had been kindled at Temple Bar beneath the statue of Queen Elizabeth. With much clamour and ceremony the figure of the Pope was cast into the flames, whilst the Whig traitors looked on and applauded from the balconies of the King's Head Tavern. By this abominable pageant the foul passions of the vilest rabble who thronged the streets amid scenes of the greatest disorder were worked up to frenzy, and in 1679 it was thought by many that the riot would break out into an open revolution before dawn. For a full description of these proceedings see Sir George Sitwell's *The First Whig* (1894), c. VI. The pageant was prohibited by the Government in 1682, and on 17 November all the figures were seized, to the vast entertainment of the Tory crowds.

p. 171 *The Spirit of Rebellion* London and several other towns owing to their factious disloyalty lost their Charters. Evelyn, 4 October, 1683, notes the rescinding of the Charter of London, which was not restored until 24 May, 1690.

p. 171 *The perjur'd Wretch.* On 24 November, 1682, Pilkington, the late Whig Sheriff, an "indiscreet man that gave himself great liberties in discourse," was proceeded against at the instance of the Duke of York for gross and vile slander. The royal plaintiff obtained his verdict, and the damages were assessed at £100,000. On 19 May, 1683, Sir Patience Ward, an ex-Lord Mayor, was charged with committing perjury in the Duke's action against Pilkington. His guilt was amply proven, he was convicted, but sentence was postponed. It was intended that he should be placed in the pillory, but in the interval the wretch contrived to fly and lay perdu.

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p. 175 *Si quid habent* Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, XV, 879 Being the last line of the whole work

p. 175 *Thomas Earl of Ossory* 1634-80 The eldest son of James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde. In 1659 he married Emilia, a relation of the Prince of Orange. He was in high favour with Charles II and the Duke of York, and his career was brilliant to a degree. In 1666 he was created Baron Butler of Moore Park in the English Peerage. He attended the Prince of Orange on his visit to England, 1670-1, and in November, 1674, he was sent formally to offer the hand of Princess Mary to her future consort. In 1679 the Earl of Ossory eloquently defended his father in the House of Lords against the machinations of Shaftesbury. The following year he was appointed to take command at Tangier, but whilst preparing for his departure he was attacked by a sudden fever and died on 30 July.

p. 177. *I am a Wretch of honest Race* Otway here takes occasion to introduce
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many circumstances of his own life. Dr. Johnson's excellent note upon *Othello*, III, 3, 90, is very pertinent "The meaning of the word 'wretch' is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which, perhaps, all tenderness includes of feebleness, softness, and want of protection." Theobald and some sapient editors of Shakespeare for "Excellent wretch" propose to read "Excellent wench!" Cf. *Love in a Wood*, III, 1, where Mrs. Joyner says "How does my sweet God-daughter? poor wretch."

- p. 178 *Senander*. See Introduction.
- p. 179 *Pusillage*. French *pucelage*, virginity, maidenhead. So in Mrs Behn's admirable comedy *The Feign'd Curtizans, or, A Nights Intrigue*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1679, I, 2, Sir Signal Buffoon says to old Tickletext "Come, shall's to a Bonaroba, where thou shalt part with thy Pusillage?"
- p. 181. *Sodom Farce* "Sodom or the Quintessence of Debauchery By E of R Written for the Royall Company of Whoremasters" This is the title of *Sodom* as the play appears in volume 7312 of the Harleian MSS in the British Museum. It is without date, motto, or any indication as to its having been printed. It is in five acts, preceded by two Prologues, one of seventy-two lines, the other of twenty-nine, and is followed by two Epilogues, one of twenty-nine lines, the other of fifty-one, and also a bawdy poem of ten lines supposed to have been written by one of the characters. There are other MSS, in the Dyce Library, at The Hague, and in the Hamburg Town Library. The Hamburg copy is a small 4to, and consists of thirty-nine pages written on both sides in careless hand, the script being full of errors, and probably made by a German little acquainted with English. It is bound up with another MS, Hadrian Beverland's *Otta Oxoniensis*. This volume belonged formerly to the bibliographer Z C Uffenbach of Frankfort-on-the-Main, whose books at his death passed into the possession of Professor Wolff, and from him to the Hamburg library, of which he was librarian. On the title-page of this MS the letters "E of R" have been added to it in another handwriting, probably by Uffenbach himself, and now appear "Earl of Rochester".

It has been asserted that *Sodom* was performed before the King and court, and that women were present at the representation. This supposition has probably for foundation the following lines of the prologue

I do presume there are no women here
'Tis too debauch'd for their fair sex I fear.
Sure they will not in petticoats appear

The play is written in heroic verse, there are stage directions, and at the end of the Fifth Act when the tag is spoken.

Let heav'n descend and set the world on fire,
We to some darker cavern will retire.

"Fire, brimstone, and clouds of smoke rise. The curtain falls."

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It may seem incredible that such outrageous obscenities could ever have been spoken, nay more, accompanied with gesture and action, but those who know the history of the clandestine theatre are aware that plays equally lewd have been performed in a secrecy that was all but absolute. Not to delve too deeply into these matters, nor to come too near the present day, we may instance those plays which have been collected under the general title of *Théâtre Gaillard*, 2 vols., Glasgow [Paris], 1776; reprinted Glasgow, 1782, Londres, 1803, and in later issues. This is a repertory of the eighteenth century, performed at little private theatres and amid the seclusion of the "petites maisons" The Comte de Clermont, Titon du Tillet, the Maréchal de Grammont, Le Riche de la Pouplinière, had each built his miniature playhouse, adorned with every resource of art and luxury, whilst the Duc d'Orléans would not be content with less than three, one in his hotel on the faubourg Saint-Martin, another in his hotel on the faubourg du Roule, and a third at Bagnolet. Above all, Grandval, the famous actor, and his mistress, the great tragedienne Françoise-Marie Duménil, who created Voltaire's *Mérope*, had constructed a small theatre which connected their two houses, the one in the Rue Royale, the other in the Rue Blanche. Here were given the most libertine performances, such as *La Comtesse d'Olonne*, written by Nicolas Racot de Grandval, a celebrated musician, the father of the actor. Although gross, this piece contains some clever parody, as for example Act I, 1, when Argénie, starting from bed, "croyant voir l'ombre du duc de Candale son premier amant," commences

Fantôme impérieux, qui viens mal à propos,
Condamner mes plaisirs et troubler mon repos. .

Just as Herod in Rotrou's *Mariamne* begins the play by wakung from sleep with the cry

Fantôme injurieux, qui troubles mon repos !

There is a burlesque of *Le Cid*, too, in Scene 3 between Argénie and the Comte de Guiche. Other plays given at the theatre of the Barrière-Blanche were *L'Eunuque*, *Les deux biscuits*, *Léandre-Nanette*, *La médecine de Cythère*, *Le tempérament*.

Such an obscenity as *Vasta, reine de Bordelis*, attributed to Alexis Piron, of which it is impossible even to transcribe the names of the characters since they are mere bawdry, was played privately in its entirety by Mlle Raucourt and Lekain.

The *Théâtre d'Amour*, "A Paphos. L'an 4000 du règne de l'amour," comprises an even more astounding collection than the *Théâtre Gaillard*. "Le seul titre de ces pièces suffit à révéler leur obscénité, le langage y est d'une crudité insurpassable, les jeux de scène ne laissent rien à désirer." Delisle de Sales tells us "Un prince étranger, homme très aimable, mais un peu blasé sur les plaisirs que l'innocence apporte, avait un théâtre secret où il n'introduisait que des rôles de sa petite cour et des dames de

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qualité, dignes d'être courtesanes. C'étaient les saturnales de la Régence. On y jouait sans voiles les priapées de Pétrone et les orgies du Portier (des Chartreux)." Amongst those who took part in these extraordinary performances was the famous Sophie Arnould.

Strange then, as it may seem, it is not, I think, impossible that the filthy English farce was actually represented. In any case, *Sodom*, in manuscript, and I have no doubt in its printed form, circulated pretty widely and much scandal ensued. A set of verses *On the Author of a Play called Sodom*, which has some lines well nigh as beastly as the farce itself, crept into the eighteenth-century editions of Rochester, but they were always suspect, and the argument founded on this lampoon, to wit that Rochester could not have been the author of a piece he so indignantly repudiated, never carried any weight. It is now known that Oldham wrote these scurril verses, as his holograph exists with his alterations and excisions whilst the thing was travailing to birth. *Sodom* was generally said to be the work of a member of the Inns of Court, Fishbourne by name Langbaine, who might have known the truth, is silent on the subject. The *Biographia Dramatica* under Mr Fishbourne says: "This gentleman belonged to the Inns of Court, and is only mentioned here by way of perpetuating that infamy which he has justly incurred, by being known to be the author of a dramatic piece, entitled, *Sodom*. This play is so extremely obscene, and beyond all bounds indecent and immoral, that even the earl of Rochester, whose libertinism was so professed and open, and who scarcely knew what the sense of shame was, could not have to undergo the imputation of being the author of this piece (which, in order to make it sell, was published with initial letters in the title, intended to misguide the opinion of the public, and induce them to fix it upon that nobleman), and published a copy of verses to disclaim his having had any share in the composition. Nor has it indeed any spark of resemblance to lord Rochester's wit, could that even have atoned (which, however, it could, by no means have done) for the abominable obscenity of it. To such lengths did the licence of that court induce persons to imagine they might proceed in vice with full impunity." This is very well, and circumstantial enough, but in fairness it must be said that if there is anything to choose between the farce and many of Rochester's lampoons which appear only in the completer editions of that nobleman's poems, the farce is just as witty as the acknowledged performances. It is not at all improbable that Fishbourne is the author of *Sodom*. On the other hand, it is wholly in Rochester's vein, and Rochester was quite capable of fathering it upon another, if it so suited his convenience. We can but say that there is no complete solution of the problem. But it may be remarked that Otway, who introduces Rochester later as Lord Lampoon, differentiates between him and "the first . . . who wrote his *Sodom* farce."

The piece is said to have been printed in 8vo as follows *Sodom. A Play By the E of R*

Mentula cum Uulua sepiissime iungitur una,
Dulcius est, Melle, Uuluum tractare Puellæ

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Antwerp. Printed in the Year, 1684. There can, I think, be no doubt that there was such an impression, but it appears to be entirely lost in that form. There is every reason to believe that a copy existed in the Heber collection, and that this, together with one or two other obscene works, was privately destroyed by the executors. The impress would have been very similar to that of Rochester's poems "Poems on Several Occasions By the Right Honourable the E of R — — Printed at Antwerpen Small 8vo, pp 136, no date, but *circa* 1684.

Sodom has of recent years been clandestinely printed more than once. It has also been translated into French. Soleilhan had in his collection three MSS., two of which appear to have been versions of the play.

Le Roi de Sodome, tragédie en prose, en 5 actes, par le Comte de Rochester, en 1658, traduite de l'anglais, par M . , 1744 In-4, écrit du temps. Cette honteuse pièce tient au delà de ce que son titre promet.

Sodome, comédie en 5 actes et en prose, par le Comte de Rochester, traduite de l'anglais, 1682, in-8 sur pap, écrit du commencement du 18^e s. Même pièce que la précédente, avec des changements

L'Embrasement de Sodome, comédie (5 a pr.), traduite de l'anglais sur un manuscrit du seizième siècle, 1740 In-8 Joli manuscrit imitant l'impression. Le sujet de cette pièce en annonce assez l'obscénité; cependant elle est écrite facétieusement dans le goût du *Saul* de Voltaire, et l'on voit que l'auteur a songé moins à faire une comédie impure qu'une critique divertissante de la Bible

In the Catalogue Deville, 1841, No 1871, is mentioned a MS. *L'Embrasement de Sodome*, trag-comédie en prose et en cinq actes, 1767. It may possibly be a copy of the last

There is a *Conflagratio Sodoma*, *Drama nouum Tragicum* Andreæ Saurni, &c., 1607, and *Bustum Sodoma* *Tragedia sacra*, autore Cornelio a Marca, &c., 1615. "Il y a d'incroyables allusions aux mœurs de Sodome, dans cette pieuse tragédie, composée et mise au jour par l'honnête bénedicteur" But neither of these has, of course, any connexion with the production of Rochester

- p 182 *that blud'ring Sot* Elkanah Settle, for whom see the Introduction
- p 182 *Lord Lampoon* John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester. He died 26 July, 1680, at the High Lodge, Woodstock Park
- p 182 *Monsieur Song* Tom D'Urfey Steele in *The Tatler*, No 214, speaks of "That ancient Lyric, M D'Urfey"
- p 182 *The City Poet* Thomas Jordan, who was born early in the seventeenth century, and was originally bred a player at the Red Bull, Clerkenwell. In 1637 he published his earliest known work *Poeticall Varietie*, 4to, and after the suppression of the theatres in 1642, he supported himself by such miscellaneous literary work as he could find, penning panegyrics, dedications, commendatory verses with great facility. At the Restoration he again concerned himself with the stage, acted, and wrote many prologues and epilogues. In 1671, after an interval of five years consequent on the Plague and the Great Fire, Jordan was chosen successor to John Tatham as poet of the Corporation of London. The chief duties of the City

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Laureates were to invent pageants for the Lord Mayors' Shows and to compose the annual eulogy upon the Lord Mayor elect. Jordan conducted the civic ceremonies for fourteen years, and maintained their splendour with conspicuous ability. He was succeeded by Matthew Taubman in the early part of 1685, and this we may accordingly presume to have been the date of his death. The pageant for 1679 was *London in Lustre* (Sir Robert Clayton), for 1680 *London's Glory* (Sir Patience Ward). Several of his contemporaries treat Jordan with no little contempt. Oldham sneers at his pretensions, and Wesley in his *Maggots* (1685) invokes the Muse of Jordan as the inspirer of dulness.

In February, 1745, there appeared a letter in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (p. 99), *On the Poets and Actors in King Charles II's Reign*. It is signed W G and purports to be written by a very old man. Anecdotes of Dryden and Anne Reeve, Nat Lee, Shadwell, Johnny Crown, and others are related. The author remarks "Master Elkanah Settle, the city-poet, I knew with his short-cut band and satin cap. He ran away from Oxford with the players at an act as *Otway* did the same year 1674." This is more than suspect. Downes tells us that Settle, then barely eighteen, completed his first play *Cambyses* as early as 1666, and it may have been played at Lincoln's Inn Fields in January, 1667. It proved a great success. In any case, *Cambyses* was printed in 1671 and again in 1673. *The Empress of Morocco* was produced at Dorset Garden in November, 1673, and had possibly been given at Court as early as 1671. At any rate, by 1674 Settle was a well-known dramatist, and indeed much in vogue just at that time. Moreover, Settle was not appointed City Poet until 1691. Taubman's last pageant is dated 1689, in 1690 the show was intermitted, and in the following year Settle issued for Lord-Mayor's Day *The Triumphs of London*, 4to.

Mr. Thorn-Drury has suggested, and moreover (in a forthcoming article) proves by indicating the derivative sources, of which Otway's *Poet's Complaint* is one, that the letter printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* is a mere rifacimento, and therefore of itself valueless. The writer doubtless thought of Settle as the City Poet, and obviously taking Otway's description here of Jordan for a portraiture of Settle, reproduced it as such. This error has already gained some ground, but may now be entirely quashed and discounted.

p. 183 *There liv'd a widow'd Witch* One may compare Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, Book III, canto vii 6

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needs,
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envide.

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Also Book IV, canto 1, 27:

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended,
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended
And as her tongue so was her hart disceded,
That never thought one thing but doubly still was guided

p 183. Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do Cf *The Ingoldsby Legends*
"The Nurse's Story" *The Hand of Glory*

'Tis awful to hear those words of fear !
The prayer mutter'd backwards and said with a sneer !
(Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
A witch says her prayers she begins with "Amen")

Cf Dorset's mordant lines on Edward Howard, *To a Person of Honour,*
on his incomparable Incomprehensible Poem (The British Princes), which
commence

Come on, ye Critics, find one fault who dare,
For read it backward like a Witch's pray'r,
'Twill do as well

p 183 Old Presbyterianism is the name given to one of the groups of ecclesiastical bodies that represent the features of Protestantism as emphasized by Calvin, whilst John Knox, who had lived with Calvin at Geneva, impressed his narrow ideas upon Scotland, and may in some sense be described as the founder of that "True blue" Presbyterianism, which, although half-heartedly rejected by the Long Parliament of 1641-2, was adopted in 1643, since the Covenant, the price of Scotch military alliance, bound Parliament to establish the Presbyterian system. We may apply, then, historically the name "Presbyterian" to the majority of the House of Commons and to that party which supported a Puritan orthodoxy. The Presbyterians were the most factious and bitter of all sectarians. They were the most strenuous opposers of royalty, and it was they in effect who brought King Charles to the scaffold. Very aptly has Otway described these hypocrites who made religion a cloak for treason and revolt. It was among the Presbyterians who formed the backbone of the extreme Whig party that Oates, when he reaped the reward of his iniquities, was yet regarded as a noble martyr. Not untruly did Judge Jeffreys say on a famous occasion "I will tell you that there is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterian rascals but, one way or the other, had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion. Presbytery has all manner of villainy in it . . . Show me a Presbyterian and I will show you a lying knave."

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- p. 183. *Lewd Whining.* In Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads*, II, 1, Giliflower contrasting the Puritans and Cavaliers, describes the former: "Truly, Madam, there's a great Difference in the Men, yet Heaven at first did its part, but the Devil has since so over-done his that what with the Vizor of Sanctity, which is the godly Snee, the drawing of the Face to a prodigious length, the formal Language, with a certain Twang through the Nose, and the pious Gogle, they are fitter to scare Children than beget love in Ladies"
- p. 183 *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE* The Puritan euphemism for treason, rebellion, and the murder of their sovereign. Mrs Behn's comedy *The Roundheads*; or *The Good Old Cause* was acted at Dorset Garden in January, 1682, or possibly a month earlier.
- After the Exclusion Bill had been thrown out by the House of Lords, chiefly owing to the magnificent effort of Halifax, the Commons in their fury plunged into a series of indiscriminate attacks upon their opponents. A Bill for a Protestant Association for the government of the country with Monmouth at its head was being prepared when on 10 January, 1681, the King prorogued and then dissolved Parliament.
- When Shaftesbury was arrested and committed to the Tower in the following July, his papers at Thanet House were seized, and among them was discovered the treasonable "Paper of Association," which commenced "We the Knights, &c finding to the Grief of our Hearts, the Popish Priests and Jesuits, and their Adherents and Abettors, have for several Years last past pursu'd a most pernicious and hellish Plot, to root out the true Protestant Religion as a pestilent heresy, to take away the life of our Gracious King, to subvert our Laws and Liberties, and to set up Arbitrary Power and Popery" and after several clauses the nonsense concluded. "We have thought fit to propose to all true Protestants an Union among themselves . . . In Witness of all which Premises . . . we put our Hands and Seals and shall be most ready to accept and admit any others hereafter into this Society and Association" Echard, *The History of England*, 3rd edition, pp 1014-5 This piece is smartly satirized in Crowne's *City Politiques*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1683, Act IV, when Doctor Panchy (Titus Oates) bawls out "What do you think the Tory rogues have done? They have met with our Paper of Association," and proceeds to read a close parody of Shaftesbury's original
- p. 183 *destroying Angel!* The plague of 1665
- p. 184 *Sword of Flame* The Great Fire broke out in Pudding Lane near Fish Street about ten o'clock at night on 2 September, 1666, and raged for five days
- p. 184 *our new Sodom* Compare Evelyn's graphic description of the Fire, 3 September, 1666 "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able

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to approach n^t, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day."

p. 184 *This Witch . . . Began to shew her self again.* The Whig party, the actual formation of which was undoubtedly due to the infamous Shaftesbury, consisted, as Otway says, of the rebels and traitors who some five-and-twenty years before had murdered their Sovereign, of malcontents, rogues, and the offscouring of humanity

p. 184 *So Reuben.* *Genesis xxxv 21, 22.* "And Israel journeyed, and spread his tent beyond the tower of Edar. And it came to pass, that when Israel dwelt in that land, that Reuben went and lay with Bilhah his father's concubine and Israel heard it" Also Jacob's curse upon Reuben, *Genesis xl ix.* 4 "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel, because thou wentest up to thy father's bed, then defiledst thou it; he went up to my couch."

p. 184 *Suburb-Trull.* In the days of Elizabeth and for more than a century and a half after her reign the London suburbs were notorious for houses of ill-fame, so that a "suburban" meant a whore. In Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (4to, 1608), the merry lord, Valerius, sings "a song of all the pretty Suburbians," II, 3 Cf also *Measure for Measure*, I, 2, where Pompey says to Mrs Overdone, "All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down" Dekker, *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, Being Part II of the Belman of London, October, 1608, has Chapter IX, "The Infection of the Suburbs" ". . . into the Suburbs her went . . . Her saw the dores of notorious *Carted Bawdes* (like Hell-gates) stand night and day wide open, with a paire of Harlots in Taffata gownes (like two painted posts) garnishing out those dores, beeing better to the house than a *Double signe*. . . . *Belzebub* keepes the Register booke, of al ye Bawdes, Pandera, and Curtizans and her knowes, that these Suburb sinners have no landes to live upon but their legges: every prentice passing by them, can say, *There sits a whore . . .* How happy therefore were Citties if they had no Suburbes, sithence they serve but as caves, where monsters are bred up to devoure the Citties them-selves" In Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, III, 1, Beantosser, a strumpet, cries "Suburban Hackney" as a term of abuse Cf Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress* (1682), IV, 1 "Some common Hackney of the Suburbs"

p. 185 *To make their Godliness their Gains* Cf. *The Medall*, 1682, II. 31-35.

A Vermin wriggling in th' Usurper's ear,
Bar'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould,
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while Godliness was gun,
The lowdest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking train

p. 185 *November Squibs* The tomfool processions organized by the Whigs on "Queen Bess^es night," 17 November, the day of her accession. There were "ingenious fireworks," and the rabble burned an effigy of the Holy

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Father in an enormous bonfire kindled at Temple Bar See note, *Qyeen Besse's Night*, Epilogue to *The Atheist*

p. 185 Children born with Teeth. Cf III Henry VI, V, vi

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O ! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth'
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog

p. 185 Comets with a Beard For hairy children, or children born with a bushy beard, see any of the common reprints of that book generally known as *Aristotle's Problems*. The earliest edition of this work, which is, of course, wrongly attributed to the great Greek philosopher, was printed in 1475 at Rome. *Aristotelis Problematis particula prima* (—uicesima, etc.) *Per Johānem Reynhard de Eningen*. There are translations in nearly all modern languages. As early as 1710 we have the "Twenty-Fifth Edition," London, and it is very frequently reissued even to-day.

p. 185 Wapping Drab, or Shoreditch Qyeen In 1676 Shaftesbury took Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, in order that he might be in constant touch with the disaffected rabble in the City. It was from the dregs of Wapping and Shoreditch that so many of his adherents were drawn, his "ten thousand brisk boys," in other words bloody traitors. When he fled from Thanet House about Michaelmas, 1682, to be perdu before he could escape to Holland in the disguise of a Presbyterian minister, Shaftesbury skulked in low and obscure Wapping slums, whence he still fomented rebellion.

p. 186 To the blest Family of Pryn William Prynne (1600-1669), an idle and obnoxious pamphleteer, who for the lewd libels contained in his *Histrionatrix* (1632) and other scurril lampoons was mulcted in a heavy fine, sentenced to be imprisoned during life, and to lose both his ears in the pillory. The Long Parliament released him from a very gentle confinement, and he instantly persecuted all Royalists with most bitter intensity. It is prov'd that he tampered with witnesses, forged, and perjured himself to obtain the condemnation of Archbishop Laud. At the Restoration he was, however, treated with special indulgence by the King. He was wont to wear a long quilted cap to hide the loss of his souses.

p. 186 Imps she cherish'd with her Blood Witches nourished their families with their own blood. So George Giffard, *Dialogue concerning Witches* (Percy Society, VIII, London, 1843), explains "The witches have their spirits, some hath one, some hath more, as two, three, four, or five, some in one like-nesse, and some in another, as like cats, weasils, toades, or mice, whom they nourish with milke or with a chicken, or by letting them suck now and then a drop of blood." This feeding of the familiar with blood occurs again and again in the witch trials, e.g. Elizabeth Francis, tried at Chelmsford in 1556, "learned this arte of witchcraft of hyr grandmother, whose nam mother Eve Item when shee taughte it her, she counseled her to renounce GOD and his worde and to geue of her bloudde to Sathan (as she termed it) whyche she delyuered her in the lykenesse of a whyte spotted

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Catte, and taughte her to feede the sayde Catte with breade and mylke, and she dyd so, also she taughte her to cal it by the name of Sathan and to kepe it in a basket Item that every tyme that he did any thyng for her, she sayde that he required a drop of bloude, which she gaue him by prycking herselfe, sometime in one place and then in another" *Examination of certain Witches at Chelmsford* Philobiblon Society, VIII, London, 1863-4 Cats and toads were, perhaps, the commonest forms of familiars. In 1579 at Windsor "one Mother Dutton dwellyng in Cleworthe Pariahe keepeth a Spinte or Feende in the likeness of a Toade, and fedeth the same Feende lyng in a border of greene Hearbes, within her garden, with blood which she causeth to issue from her own flancke" *Rehearsall both straung and true* London, 1579 In 1588 an old hag of Essex confessed "that she had three spirits one like a cat, which she called Lightfoot, another like a toad, which she called Lunch, the third like a Weasell, which she called Makeshift" (Giffard) Two French witches who were tried at Orleans in 1614, Silvain Nevillon and Gentier le Clerc, confessed. "qu'il y a des Sorciers qui nourrissent des Marionnettes, qui sont de petits Diablettaux en forme de Crapaux . Et auoit veu souuent la Marionnette dudit Nevillon, qui est comme vn gros crapau tout noir" Pierre de Lancre *L'Incredulite et Mescreance du Sortilege*, Paris, 1622

Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, Book I, canto 1, 15, has

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone

p 188 Godly Forty one to Horrid Forty eight The disloyal "Grand Remonstrance"—so-called—was impudently put forward in November, 1641, and by 1648 the King's murder had been decided upon and planned The Whigs were prepared to engineer a similar sequence of events, and "forty-one" "forty-eight" were bywords, the traitors of sixteen hundred and eighty being compared with those of sixteen hundred and forty So Dryden in his prologue to Tate's *The Loyal General*, acted at Dorset Garden in the late winter (probably December) of 1679 (*Term Catalogues*, Hilary, February, 1680)

The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted Age,
Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,
That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings !
The stile of Forty One our Poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.

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- p. 188 'Twixt Legislative and Judicial Power The Puritans and the Whigs in order something to mask their flagrant treason, if convenient affected to make these hair-splitting distinctions, and to distinguish " 'Twixt Persons Natural and Politick " To *Hudibras*, Part I, 11

For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for Religion too

" The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still that they fought *for him*, for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one. 'His political person (they said) must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them ' " Note *in loco*, edition, Chiswick, 1818

- p. 188 Committees of Association Cf Dryden's Prologue to the King and Queen, "At The Opening of Their Theatre Upon the Union Of The Two Companies In 1682".

Since Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,
Their penny Scribes take care t'inform the Nation
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation
How Pennsylvania's Air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors

See *The Parallel or, the new Species Association of an old Rebellious Covenant, closing with a disparity between a true Patriot and a Factious Association* Folio, 1682

- p. 189 Mystical green Ribband in his Hat The Whigs deserted their old party colour blue—True-blue Protestants—for green, and as their emblem wore a green ribbon in their hats. For a wood-cut representing this mode of dressing the beaver, see Sir George Sitwell's *Sitwell Letters*, two vols., 1900–1, being largely a reprint of *The First Whig*. There is a very full, admirably documented and detailed account of the "Green-Ribbon Club" in this work. The Green Ribbon men held their Club in the King's Head Tavern at the west side of Chancery Lane End, opposite to Inner Temple. The Club was founded in 1675, and soon became the very centre of treason, rebellion, plotting, murder, and all disquiet. Shaftesbury was the president, Oates, Ferguson, Bethel, Romsey, and other scoundrels, valued members. When witnesses were needed the Club could rake up the scum of brothels and the gutter, for a display of force the Wapping hooligans were always ready. A knot of atheists, blasphemers, conspirators, spies, *boutfeus*, and traitors, the place was an open sore in the side of the Constitution. In *The D of B's Litany* [Duke of Buckingham], *Poems on State Affairs*, III, 1704, pp. 91–3, a petition runs

From changing old Friends for rascally new ones,
From taking Wildman and Marvel for true ones,
From wearing green Ribbands 'gainst him gave us blue ones.

Liberat Nost, &c.

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p. 189. *th' Hero to his Distaff drew.* So in *The Orphan*, IV, Castello says:

How like a dog
Lookt Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd

See the note upon that passage, Vol II, p 353 Hercules became the infatuated slave of Queen Omphale, who would dress her fond lover in woman's attire and set him to spin wool amid the maidens

p 189 Painter's *Advices, Letanies* Andrew Marvell was the chief purveyor of a number of impudent lampoons, *Advice to a Painter* The first *Advice to a Painter* was published as a folio sheet of four pages, no place, and without a date Writing on 7-17 July, 1679, to Henry Savile, Viscount Halifax says "here is lately come out in print, amongst other libels, an 'Advice to a Painter,' which was written some years since and went about, but now by the liberty of the press is made public, which for many reasons, I am sorry for" (*Savile Correspondence*, p 107) There is little doubt that the edition of 1679 was the undated version to which reference has just been made, and Lord Halifax's words imply that the piece had passed from hand to hand in manuscript only during Marvell's lifetime. (Marvell died of an apoplexy, 16 August, 1678) The poem was evidently written at the end of the year 1673, and refers to the silly No Popery agitation of that time The piece was, as we have noted, reprinted during the excitement caused by the perjuries of Oates and Shaftesbury's gang in 1678-9, and various lines seem to have been added in subsequent issues The appearance of the poem in 1679 called forth two anonymous and undated pieces, *New Advice to a Painter* and *Second Advice to the Painter*, each dealing with the pretended Popish Plot Aubrey distinctly affirms of Marvell "The verses called 'The Advice to the Painter' were of his making" We also have Marvell's *The Last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch Wars*, 1667, probably written about August, 1667, and *Farther Instructions to a Painter*, 1671

Marvell was, so far as the form of these poems is concerned, an imitator of Waller, whose *Instructions to a Painter, For The Drawing Of The Posture And Progress Of His Majesty's Forces At Sea, Under The Command Of His Highness-Royal, Together With The Battle And Victory Obtained Over The Dutch, June, 3, 1665*, was printed small folio "for Henry Herringman," 1666 Waller derived the idea of this kind of composition from *A Prospectice of the Naval Triumph of the Venetians over the Turk To Signor Pietro Liberi That Renowned and famous Painter By Gio Francesco Busenello, London, &c, 1658* Waller was followed by Denham, and a few years later Marvell, and others, turned the idea to the purposes of political pasquils, to such an extent that the writer of a broadside, 1680, cries

Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
At every turn implores the Painters aid,
And fondly enamour'd of his own foul brat,
Cries in an ecstacy, Paint this, Draw that !

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See Waller's *Instructions to a Painter* in the edition of his Poems by G. Thorn-Drury, with the notes upon the passage.

The numerous issues of *Poems on Affairs of State* teem with satirical litanies, such as *A Lenten Litany*, twenty-eight stanzas, beginning

From Villany dress'd in a Doublet of Zeal,
From 3 Kingdoms bah'd in one Commonweal,
From a Gleek of Lord Keepers of one poor Seal,
Liberas nos Domine

Also *The Duke of B[uckingham]s Litany*, nineteen stanzas, beginning

From a proud sensual Atheistical Life,
From arming our Lackeys with Pistol & Knife,
From murd'ring the Husband, & whoring the Wife,
Liberas nos Domine

In similar strain are *A Litany*, *The Respondent, or Litany for Litany*, *A new Litany for the holy time of Lent*, *A new Protestant Litany*, and very many more

p 187 *The Country's late Appeal* Robert Ferguson's *An Appeal from the Country to the City, for the preservation of his Majesties Person, Liberty, Property, and the Protestant Religion* Folio (four leaves) Printed in the year 1679 This is perhaps the most infamous of all political tracts, even amid the horrid scandals of those vexed times Ferguson vehemently asserts the most deliberate and abominable lies to incite the nation to rebellion, he urges Monmouth to strike immediately and to strike with open violence for the Crown A more seditious libel has never been penned Monmouth was actually recommended as the next King, on the ground that having the worst claim he would make the best ruler, "and humour the people for want of a title" Benjamin Harris, the printer, was soon laid by the heels, and on 5 February, 1680, brought before Scroggs at the Guildhall There he brazenly asserted there were "thousands who would stand by him" Many of these ruffians, indeed, thronged the court, and by their clamour and a mighty hum testified their enthusiasm for the prisoner Jeffreys, who appeared to prosecute for the King, justly deplored the rebellious spirit of the age, and aptly described the book which "was as base a piece as ever was contrived in hell, by the blackest rascal that ever was" The evidence was so clear that even partisan jury was bound to return a verdict of "Guilty" Harris escaped with a round fine and the pillory Apparently his partisans did little for him, since in July he wrote from his prison to Scroggs in a vein of humblest penitence, protesting that all his friends had forsaken him and no man would give him anything to help him pay his fine

Robert Ferguson, who was commonly known as "The Plotter," had originally been a Presbyterian minister This factious scoundrel was a strong supporter of Shaftesbury, a prominent member of the Green Ribbon Club, and one of the chief contrivers of the Rye House Plot He was outlawed in 1683, and actively assisted Monmouth in his rebellion, personally penning the infamous Declaration which accused the King of every crime,

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and serving as a chaplain in the regiments After Sedgemoor Ferguson escaped, and not receiving, as he thought, sufficient recognition and reward at the Revolution, he veered round and declared himself a Jacobite. In 1704 he was committed to Newgate for treason, but admitted to bail, and never tried. He died in 1714.

- p. 189. *a huge Dragon*. In allusion to the popular but purely apocryphal legends of S George. These occur in the *Legenda Aurea* of the famous Dominican, Blessed Jacopo de Voragine (*circa* 1230-98), the first English edition of which was printed by Caxton at London in 1483, from a version made about 1450. The general version of the tale runs that S George, coming to a city of Libya, named Selene, found that the whole countryside was being ravaged by a foul and pestilential dragon, whom the people, in order to avoid his devastating attack upon their city, were obliged to feed with human victims chosen by lot. And the lot presently fell upon the princess Sabra, who was dressed as a bride and led to the dragon's lair. S George, however, encountered the beast and overthrew it. "Thenne the kyng was baptysed and all his people and saynt george slew the dragon and smote of his heed . . . And the kyng dyd doo make a chirche there of our lady and of saynt george."

The account in *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, which was read by every cottage fire, and the chap-book *The Life and Death of S George the Noble Champion of England*, is far wilder and more romantic. S George is born at Coventry, his father being "a renowned peer named Lord Albert," the enchantress Kalyb bestows invincible armour upon him and lends him the magic wand, he slays the dragon, and after various adventures marries the fair Sabra. In fact, we are in a realm of magic and myth, adventures such as those of Don Belianis of Greece or Sir Bevis of Southampton, or even Valentine and Orson.

- p. 190. *Not one Man's Foe?* This is a very just and exact delineation of the many virtues and good qualities of that excellent prince, James, Duke of York

- p. 191. *Whilst the Belgian couchant lay*. On 4 March, 1665, Charles II published a Declaration of War against Holland. On 3 June a memorable engagement took place between the fleets off Harwich. The Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral, covered himself with glory. Opdam, the Dutch admiral, endeavouring to close with the Duke's flagship, perished in an explosion which wrecked his vessel, and was the signal for the rout of the Dutch. With the destruction of one old ship, and about a thousand casualties, the English had sunk and destroyed over a dozen vessels, taken as many more, and inflicted on the enemy a loss of about five thousand men.

- p. 192. *his Retreat to foreign Land*. Early in March, 1679, owing to the commotions excited by the so-called Popish Plot, King Charles desired his brother to withdraw from the country awhile. The Duke requested an Order signed by the royal hand, and this condition was accordingly complied with, the King at the same time expressing his sorrow that such a measure should be necessary for the Duke's own good, and declaring that no absence, nor anything else, should ever affect his love for his brother. The Duke retired first to Holland and then to Brussels. Meanwhile the

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illegal Exclusion Bill was introduced by Shaftesbury. When the King was taken violently ill during August at Windsor, the Duke hastened over in strict privacy from Brussels, but upon His Majesty's swift recovery, he returned to the Continent, although only for a brief space, as on 7 October it was announced in *The London Gazette* that he would remove to Scotland, whether he proceeded after a triumphant reception in the City before the end of the month.

p. 193 *And there so tenderly embrac'd.* The shifty Burnet has, as usual, in the *History of his Own Times*, lied concerning this incident. But Tate, in the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, II 592-616, thus describes the scene

His Absence David does with Tears advise,
T' appease their Rage, Undaunted He Complies
Thus he who, prodigal of Blond, and Ease,
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
And heading Danger in the Wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his Native Sand
And, like an Exile, quits the promis'd Land !
Our Monarch scarce from pressing Tears refrains,
And painfully his Royal State maintains.
Who, now embracing on th' extremest shore,
Almost Revokes what he Injourn'd before
Concludes at last more Trust to be allow'd
To Storms and Seas than to the raging Crow'd !
Forbear, rash Muse, thr parting Scene to draw,
With Silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw !
Not onely our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy Sailors swell with Tears the Deep !
The Tyde restrained her Course, and more amaz'd,
The Twyn Stars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:
While this sole Fear——
Does Trouble to our suff'ring Heroe bring,
Lest next the Popular Rage oppress the King,
Thus parting, each for th' Others Danger griev'd,
The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd

p. 195 *Dum Juga Montis Aper* Vergil, Eclogue V, 76-8

p. 195 *Si canimus Sylvas* Eclogue IV, 3

p. 198 *Fatu great Glo'ster ferz'd* Thursday, 13 September, 1660, Pepys notes: "This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the small-pox, by the great negligence of the doctors"

p. 199 *of so much Happiness (if known)* O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Georgics, II, 458

p. 200 *a noon-day Star* This prodigy is said to have been seen 29 May, 1630, when Charles, the son of King Charles I, was born

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p 201. *Shawm.* Otway derived this word from the Prayer Book version of Psalm xcviij. 6, where it is used to translate the Hebrew "shopar", Vulgate, "uoce tubæ cornæ", Douay, "sound of cornet", A V "cornet." Shawm from the French *chalumeau*, which is derived from the Latin *calamus*, was a sort of shepherd's pipe. I do not imagine that Otway had any clear ideas as to the meaning of "shawm".

p 203 *the Theban founder.* Hermes (or, according to others, Apollo or the Muses) gave Amphion, son of Zeus and Antiope, a lyre of divine melody. When he and his brother Zethas had captured Thebes they fortified it with a wall, the stones to form which moved of their own accord to Amphion's music Cf Horace, *Carminum*, III, xi.

Mercuri—nam te docilis magistro
Mouit Amphion lapides canemdo—

Propertius, I, ix, 10, 11

Quid tibi nunc misero prodest graue dicere carmen?
Aut Amphioniæ moenia flere lyrae?

Statius, *Thebaidos*, IV, 357

· magnæque Amphionis arces

upon which Placidus Lactantius glosses "Diastole, illa ut operis, quod canante Amphione, instructum est, modo autem surdum est, quia manu, non carmine, condebaratur Ad Thebanum muros cantilena Amphion dicitur saxe traxisse"

p 203 *The Sieur Verrio* Evelyn, 23 July, 1679, writes "To Court after dinner I visited that excellent painter, Verrio, whose works in *fresco* in the King's palace, at Windsor, will celebrate his name as long as these walls last." Antonio Verrio, the celebrated Neapolitan painter, was born at Leece, in the Terra di Otranto, about 1639. His earliest pictures were done for ecclesiastics—the Jesuits' College, Naples, the high altar in the Carmelite Church, Toulouse. His facility of execution and rich colouring gained him fame, and Charles II appointed him to direct the royal tapestry works at Mortlake. Soon, however, Verrio was transferred to Windsor to paint the walls and ceilings. Under Charles II and his successor Verrio was in high favour. At the Revolution he threw up his office of surveyor of the royal gardens (a sinecure) and refused to employ his pencil for William of Orange. He had, however, many commissions from nobles and private persons. His sight failing, Queen Anne bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year. He died 1707. A list of Verrio's ceilings will be found in Jesse's Eton and Windsor Pope, *Windsor Forest*, has a couplet (307-8)

From her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall

p 204 *Walls adorn'd with richest woven Gold* The following passage from Mrs Behn's *La Montre, or, The Lover's Watch*, 1686, an adaptation from *La Montre*

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(1666) of Balthazar de Bonnecorse, is pertinent "Seven o' Clock Drivers Dreams. I am satisfy'd you pass your time well now at Windsor, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without good reason for 'tis most certainly now render'd the most glorious Palace in the Christian World. And had our late Gracious Sovereign, of blessed Memory, had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign to have immortaliz'd his Fame (of which there shall remain thousand to Posterity) this noble Structure alone, this Building (almost Devine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles II* till the World moulder again to its old Confusion, its first *Chaos*. And the Paintings of the famous *Vario*, and noble Carvings of the unimitable *Gibson*, shall never die, but remain to tell succeeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to antient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boast its mightiest Share. Nor is the Inside of this magnificent Structure, immortaliz'd with so many eternal Images of the illustrious *Charles* and *Katherina*, more to be admired than the wondrous Prospects without. The stupendous Height, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields, and flowery Meads below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the most delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all these, and far below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an old, but noble Building, raises it self, in the midst of all the Beauties of Nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and spacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senses."

p. 208 *a beautcous Off-spring lay* All King Charles' natural children—with the exception of the Duke of Monmouth, who was an exile—were present at his bedside. "He also recommended to him [the Duke of York] the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure" Evelyn, 4 February, 1685

p. 208 *Th' unwearied Rev'rend Father's pious care* No doubt Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is here particularly intended Evelyn writes "Those who assisted his Majesty's devotions were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells."

But, as is well known, Charles II had long been *ex animo* a Catholic, and Father John Huddleston, o s b, "was brought privately into the room, where the king lay dying, upon Thursday the fifth of February, 1684-5, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening." The monarch eagerly declared he wished to die in the faith and communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, whereupon the monk heard his confession, reconciled him to the Church, and absolved him, afterwards administering Extreme Unction and Viaticum. See the contemporary broadside, *A true relation of the late King's death, by P[ere] M[onsute] A Capuchin F[riar] Chaplain to the Duke*. The incompetent Macaulay was baffled by the initials P M A C F. "I must own myself quite unable to decipher the last five letters," he writes with a burst of unusual candour.

p. 211. *sailed to Chios* Rather to Naxos.

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- p. 212. *Delia* Artemis Zeus fastened the floating Isle of Delos to the ocean bed with adamantine chains, and here Leto bare him Phœbus and Artemis.
- p. 212 *Venus will have Tribute of us all* Helios, the Sun, had discovered the intrigue betwixt Mars and Venus In revenge Venus kindled immoderate passions in the hearts of all the female descendants of the Sun So Seneca in the *Hippolytus* (124-128) says
- Surpem perosa Solis inuisi Uenus,
Per nos catenas vindicat Martis sui,
Suasque, probris omne Phœbeum genus
Onerat nefandis, nulla Minois leui
Defuncta amore est, iungitur semper nefas.
- p. 212. *my Mother* Pasiphaë mater decepto subdita taurō
Enixa est utero crimen onusque suo
- p. 212. *The Monster* The Minotaur, offspring of Pasiphaë and the bull
- p. 212 *Eleusis* Tempore, quo uobis inita est Cerealis Eleusis It was, Phædra says, at the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries that she first felt her love for Hippolytus. Otway's rendering of the passage is certainly obscure
- p. 213 *Old Age* Ibat ad hunc sapiens a sene Diua uiro The *senex vir* is Tithonus.
- p. 213 *Trazena* Trezen, which plays a large part in the Theseus legends. It was a city of Argolis, where reigned Pittheus, who was the father of Æthra, the mother of Theseus At Trezen, Hippolytus had a temple and a statue of great antiquity dedicated by Diomedes, who first sacrificed here They also showed a myrtle hard by the neighbouring temple of Venus connected with the story of Phædra, whose tomb in the vicinity was much visited Pausanias relates the tradition that Hippolytus was restored to life by Asclepius, and went to Aricia in Italy, where he became king and planted a grove to Artemis In this story the Latin poets give him the name Virbius, and add other details. Probably Hippolytus was an old local deity of Trezen, who in later myth became a hero He may originally have been worshipped as the god of hunting, the male counterpart of Artemis Other features of his legend are not difficult of interpretation
- p. 213 *My Brother* The Minotaur
- p. 214 *A Wartlike Queen* The Amazon Hippolyta. One account, which Ovid follows here, relates that she was slain by Theseus, her husband Another says that she was killed in a fray by Hercules, who had been commanded to obtain her girdle
- p. 214 *two Sons* Demophon, and, according to Diodorus Siculus, Acamas, who fought at Troy Vergil, *Aeneid* II, 262, says that Acamas was one of the warriors concealed in the wooden horse (. . . Acamasque Thoasque . .)
- p. 215 *Epilogue at the Theatre in Drury-lane*, 1680 There is no indication which enables us to identify the play to which this was spoken
- p. 215 *Ragous and Kickshaws* Cf. *Timon a Satyr*, attributed to Buckingham
I thought the Dinner would make some Amends,
When my good Host cry'd out, " You're all my Friends.
" Our own plain Face, and the best Terse the Bull
Affords, I give you, and your Bellies full,

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" As for *French Kick-shaws, Cellyry, and Champain,*
" *Ragous and Fricasses*, in troth we 'ave none "
Here's a good Dinner toward, thought I, when strait
Up came a piece of Beef, full Horse-man weight

- p. 216. *handsell* To handsell is to inaugurate with some ceremony of an auspicious kind, e g to begin the New Year by presenting a new comer with a gift

- p. 216 *Virginia we shall plant* Cf Dryden's famous *Prologue to the King and Queen at the Opening of their Theatre upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1682*

Since Faction ebbs and Rogues grow out of Fashion,
Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Nation
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation

How *Pennsylvania's* Air agrees with Quakers,
And *Carolina's* with Associators
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er,
And every Age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

- p. 216 *To Mr Creech* The copies of complimentary verse, signed E Bernardus, J Evelyn, N Tate, Tho Otway (*London*, Jan 10, 82), A Behn, J A (*Kings Coll Camb*), R Duke, E W, are first printed in "The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged" of Creech's *Lucretius*, Oxford, 1683. The First Edition is 1682

Thomas Creech was born at Blandford, Dorset, 1659. In Lent Term, 1675, he was admitted a commoner at Wadham College, Oxford. He graduated M A 13 June, 1683 (B D 18 March, 1696), and was elected a Fellow of All Souls, 1 November, 1683. For two years, 1694-6, he was Head Master of Sherborne, and then returned to Oxford. Melancholia, however, grew upon him, and after accepting the college living of Welwyn (where he never resided) he committed suicide, his body being discovered (June, 1700) in a garret in his lodging at an apothecary's house. His *Lucretius* is of value, and Munro in his edition of the poet praises his predecessor as "a man of sound sense and good taste."

- p. 217 *Expos'd with Pictures* No doubt in allusion to John Ogilby's translation of Vergil (1649-50) which is mentioned by Winstanley as being "done to the life, with excellent sculptures." These were so highly esteemed that retouched they were used for Dryden's Vergil in 1697. See Malone's *Life of Dryden* (1800), pp 231-237, and 250-251.

- p. 218 *the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre* The Duke of York, arriving from Scotland, reached Yarmouth 4 March, 1682, and was warmly welcomed by the King at Newmarket on 11 March

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- p 219. *Cuckolds multiply* Cf Dryden's Prologue to Lee's *Cæsar Borgia*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679

What praise soe're the Poetry deserve,
Yet every Fool can bid the Poet starve
That fumbling Lecher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself a Whore is meant
Name but a Cuckold, all the City swarms,
From *Leaden-hall* to *Ludgate* is in Arms

Shaftesbury found his chief support in the disloyalty of the City. Thus we have such pamphlets as the notorious *Appeal from the Country to the City*

- p 219 *Wapping Feasts, and your Mile-End High-places* From these districts Shaftesbury recruited large numbers of his hooligan adherents whom to secure whose fidelity he was wont to treat with an abundance of coarse plenty and strong waters At Mile End, moreover, the city train-bands were formerly exercised

- p 219 *your Medals* The kickshaw medal which was struck and worn by Shaftesbury's gang when that ruffian, owing to the *Nom possumus* of a packed jury, escaped his due punishment in November, 1681 The Whigs openly flaunted this idle periapt, and says Dryden *Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government* See that great poet's *The Medall A Satyre Against Sedition*, 1682

- p 220 *Spoken to Her Royal Highness* On the occasion of a performance of *Venice Preserv'd*

- p 221 *Quo Warranto* In 1682 a writ of "Quo Warranto" was delivered in the name of His Majesty's Attorney-General to the Sheriffs of London, calling upon them to give an account of the liberties of the City and the validity of the Royal Charter by which they enjoyed them This was the legal preliminary to the compulsory surrender of the Charter into the King's hands, which took effect the following year

- p 221 *Prologue to The City-Heress* From the original broadside *London Printed for J Tonson at the Judge's Head in Chancery-lane, 1682* Mrs Behn's capital comedy *The City-Heress, or, Sir Timothy Treat-all*, a good loyal satire upon the Whigs, was produced at Dorset Garden in 1682 and Downes tells us "well acted" This Prologue was spoken by Mrs. Barry, who played Lady Galliard

- p 221 *to roar* To be tipsily boisterous, debauched, and wantonly destructive The word is common

- p 221 *to gloat* To make eyes at, to ogle Cf Orrey's *Guzman*, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1669, Act IV "Guzman Gloats at her, Sighs, and folds his Arms, and says, Guzman Ah, she makes my Teeth Water as fast as the Thespian Spring"

- p 221 *convenient* "Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle. Several names for a Mistress or rather a Whore" *An Explanation of the Cant*, prefixed to Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia*, 4to, 1688. The word occurs more than

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- once in the course of the play. Cf Act IV, where we have "Enter Margaret and Mrs Hammon with a Candle Belford Senior. Oh my dear Blowing! my Convenient! my Tackle!"
- p. 221 *In reverend shape* The allusions throughout this Prologue are to Titus Oates After his abominable perjuries this wretch was lodged at White-hall, assigned £1200 a year and a special posse of officers and attendants Save for the full lawn sleeves Oates now adopted the attire of a Protestant Bishop "He walked about with his guards," says Roger North (*Examen*), "assigned for fear of the Papists murdering him. He put on an episcopal garb (except the lawn sleeves), silk gown and cassock, great hat, satin hat band and rose, long scarf, and was called or blasphemously called himself the saviour of the nation"
- p. 221 *when it swore* "In a word, he was a most consummate cheat, blasphemer, vicious, perjured, impudent, and saucy foul-mouth'd wretch" (*Ibid.*) "His fondness for foul language was such that in the presence of superiors he is said to have missed no opportunity of narrating the profanity of others" Calamy, *Life*, I, 120
- p. 221 *Halters flew* "Whoever he [Oates] pointed at was taken up and committed, so many people got out of his way as from a blast, and glad they could prove their last two year's conversation" Roger North, *Examen*
- p. 221 *Pug* A quasi-proper name for a fox Cf R S Surtees' *Ask Mamma* (1857-8), XV "Pug turns tail, and is very soon in the rear of the hounds"
- p. 221 *silken Doctor* Oates pretended to have taken the degree of D D at the University of Salamanca Cf *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, 657-9
The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical degree,
Unknown to Foreign University
- Silken, of course, alludes to his Doctor's gown of silk
- p. 222 *and did in City fix* In August, 1682, Oates was forbidden to come to Court, and he took refuge in the city, whilst his pension was entirely withdrawn Hatton Correspondence, II, 7
- p. 222 *Guney for—no Feast* This and the following verses refer to a circumstance much talked of and well laughed at by the Tories The Duke of York having been invited to dine with the Artillery Company at Merchant-Tailors' Hall on 21 April, 1682, an opposition dinner was impudently projected by the Shaftesbury party, to be held at Haberdashers' Hall, and tickets were forthwith issued at one guinea each, for the purpose, as it was declared, of commemorating the providential escape of the nation from the hellish designs of the papists, etc The King, however, issued a salutary order forbidding the meeting as an illegal one This supplied the loyal party with new matter for ridicule and satire against the Whigs, who were considerably dejected by their disappointment
- p. 222 *Constantine the Great* From the original broadside Lee's tragedy was produced at Drury Lane probably in the late winter (December) of 1683,

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4to, 1684. It is an interesting and powerful drama. Smith acted Constantine, Betterton, Crispus, Mrs. Barry, Fausta, and Goodman, who spoke this Prologue. Annibal Shaftesbury is satirized as the heresiarch Arius, played by Gillow.

- p. 223 *An Epistle to R D* i.e. Richard Duke. There is an answer by Duke in his *Poems*, 1717, as also some elegiacs (thirty lines). *Ad Thomam Otway*. These commence thus

Musarum Nostrumque decus carissime Thoma
O animæ melior pars Ovæ meæ
Accipe quæ sacri tristes ad litora Cami
Auksi uestro fleimus a gremio

Nor do they improve, and a schoolboy might well be ashamed to show up such a copy

- p. 224 *Who for Preferments* Duke turned these lines into Latin

Præmia quis meritus ingrata expectet ab aula.
Omnis ubi exiguum captat simul aulicus escam
Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa uadosa
Fluminis angusti coloret loca, pisciculorum
Esurientes inter, trepidantemque inter aceruum
Qui dum quisque micat medicatam ut glutiat offam,
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur et impelluntur,
Nec potius, latum gremio qua flumen aperto
Inuitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem et muscos uiridos, pulchramque uocatus
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alueo?

This is very sad stuff. Duke seems to have had no ear for the rhythm of Latin poetry.

- p. 225. *Dear B—ly* Richard Bentley, the famous scholar, who entered Cambridge at the age of fourteen, being admitted subsizar in St John's College, 24 May, 1676. He proceeded B A 23 January, 1680.

- p. 225. *Or—Short* Dr Thomas Short, one of the physicians to Charles the Second, and who attended him during his last illness. An opinion he expressed of poison having been administered to the King, produced a great deal of noise and controversy at the time, especially as the Doctor did not long survive him. Burnet thus relates the affair. "Short, another physician, who was a papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing and he had talked more freely of it, than any of the protestants durst do at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wormwood wine which he had drunk in the house of a popish patient, that lived near the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died. And, as he said to Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for his having spoken so freely of the king's death" (*Hist. of his own Times*, Book III). Burnet, of course, cannot be relied upon, but see Evelyn's *Diary*, 20 November,

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- 1695 Short was the friend both of Otway and Duke, the latter has inscribed to him a translation of one of the idyls of Theocritus.
- p. 225 Finch Son of Sir John Finch, the Lord Chancellor
- p. 231 *Delia's Charms* Her real name was Plania. Apuleius, *Apologia*, 10, says "Eadem opera accusent . . . Tibillum quod ei sit Plania in animo, Delia in uersu."
- p. 235 *Seventh Elegy of the Third Book* Achilles Statius numbers this II, vii. But the old editions differ very widely in their arrangement of the poems. This version is a mere paraphrase. With the original one may compare Ovid, *Anores*, I, 8 *Exeratur lenam, que puellam suam meretricia arte instrubat*.
- p. 238 *Health breeds care* Gildon wrote of Otway "He was a jovial companion, and a great lover of the bottle, and particularly of punch, the last thing he made before his death, being an excellent song on that liquor." This was discovered, and printed in *Notes and Queries*, 1852, by Mr. E. F. Rimbault, who remarked, "The M S does not appear to be an original, although the handwriting is of the author's period."

The Love-Letters

- p. 243 *sweet Pledge of your first* In 1677 a daughter was born to Rochester by Mrs. Barry. The child, for whom both parents showed great affection, lived to the age of fourteen.

APPENDIX TO
VENICE PRESERV'D

APPENDIX

The Source of Venice Preserv'd

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE SPANIARDS, AGAINST THE REPUBLIC OF VENICE, IN 1618.
TRANSLATED FROM ABBÉ SAINT-RÉAL'S CONJURATION DES ESPAGNOIS CONTRE LA
VENISE, EN 1618.

NOTE The general outline of the narrative is supplied by the connecting sentences.

"The controversy between Paul V and the Republic of Venice having been adjusted by France with the honor and glory which were merited by the holy See and the Venetians, the Spaniards alone felt there was any cause for dissatisfaction. As they had declared for the Pope, and had offered to subjugate the Venetians by their arms, they were irritated that they had no participation in the treaty, but having penetrated the secret of the arrangement, they knew they had no cause of complaint against the holy Father, and that the contempt which had been shown them originated in the Republic. It was the Senate who had wished to exclude them entirely from the mediation, under the pretext that they could not be arbiters after having evinced so much partiality."

The Spaniards remained quiet during the life of Henry IV, but after his death they sought the first pretext for action.

"A troop of privates called the Uscoques resided in the Austrian possessions on the Adriatic sea, and adjoining territory. These robbers, who had committed an infinite number of outrages on the subjects of the Republic, were protected by the Archduke Ferdinand de Grez, sovereign of this country, and afterward Emperor. He was a very religious prince, but his ministers divided the plunder with the Uscoques, and as they were devoted to the court of Spain, they took this opportunity of being revenged on the Venetians."

This difference was settled in Vienna, 1612, and the Venetians were finally successful, much to the disgust of the Spanish.

"The Spanish council were indignant at finding the Venetians every where successful. The mild and peaceable genius of Philip 3d, and of the Duke of Lerma, his favorite, suggested to them no way of extricating themselves from this dilemma; but, one of their ministers in Italy, who was not so moderate as themselves, came forward to their assistance."

"Don Alfonso de la Cueva, Marquis of Bedemar [better Bedmar], and Ambassador to Venice, was one of the most powerful geniuses and dangerous minds that Spain had ever produced." "The Spanish Ambassadors generally possessed full control over the courts to which they were sent, and the Marquis of Bedemar had been chosen for that of Venice in 1607, as the most difficult of all foreign employments, and in which no assistance could be received from women, monks or favorites. The Spanish council were so well satisfied with his management, that however his assistance was needed elsewhere, they could not resolve to recall him, even after six years residence in Venice. Such a length of time enabled him to study the principles of that government, to discover its most secret resources, to distinguish wherein consisted its strength and weakness, and to see all its advantages and faults. As he saw that the Archduke would be compelled to conclude a peace which could

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not fail of being disgraceful to the house of Austria, because the wrong had proceeded from it, he resolved to undertake something which might prevent the success of any treaty with the Republic "

" He considered that, in the actual situation of Venice, there was nothing to render it impossible for him to become master of it, especially with the knowledge he possessed, and the force which he might command. The armies of the Republic had exhausted not only its arms, but the men capable of bearing them. As the fleet had never been so fine, the Senate had never believed itself so formidable, or to have had less cause for fear. However, this invincible fleet could not remove from the coast of Istria, which was the seat of war. The army was no nearer, and there was nothing which could oppose a descent of the Spanish navy. To render this invasion more sure, the Marquis of Bedemar intended to seize the principal ports, such as the place of St. Mark, and the Arsenal, and as it would be difficult to effect this whilst the city remained in perfect tranquillity, he proposed putting fire to it in the most susceptible places, and where it would, with the most difficulty, be extinguished "

While not openly exposing his plans to the Spanish court, he succeeded in winning their approval to his schemes, and at the same time he began to attach many of the leaders of the Republic, men who were ambitious, disaffected with the present leaders, or partisans of the court of Rome, to his own personal designs. " He persuaded them under the pretence of kindness, that their consciences ought no longer to permit them to wish for the prosperity of Venice "

The Marquis of Bedemar used the dispute between Milan and Venice, as well as the greater disturbance occasioned by the rivalry between the Spanish and German branches of the house of Austria, to further his end. He secretly attempted to destroy the veneration with which Europe so many years had regarded the great Republic, the most ancient of existing states where Liberty had so long been enjoyed. He secretly wrote against the Venetians, declaiming against their outrages in a libellous work entitled, *Squittimo della libertà veneta [nel quale si adducono anche le ragioni dell' impero romano sopra la signoria di Venezia]* Mirandola s d (1612)], which excited a great sensation. But good fortune seemed to favor the Venetians on all sides, especially after the cessation of hostilities in the north of Europe when the French and German adventurers, under the leadership of the Counts of Nassau and Lievestein, brought eight thousand Dutch and Walloons to the service of the Republic. This incident maddened the Spanish and they began to complain to the Pope of the dangers to Italy should there be any intercourse with these heretical military champions from the north. " But the Marquis of Bedemar would have been greatly embarrassed had the Pope obliged the Venetians to disband these heretics. As these mercenaries thought only of profit in serving a foreign prince, he hoped to gain the assistance of their chiefs in consideration of a certain sum, and the expectation of the plunder of Venice. To negotiate this affair, he cast his eyes upon an old French gentleman named Nicholas de Renault, a man of talents and knowledge who for reasons not known had sought refuge in Venice. The Marquis of Bedemar had frequently seen him at the house of the French Ambassador, where he lived. In some conversation which chance occasioned, Renault discovered that the capacity of this minister had not been overrated, and the Marquis, well pleased to possess a friend of this character at the French Ambassador's, soon became extremely intimate with him "

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"Although this man was exceedingly poor, he estimated virtue more than riches, but he loved glory beyond virtue, and if it could not be obtained by innocent means, there were none too criminal for him to undertake"

"The Marquis of Bedemar, who had deeply studied him, and who had need of a man to whom he could entirely confide the management of the enterprise, revealed to him his plans, at the same time saying, he had placed dependance on him from the first moment he had conceived the idea of such an undertaking. Renault felt more complimented by this assurance than he would have done with all the praises that could have been offered him, his advanced age did not prevent his entering into this engagement, for as in the course of nature his life must be short, he believed he could not better employ the few sad years that yet remained for him, than by risking them in an adventure which might render his name immortal. The Marquis of Bedemar gave him the bills of exchange and letters of credit necessary to negotiate with the commander of the Hollanders, he charged him not yet to explain the nature of the enterprise, but merely to make him understand that the difficulties had increased to such a degree between the Republic and the house of Austria, that the Spanish Ambassador, then at Venice, foreseeing something might occur which would expose his person to the fury of the people of that city, to guard himself from such peril, he wished to feel assured of the protection of a number of faithful and resolute friends. By this means he hoped to seduce the chosen band of the Venetian army, and that the rest would remain so feeble it would be easy for Don Pedro to defeat them on the road, if they were ordered to Venice to oppose the conspirators."

In like manner the Marquis plotted to secure the co-operation of the navy of Spain which was under the command of the Viceroy of Naples, the Duke of Ossuno [Pedro Tellez y Giron , Duke of Ossuna] This Viceroy of Naples was really the protector of some of the most famous pirates in the Mediterranean, and he shared in their plunder. One of those captains who had come under his command and protection was Captain Jacques Pierre, a Norman of good family "Amongst those who sought the friendship of the Captain was a Vincent Robert of Marseilles, who, having landed in Sicily, where the Duke of Ossuno was then Viceroy, was so kindly received as to induce him to enter into the service of that prince. The Duke having learned that Robert was intimate with Pierre, familiarly complained to him that his friend should have chosen the estates of the Duke of Savoy for a residence in preference to his own. He accompanied this complaint with extraordinary testimonials of the esteem which he entertained for the courage and experience of the Captain in all maritime affairs, and concluded by assurances of sparing nothing which depended upon him to attract to this court a man of such singular merit. Robert undertook this negotiation with joy, and it was supported by such advances on the part of the Viceroy, that Pierre felt under the obligation of repairing to Sicily with his wife and children."

Captain Pierre returned to his acts of piracy on the seas, captured rich Turkish booty, ravaged the isles and shores of the Levant and sunk a large squadron of Turkish galleys.

"It was at this time that the Marquis of Bedemar communicated his design to the Duke of Ossuno, confident he would have but little trouble in engaging his co-operation. This duke, who affected an empire over the sea, wished for nothing more ardently than to ruin those who could alone dispute his power and

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whom it was not so easy to combat as the Turks. He disclosed the project to Pierre in making known to him all the difficulties they would encounter. The Captain did not believe them insurmountable, and after many days of secret conference he privately left Naples in a manner which evinced extreme fear. The Viceroy immediately dispatched persons in every direction, excepting the one he had taken, with orders to seize him dead or alive, his wife and children were imprisoned and apparently treated in a most cruel manner. All his property was confiscated and the anger of the Duke was so violent that all Naples was astonished at it, although his character was so well known. As the Captain did not appear more calm, their disagreement was easily believed, and it was supposed that Pierre had acted contrary to the interests of Spain, or the Duke in his particular designs, and had returned to his first asylum."

Pierre in his supposed flight took refuge with the Duke of Savoy, who was at war with the Spanish.

"The Duke of Savoy, touched with pity at this sad recital,* received him with open arms. He told the corsair that his interests being intimately connected with those of the Republic, he would acknowledge the service he had rendered their common cause, if the Venetians did not show themselves grateful. He added that it was important the Senate should be instructed by his own mouth of the designs of the Duke of Ossuno. After having exhorted him to support his disgrace like a man of courage, furnishing him with everything necessary, and making him a magnificent present, he directed him to take the road to Venice, with letters of credit and recommendation."

"The Venetians were not less compassionate than the Duke of Savoy. The flight, the tears, the poverty, the despair, the reputation of the Captain, the hope that he would attract to their service as many brave persons as he had to the Duke of Ossuno, and above all, the projects which he related of this Duke, and which he had invented with plausibility, spoke so powerfully in his favor, that they immediately gave him command of a vessel."

The plot laid by the Duke of Ossuno and carried out by Captain Pierre was most successful. The Venetians were deceived on all sides. When Pierre won for them victory on the sea, they placed more power and confidence in him. Both the Duke of Ossuno and the Marquis of Bedemar were now eager to bring their plot to a head. They sought to throw armed forces into the fortified towns surrounding Venice and to secure a harbor in the neighbourhood as a place of retreat for the Spanish fleet.

"It was of extreme importance for the honor of the Spanish crown that its Ambassador could not be convicted of having taken a part in the enterprise in case of its failure. With this view he resolved to remain concealed to all the conspirators excepting Renault and Pierre, even these two were unacquainted. They never visited the Ambassador excepting when sent for, and he was careful to appoint different times that they might not meet. If a discovery should take place, it would be more advantageous for him that they should have no connection. In this fear, he wished still to continue to direct them without their becoming known to each other, but after mature deliberation he judged it impossible, and despairing of success, if he did not establish a perfect union between them, he resolved to take this step, however unpleasant it might be to him.

Pierre fabricated an account of his losses, and of his flight from the Spanish

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"Although both possessed courage and prudence, Renault principally piqued himself on making such a disposition of things that the execution would be easy and the success certain. Pierre, on the contrary, who was much younger, prided himself upon being a man of great promptitude and extraordinary resolution. The Marquis made known to him the various negotiations of Renault, his wisdom, which provided expedients for all exigencies, his eloquence and address in gaining new partisans, and his talent for writing, so useful on an occasion when continual news of the fleet, the provinces, and the army was requisite. He added, that he thought a man of this description would be extremely useful to the Captain, that he was an old man of great experience, who wanted neither heart nor firmness, but whose age and literary, rather than warlike profession, rendered him incapable of partaking with Pierre the glory of the execution. To Renault he merely said that Pierre was a man attached to the Duke of Ossuno, and that the Duke, before engaging in the enterprise, had concealed nothing from this confidant. He prayed him to condescend to the manners of the corsair, as it was necessary to their design to pay him all the deference which could gain the mind of a man proud and presumptuous to the last degree.

"The Marquis of Bedemar having labored in this manner to dispose these two men to good fellowship, was extremely astonished, the first time they met at his house, to see them embrace with much tenderness, as soon as they cast their eyes upon each other. There is no mind so strong that does not sometimes reason falsely upon that which surprises it. The first thought of the Ambassador was that he was betrayed. As he had understood they were not acquainted he could not comprehend why their connexion had been concealed from him. This mystery was soon elucidated. They had met at the house of a celebrated Greek, a woman of extraordinary merit for a courtesan, of which there needed no other proof than this adventure, in which she had religiously concealed, as she had been requested, the secret of their names. This fidelity is more to be admired as she was not ignorant of the great esteem in which they held each other.

"The Ambassador, fully recovered from his surprise, was delighted to find an union already effected, for which he had so much wished. They acknowledged, in the course of conversation, that they had each the design of engaging the other in the enterprise. As they were full of their project, in their conversation at the Greek's they had sometimes fallen upon subjects of this nature, in speaking of the affairs of the times, and the state of the war, without any intention of revealing their secret, they however candidly confessed, in the presence of the Ambassador, that in the heat of argument they had sometimes proceeded a little too far, and had discovered more of their sentiments than was wise."

Renault gave the Ambassador a report of the state of affairs among the Venetians and also of the negotiations he had entered upon with the foreign commanders.

"Renault said, he had negotiated with three French gentlemen, whose names were Durand, sergeant-major to the regiment of Lievestein, De Brainville, and De Bribe, also a Savoyard called De Ternon, who had been at the scalade of Geneva, a Hollander named Theodore, Robert Revellido, an Italian engineer, two other Italians who had been employed in the Arsenal, named Louis de Villa Mezzana, captain of light horse, and William Retrosi, lieutenant of captain Hongrat in Parma. He had considered it necessary to confide his plan entirely to these nine persons, but from the manner in which he had chosen them, he would answer with his head for

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their fidelity During his residence in the camp they had already gained more than two hundred officers, but these officers had only understood, as the Ambassador had ordered, that they were to go to Venice to deliver his excellency from the hands of the populace of that city, whenever their assistance was needed ”

The Ambassador having arranged three sources of supply, namely, the Duke of Ossuno, Don Pedro, and Renault's promise of the Hollanders, he negotiated with each independently as if he needed them for three different enterprises

“ It was now time to know precisely when the Duke of Ossuno could send to Venice the men expected from him But [as] he did not possess a mind sufficiently steady for one to repose blindly upon his word in so important and difficult an affair, it was thought best to send some one capable of judging on the spot if he was in a situation to fulfil his word Pierre could not absent himself from Venice without its being remarked Renault was indispensably necessary there, and they cast their eyes for this journey upon De Brie, one of the French gentlemen with whom Renault had negotiated in Friuli But this gentleman whilst preparing to depart having received a commission from the Republic to raise soldiers, it was thought best for him to remain, and a Franc Comtois named Laurent Nolot, a friend of the Captain's, proceeded in his place the first day of the year 1618 ”

After all these matters had been arranged the Ambassador sent a full report of his project to the court of Spain, requesting an immediate answer from them whether he should execute the plans made for the conspiracy The reply came at once, but the court urged delay until the state of the Republic could be fully reported to them The Ambassador prepared such a report, which was a masterpiece of its kind

“ After this account the council of Spain allowed the Marquis of Bedemar the liberty of acting without orders All operations were, however, arrested by Nolot not returning, and the Ambassador could not console himself for the fault he had committed in exposing an affair of this kind to the caprice of the Duke of Ossuno, whose disposition he had long known The delay was extremely dangerous in the present state of things After the Spaniards had taken Vercel, Gradiska found itself pressed by the Venetians, and the council of Spain could find no other means of saving it than by renewing propositions of peace ”

Peace was concluded and a treaty between Spain and the Venetians was signed by the Marquis of Bedemar By means of this the Marquis gained more time for the perfection of his conspiracy The Spanish disclaimed all responsibility for the conduct of the Duke of Ossuno and his piracies on the seas

“ It could be easily judged by these events that it was important to hasten the execution of the plot, since it was so difficult to maintain affairs in a right position, for any length of time, to insure success Still Nolot did not return from the Duke of Ossuno, and the Ambassador, in despair, commanded him to discover the reason at whatever price, and at last it was made known to him

“ Some time after Pierre was received into the service of the Republic, the Viceroy, who wished to be instructed by different means of the state of Venice, sent after him an Italian named Alexander Spinosa, as a spy into the affairs there This man, who was not known, soon obtained employment like all adventurers who asked for it He believed that the Duke was planning some important enterprise, but he did not suspect that the corsair was the conductor of the plot, he doubted, however, whether he was really upon as bad terms with the Duke as was believed by the world When

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Spinosa came to Venice he offered the Viceroy to assassinate the Captain, who refused this proposal under pretence of the danger he must run in executing it. Spinosa, who was not wanting in intelligence, thought there must be some stronger reason for this refusal, as the mere sacrifice of a man would never have made him hesitate in his revenge. The Duke, however, charged him to observe the actions of the corsair, either to prevent Spinosa from suspecting the truth, or because he could never place entire confidence in any one, and he also wished to see if what Spinosa wrote of the Captain accorded with what Pierre wrote of himself.

"To acquit himself better of his commission, Spinosa kept company with some Frenchmen who frequented the house of Pierre at Venice. These persons, who were amongst the conspirators, rendered an exact account to the Captain of the enquiries made by Spinosa concerning his conduct, and they also discovered that this spy endeavoured to intrigue on his side to entice people into the service of the Duke of Ossuno.

"Pierre was very indignant that the Viceroy should not place entire trust in him, but it did not surprise him, he only considered that if Spinosa continued to cabal without their acting together, that it would enfeeble their party by dividing it, and it did not appear proper that he should open his mind to a man who had been ordered to act as a spy upon him.

"The Marquis of Bedemar and Renault were of the same opinion, and that there was no time to lose in remedying this inconvenience. After having maturely investigated the means of doing it they found there was no security for them but in getting Spinosa out of the way. He was a man who would sell his life dearly if they undertook to assassinate him. The employment which he followed obliged him to be always upon his guard, and the Captain was at last obliged to accuse him, before the council of Ten, as a spy of the Duke of Ossuno, after having uselessly tried every other means to accomplish his destruction. The French with whom he was connected gave in their evidence so judiciously and circumstantially that he was taken and strangled the same day. All that he could advance against the corsair made no impression on the minds of his judges because it was against his accuser, and he had no proofs to offer of the truth of his assertions.

"This affair augmented the confidence of the Venetians in the Captain, but it extremely afflicted the Marquis of Bedemar, as it served as a caution to the Venetians to watch the conduct of the foreigners in their service.

"The Duke of Ossuno, who had just learned the death of Spinosa when Nolot arrived at Naples, did not hesitate to guess the author. The displeasure which he felt made him think it wrong of the Marquis of Bedemar that he had not consulted with him about it, and the various suspicions to which this event gave birth in his mind, made him hesitate on what he should resolve."

Because of the anger of the Viceroy there was great delay on his part in starting his ships and forces from Naples. At the same time the foreign troops were on the point of mutiny and it seemed as if the Venetians would remove them from the vicinity of the city. These two incidents caused a delay in the execution of the plot. To relieve Renault and Pierre a greater number of conspirators was added to the band, among them Antoine Jaffier, a Provençal, and a Frenchman named L'Anglade. These men took up their residence in the city so as to be at the centre of action.

"L'Anglade and these two officers lodged in the Arsenal. Renault had taken

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with him to the house of the French Ambassador, three of his friends, Bribe, Brainville, and Laurent Brulard. The three petardeers lived with the Marquis of Bedemar,

Pierre remained in the house he generally occupied, but alone, that he might not be suspected in case of his being watched, the others he had lodged at the house of the courtesan where he had first met Renault."

In 1618, after a reign of less than four months, occurred the death of the doge Nicolo Donato, and in his place on 16th May was elected Antonio Priuli. This occasion, a time when many strangers flocked to the city, was seized upon by the Marquis for the assembling of the officers of the bribed troops in Venice in order that they might obtain thorough knowledge of the different stations they were to occupy on the night of the execution of the plot. The order of arrangements was as follows: the Walloons were to land at the Place of St. Mark, Pierre was to seize the ducal palace, Bribe to occupy La Sacque, Brainville to take the Procurate, others to seize the Arsenal, the galleys of the Council of Ten and other posts. Upon a given signal Renault was to blow up the Arsenal, Pierre to force the prison of St. Mark and to arm the prisoners, to murder the principal Senators, and to fire the city at four distant points. Meanwhile the Spaniards under the Duke of Ossuno were to land at the Place of St. Mark, to scatter themselves through the chief quarters of the city, and to occupy St. George, the quarter of the Jews. The foreigners were to be allowed to pillage all parts of the city. The ships were started from Naples with six thousand troops, under the command of an Englishman named Haillot. On the second day out they were attacked by Barbary corsairs, but furious tempest separated them in the heat of combat. This caused delay. After consultation it seemed best to the Marquis of Bedemar that the execution of the plot should be deferred until the festival of the Ascension. He found it almost impossible to hold the troops and at the same time to prevent the conclusion of a treaty of peace between Spain and the Republic. Meanwhile internal troubles among the plotters threatened to expose the conspiracy. Jaffier and an Italian captain had quarrelled, and the captain being mortally wounded had made a confession to the Venetian commander. And in another case a sergeant-major, whose house had been robbed, had lost letters which exposed the plot. Fortunately for the Spaniards they were not involved in these exposures.

The time for action had now arrived. The Duke of Ossuno with his fleet was within six miles of Venice. Haillot with his brigantines laden with troops was to arrive at nightfall, and Renault and Pierre were prepared to lead the land forces. The night before the assault Renault addressed the band of conspirators. He fully described the situation of affairs and the preparation, giving an exact outline of the procedure and sketching the success that would result from the undertaking.

"This discourse was listened to by the assembly with that complacency with which men generally receive sentiments conformable to their own. Nevertheless Renault, who had observed their countenances, remarked that Jaffier, one of the best friends of the Captain, suddenly changed from extreme attention to an anxiety which he endeavored in vain to conceal, and that there remained in his eyes an expression of astonishment and sadness which proved him overcome by horror. He spoke of it to Pierre, who at first ridiculed it, but after having observed Jaffier for some time was of the same opinion. Renault . . . thought it his duty to declare to Pierre that he did not believe that he was to be trusted.

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"Pierre, who knew Jaffier to be one of the bravest men in the world, accused him of judging too precipitately, but Renault having determined to justify his suspicion, explained so clearly his reasons and their consequences, that although Pierre could not feel them so sensibly, he at least agreed that Jaffier was a man to be watched He, however, represented to Renault that even if Jaffier was shaken in his purpose, which he could hardly believe, there was not sufficient time before the next evening for him to resolve to betray them, and that in the situation of their affairs they could not possibly take any new measures, and it was a risk they would be obliged to run Renault replied that there was one sure way of not being exposed to it, and that was to assassinate Jaffier that evening Pierre remained some time mute at this proposal, but he at last answered that he could not resolve to murder his best friend upon a mere suspicion".

Meanwhile word was brought that all the Venetian commanders should embark on the fleet, according to the order of the Senate And Pierre, being in the employ of the Venetians, was forced to follow this order

"Before embarking Pierre had spoken to Jaffier alone, he prayed him to keep his place near to Renault the night of the execution He exaggerated the confidence that was placed in his courage and prudence, and that unless he had been assured of it he would never have had the resolution to leave, but he believed he left another self to his associates in Jaffier During this conversation Pierre observed him with attention, but he was so much overcome with these proofs of the esteem in which he was held that he answered with such marks of zeal and gratitude as would have satisfied the most suspicious man It was the last effort of his dying resolution, it disappeared with the face of his friend, and no longer having before his eyes the only man who could restrain him, he abandoned himself entirely to his doubts.

"The description which Renault had given, at the end of his speech, of the night of the completion of the conspiracy, had struck him so forcibly that he could not moderate his emotions of pity His imagination dwelt upon this picture It represented in the most lively colours all the cruelty and injustice that would be inevitable on such an occasion From that moment he heard on all sides the cries of children, trodden under feet, the groans of old men murdered, and the shrieks of women dishonored He saw palaces falling, temples on fire, and holy places covered with blood Venice, sad, unhappy Venice, was no longer present to his eyes, as triumphant over the Ottoman and the proud Spaniard, but in ashes or in chains swimming in the ensanguined tide of its inhabitants rather than in the waters that surrounded it

"This sad image pursued him night and day It disturbed, excited and overcame him In vain he endeavoured to fly from it More obstinate than the fabled furies, it occupied him at his repast, it troubled his repose, it entered even into his dreams But to betray his friends! and such friends, so intrepid, so intelligent, and each remarkable for some great talent It would be the work of ages to again unite so large a number of extraordinary men At the moment when they would forever render themselves memorable to posterity, should he snatch from them the fruit ready to be gathered of the most wonderful resolution that had ever entered into the mind of man And how would they perish? By torments more dreadful than any invented by tyrants in past ages Who does not know that there are prisons in Venice more capable of overcoming the firmness of the bravest man, than the most frightful deaths of other countries? These last reflections, which attacked Jaffier in his weakest part,

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confirmed him in his first intentions. The pity which he felt for his companions balanced that which the desolation of Venice excited, and he continued in this uncertainty until the day of Ascension to which the performance of the plot had been deferred.

"In the morning they received news from Pierre" All was in readiness for the night's work. The troops of the Lazaretto, the Spanish forces on the fleet of Haillot and the thousand Hollanders were already in Venice waiting for their orders to begin the work of destruction. Jaffier had the curiosity to witness the ceremony of the Doge espousing the sea, as he believed it was the last time it would ever take place. His compassion was redoubled at the sight of the public rejoicings, the tranquillity of the unhappy Venetians made him feel more sensibly their approaching desolation, and he returned more irresolute than ever. But heaven at last would not abandon the work of twelve ages, and of so much wisdom, to the fury of a courtesan and a troop of desperate men.

"The good genius of the Republic suggested an expedient to Jaffier, by which he believed he could at once save Venice and his associates. He sought Barthélémy Comino, secretary of the council of Ten, and told him he had some pressing news to communicate which nearly concerned the safety of the state, but beforehand he wished the Doge and the council to promise him one favour and that they must engage, by the most sacred oaths, that the senate should ratify their promise, that this favor consisted of the lives and safety of twenty-two persons whom he would name, whatever crime they might have committed. But they need not suppose they could force his secret from him by tortures without granting his request, as there were none so horrible that could draw one single word from his mouth. The Ten were assembled in a moment, and they sent immediately to the Doge to receive from him the promise that Jaffier demanded. He did not hesitate more than themselves in giving it, and Jaffier, perfectly contented, discovered the conspiracy.

"It appeared to them so horrible and so wonderful that they could not believe it. But as it was easy for them to discover the truth, they sent Comino to the steeple of the Procuratie for that purpose. He brought back word that he had found all the guards intoxicated or asleep. He was then dispatched to the Arsenal. It was some time before he could find the officers, who were bribed, but at last, a servant intimidated by his menaces, showed a small door which he broke open, after having knocked at it several times without effect. The officers who were conspirators were discovered with three petardeers putting the finishing stroke to some fire works destined for the plot. He demanded of them why they worked on a festival day, and why they had not opened the door when he knocked. They answered, with great ingenuity, that the petardeers were to join the fleet the next day, and the commander had written them to bring a large quantity of fire-works ready for use, that they had not found as many made as had been ordered, and they had requested the officers to assist them in their work, and as it might be of consequence they had dispensed with keeping the festival. That they might do it without scandal they had shut themselves up as he had found them, in the most retired part of the Arsenal. Although Comino had nothing to say to this answer, he caused them all to be arrested.

"The Ten, more and more alarmed, sent to the house of the Greek, but found no one. The men who had drugged the wine of the guards had appeared to be asleep when they saw Comino enter, but he had hardly left them before they ran to the house

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of the courtesan, where they so well succeeded in giving the alarm, that, without losing a moment, Nolot, Robert, Revellido, Retrosi, Villa-Mezzana, Durand, Ternon and Robert Brulard, who were there by chance, threw themselves into a boat which they had kept at the Rialto to send for troops at the Lazaretto, and happily escaped from Venice

"The sorrow which was felt by the council of Ten for their escape, made them resolve to visit the houses of the French and Spanish Ambassadors without delay. They politely requested admittance on affairs that nearly concerned the safety of the Republic. The French Ambassador immediately accorded it, and Renault was taken with Laurent Brulard and Bribe. The Spanish Ambassador refused, with anger, to receive them. He alleged the privileges of his situation, and protested with fury against the violence they were committing in forcing an entrance. There was found sufficient arms to equip five hundred men, sixty petards, and an enormous quantity of powder, fireworks, and other things of the kind. An exact inventory was taken, and they were assisted by the Marquis of Bedemar, who at the same time ridiculed them

"At the time they were taking this inventory to the council of Ten, a nobleman of the house of Valiera arrived with Brainville and Theodore, two of the principal conspirators. They had heard that all was discovered, and despairing of saving themselves, as all the ports were closed since the escape from the Greek's, they adopted the plan of appearing to discover the conspiracy, and for this purpose they had sought this nobleman whom they had known in Flanders, for him to conduct them to the council of Ten, where they were arrested. All the taverns, hotels, chambers that were let, and every place where strangers could conceal themselves were searched, and they arrested all the Dutch, French, Spanish, Wallon, Neapolitan and Milanese officers they could find, and who amounted to nearly four hundred."

"But at last day-light appeared, the Senate assembled, and the Marquis of Bedemar demanded an audience. They granted it from curiosity alone. The noise of the conspiracy had spread through the city and produced a frightful disturbance. The people who indistinctly knew that the Spaniards were the authors of it, assembled around the palace of the Ambassador, to force an entrance, and they were ready to put fire to it when those who were to conduct him to the audience arrived. Their commission was made known, and the people flattering themselves the Senate would inflict on him an exemplary punishment, allowed him to depart, accompanying him and loading him with all the abuse and imprecations imaginable."

The Ambassador complained of their acts of violence, threatened them for their abuse of his position, declared himself innocent of any schemes against the Republic, and denounced the Duke of Ossuno for whose actions he claimed he was not responsible. The Marquis was full of excuses for all charges laid against him. He was allowed to depart, and ultimately by secret passages he embarked from the city and made good his escape. Orders were issued to drown L'Anglade and Captain Pierre Both of them together with forty officers were finally stabbed and thrown into the sea. Renault, Bribe, Laurent Brulard and the two officers of the Arsenal were first tortured to death and thrown into the sea. Brainville, Theodore and three hundred officers were strangled or drowned secretly.

"However, Jaffier, in despair at the bad success of his compassion, complained loudly that the Doge and the council of Ten did not keep the word they had given him in favor of his companions. It had not been violated until after mature deliberation. Many even wished it to be religiously observed" . . .

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"They endeavoured by every means, to appease Jaffier. They offered him money and employment. He refused all, and was obstinate in uselessly demanding the lives of his associates, and at last, left Venice inconsolable for their death. The Senate, hearing of it, sent him an order to quit the states of the republic within three days, under the penalty of his life, and 4000 sequins which they forced him to take."

He made his way to Brescia and placed himself at the head of the Spaniards who were fighting there. He was finally taken and conducted back to Venice where he was drowned the day after his arrival.

It must be remembered that Saint-Réal's narrative is open to grave doubt in many particulars. For example, the important *Sommario della congiura contra la città di Venezia* (MS. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris,) certainly tells us of Jaffier's fate, "Il capitano Antonio Giuffié, dopo essere stato remunerato di quattro mila zecchini, e mandato in, s'era ricoverato a Brescia con alcuni capitani francesi, e condotto ancor lui di qua fu fatto annegare con gli altri." On the other hand, it is silent concerning Jaffier's remorse and his attempt to avenge his comrades, which circumstances seem due to Saint-Réal's inventive imagination.

Again, the *Sommario* does not relate the hurried flight and embarkation of the Marquis of Bedemar (better Bedmar), who, as a matter of fact, did not quit Venice until mid-June (Ranke, *Die Verschwörung gegen Venedig im Jahre 1618*) Bedemar, who was commissioned to Flanders, was succeeded as Spanish ambassador at Venice by Don Luis Bravo.

Many other statements of Saint-Réal might be challenged as inaccurate, or at least, greatly exaggerated. In a note prefixed to his narrative he thus lists his authorities: "Il est parlé de cette conjuration dans l'Histoire de Monsieur Nani, livre troisième, page 156, et au cinquième tome du *Mercure Français*, page 38 de l'année 1618. Les principales pieces dont elle est tirée, comme la relation du Marquis de Bedemar, la grande dépêche du Capitaine Jacques-Pierre au Duc d'Ossune, qui contient tout le plan de l'entreprise, la déposition de Jaffier, qui contient toute l'histoire de ce capitaine, le Procès criminel des conjures, et plusieurs autres, se trouvent parmy les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du roi et le *Squittimo della libertà veneta parmi les imprimez*. Le reste est pris de plusieurs autres mémoires manuscrits, ramassés de differens lieux."